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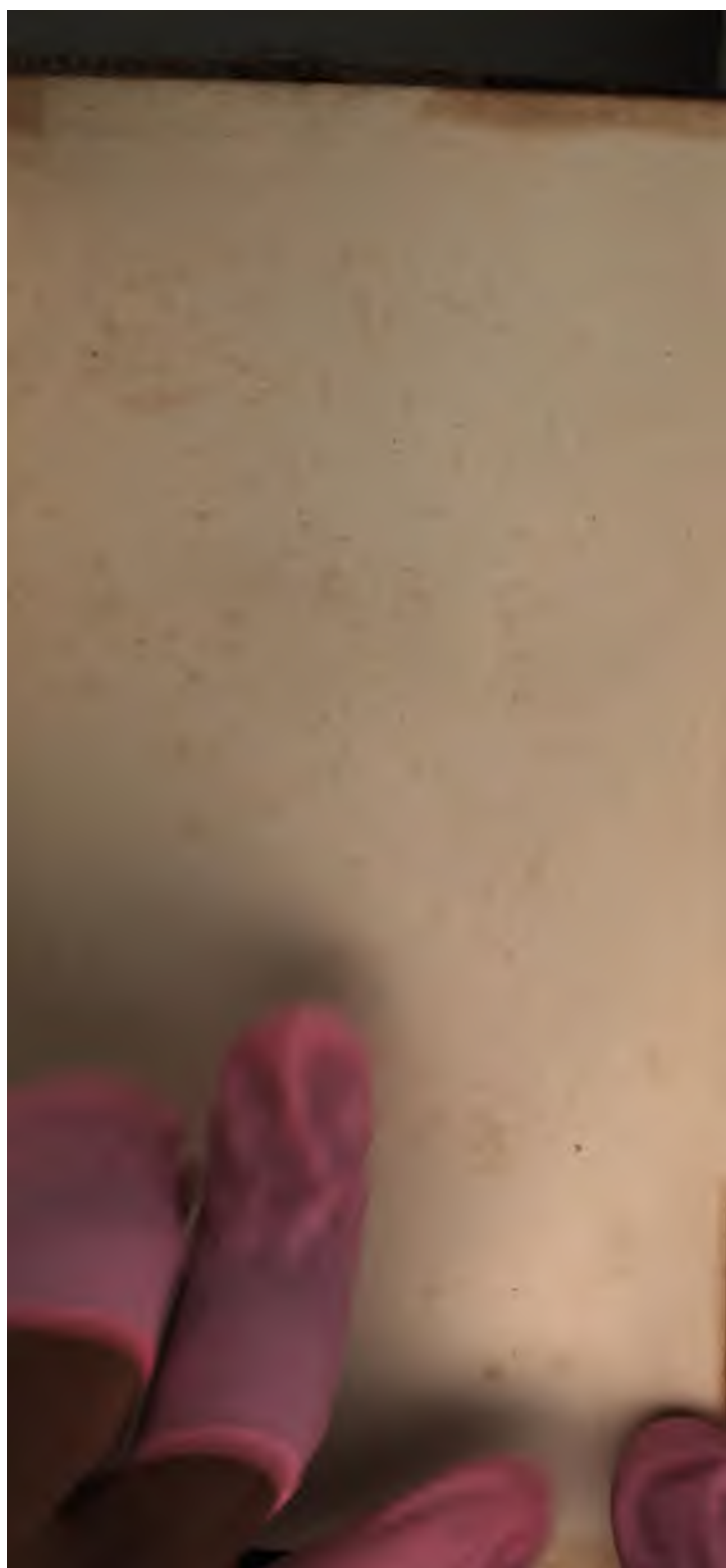


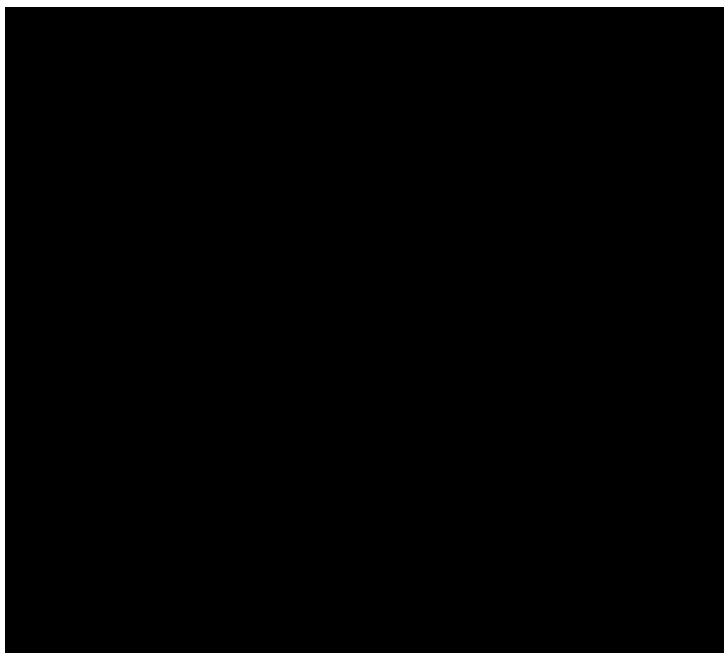


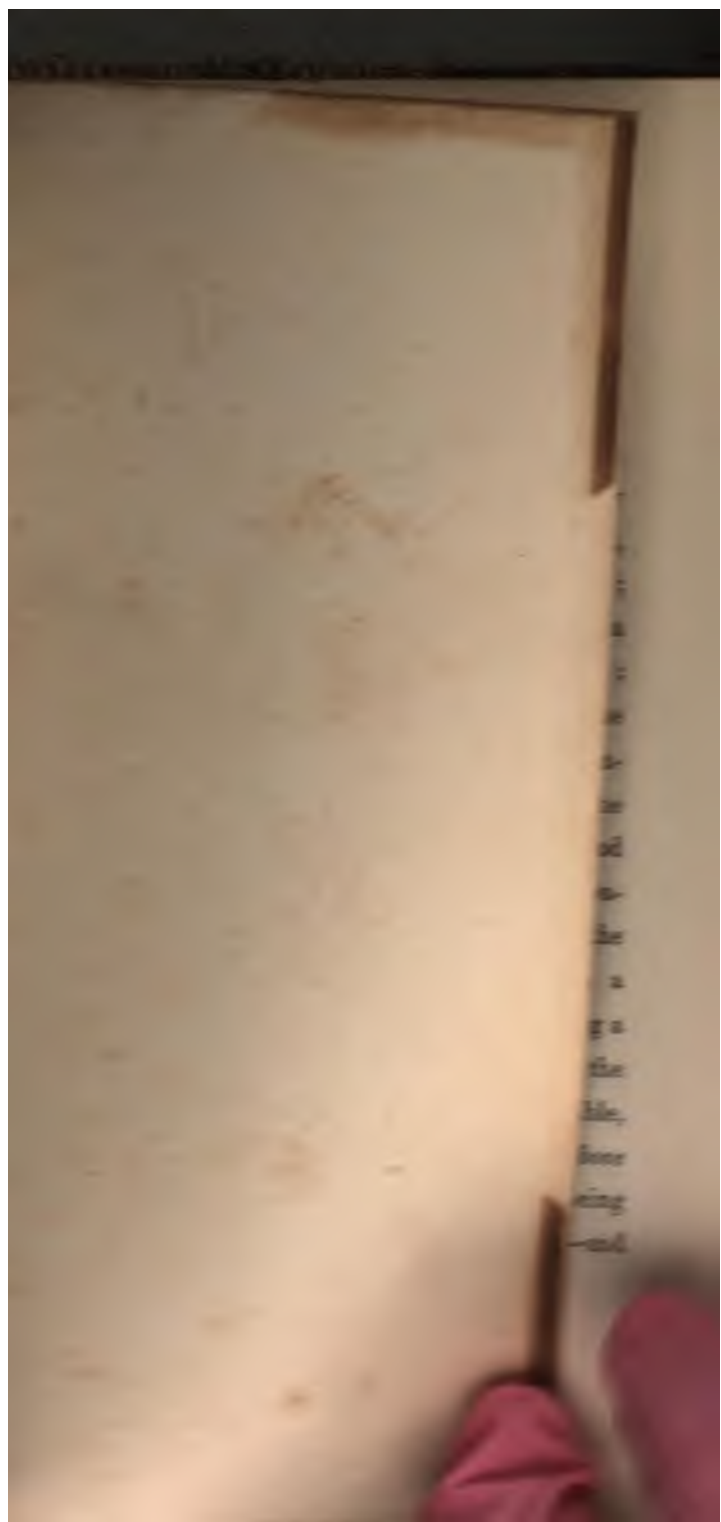
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OR,

THE UNCLE.

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H A R D N E S S ;

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T H E U N C L E .

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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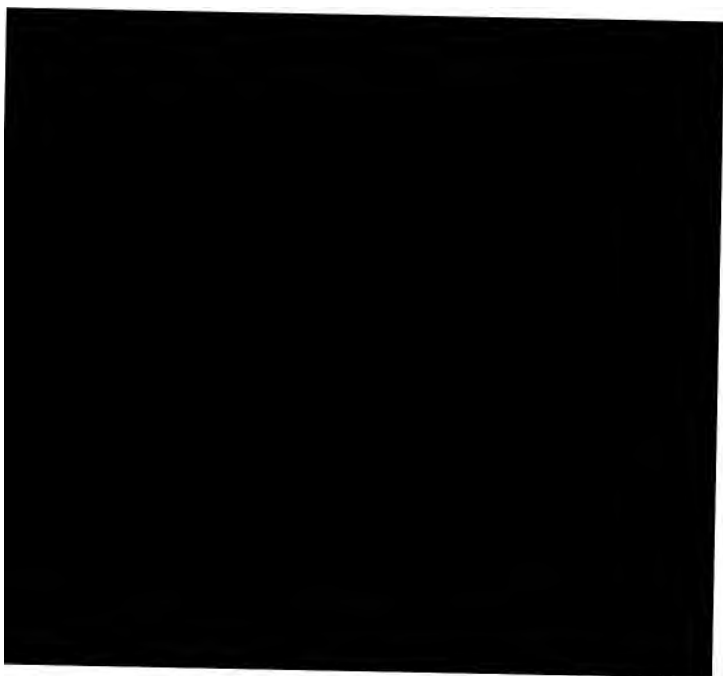
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H A R D N E S S ;

OR,

THE UNCLE.

CHAPTER I.

“ SIC transit gloria mundi,” philosophically and classically observed Mr. Henry de Burgh, with a semi-tragic shrug of his shoulders, as he looked with a mournful smile round his confined lodgings, in the little fishing village of Kensworth ; and it was perfectly true. The glory of the world had passed away from him, in so far as the aforesaid glory consisted in sitting in the window of Crockford’s, and on the cross-

bench at Almack's; in driving a cab with a mammoth before, and a pigmy behind ; in possessing a stall in the opera, which he did not occupy on an average, more than one night in the week, and twenty minutes in the night ; in glorying in the reputation of finding favour in the eyes of one of the singing women, or dancing women ; enjoying the privilege of wearing out the rim of his hat, every six weeks, by taking it off, with a neat and appropriate smile, every three minutes, between the hours of half-past five and half-past seven, p.m., from the back of a blood mare in the park, to all sorts of varieties of carriages and their insides ; of being whirled down to Epsom on a drag of unquestionable orthodoxy, and being a special subject of the vigilance of Providence on his return, the noble lord who worked it having in the interim stowed away two bottles of champagne, and half a tumbler of curaçoa, the best half too, to keep it out of mischief ; of being put up at the barracks for Ascot, and at the house for Goodwood ; of having his likenes

sketched by the Count of Counts, and his coats built by the Baron of tailors ; of being asked twice a week in the Carlton, why he did not come into Parliament ; in the Army and Navy how he came not to be on Staff ; in the Junior United, how the devil he managed to get so much leave ; in the Traveller's, why he did not establish a yacht in the Levant and outheroed Lamartine ; and in Crockey's why he did not look after the cynosure of all men's eyes, that is to say all unmarried men's, the inestimable gem in the market of matrimony, the Miss Ruby of God knows how many thousands, or tens of thousands a year ; of being one of the chosen few, the Amphytrions of the year, who gave such a delicious fête champêtre, that made so raging a fury in July, people were perfectly rabid in the dog-days ; of seeing a pile of cards upon his table, that would have roofed the house, (he was *above* sticking them in the looking-glass) ; of being called Harry by the smartest men in town—and all the other luxuries of the season.

These bright days were past and gone : it is the pace that kills, and the pace had been too good to last ; three hundred pounds a month *will* tell upon an income of eight or nine hundred a year. Poor Henry “took no note of time,” that is, he paid no bill when it was due ; the children of Judah and Benjamin fulfilled to the letter their foretold mission of spoiling the Gentile ; but Providence has implanted in their breasts a peculiar instinct that warns them when to cease lending,—and they declined any farther advances, lest the Gentiles should return the compliment and spoil them. He set on foot among the diplomatic authorities, enquiries as to the whereabouts of the lost ten tribes, in the hopes that they, as country cousins of his old friends, might be more squeezable, and found, to his astonishment, that every body knew where they were :—a Russian general said they were somewhere near the Caspian Sea, in an unapproachable, impenetrable, uninhabitable country, called Daghistan, through which the imperial mail was

conveyed on a light six-pounder, the guard being a Brigadier-general, with his brigade. A Turkish envoy declared that they were to be found in Nubia or Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, or Dahomey, or some such civilised place. The agent for the king of Oude averred that they were in the mountains of Thibet or the lakes of Mongolia, or the marshes of Cabul or the sands of Turkistan, and that some of them were talking of making a voyage down the Irrawaddy, with a view of recovering the Holy Land. An American (sham) attaché, guessed that they were the red Indians, and that if the Seminoles were really the tribe of Simeon, they were in a pretty considerable almighty ugly fix. A county magistrate expressed a suspicion that they were the gipsies ; he had a confused idea of something having happened a long time ago, that connected the Jews in some way with Egypt. An East India director inclined to the opinion that they were the Thugs,—wherever, whatever, whoever they might be, they did not appear to be

available now. The crisis approached—the smash came,—and the gay world said, like St. Peter in the “ Vision of Judgment :”—

“ There’s another star gone out, I think.”

Henry de Burgh was the only son of the late Lieutenant-General, the Honourable Sir Ulick de Burgh, K.C.B., and G.C.H., Colonel of the 115th, or Royal West Paddington Regiment of Fusileers, and governor of an uninhabitable rock somewhere off the coast, whence he derived the greater part of his income. The gallant general had been pushed on in the service in early life, at the rate that was customary in those times, for the sons of the magnates of the land. The interest of his father was tremendous : the late Earl of Innismore had ten or twelve votes at command in the Irish parliament, and worked them uncommonly hard ; young Ulick was enrolled in the profession of arms before he was out of his nurse’s, and joined his regiment as a field-officer of some standing at the age of nineteen. He passed through the usual phases of

military life in an Earl's son, became Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier-general, in which latter capacity he was fortunate enough to attract the Duke of York's favourable notice in Holland, by giving him a cigar one fearfully rainy night, a loyal attention which the royal family, with characteristic gratitude, never forgot; indeed, some go so far as to say, that it had some influence in procuring him afterwards the situation of Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

He then went, for a short time, to the West Indies, witnessed the astounding sight that so long puzzled the military medical authorities—that of men falling asleep drunk with new rum in a swamp, and awaking in a fever. This, however, was no practice of his, he having been trained to claret, as young gentlemen were trained in Ireland half a century ago; so he weathered the fever, and bilked the landcrabs, and returned home in good time, and what was still more to the purpose, good health.

The giants were at play in those days.

Prussia, stricken down at Jena, was stealthily preparing her arms and armour for the day of retribution, but as yet gave no sign of life. The polar bear grinned afar off, and growled hideously as it fondled the Gallic eagle in its clumsy embrace, but the crushing squeeze of 1812 was yet unthought of. Austria, fettered and bleeding, wept the recent carnage of Essling and Wagram ; but the game was yet alive in the sunny Iberia, the blood of Moore was yet to be avenged, the hero of a hundred fights was in the saddle, and Major-general de Burgh, doing what was the proper and correct thing for major-generals to do at that period, revived the ashes of the above-mentioned cigar in the grateful memory of the commander-in-chief, and embarked for the Peninsula in command of a brigade.

There, after a vain effort to solve the question, which did the British army most mischief, the French, the Spaniards, or the government at home, he finally gave up the problem in despair,

and took refuge in that reflection that has so often cheered the British officer in trouble, namely, that it must be a very bad mistake indeed, that his men may not be depended upon to set to rights with their bayonets ; so he went on with the war as it rolled hither and thither,—saw Badajos, as old Picton observed, *sued in formâ pauperis*,—Ciudad Rodrigo carried with unloaded firelocks,—rubbed his eyes at what he took to be an earthquake swallowing the 23rd light dragoons at Talavera, — was present at the dear-bought Albuera,—shuddered at the unearthly yell that burst from a Highland regiment when its chief fell at Fuentes d' Honor, —and, at last, when the Marquis got his head straight, and would take no denial, followed him through the tempestuous Salamanca, and the crushing Vittoria,—and finally looked down on the plains of France from the summits of the Pyrenees.

Sir Ulick de Burgh was a favourite of Fortune ; he just picked up wounds enough to entitle

him to pensions, without materially damaging his health ; just credit enough to entitle him to honours, without the perilous distinction of a responsible command, for there was no danger of his setting the Thames or the Indus on fire, nor yet the St. Lawrence ; he hung up his sword after Toulouse ; took a house in Wimpole Street, — promoted the formation of the United Service Club, and attended it regularly every day of his life when it was formed, — was the originator of the clever move by which the old house was disposed of to the “ young ones,” (and very young they were when they took it,) that the old gentlemen, for whom it was too small, (the numbers of members of both clubs being the same,) might build a better, — stood god-father to the half-pint decanters, and christened them “ life-preservers,” which was considered a very good joke at the time and place, — raised up his voice and wept when the new drill came out, — apostrophising the ghosts of Dundas and Torrens, — and finally closed a most respectable life in a

bilious fever, brought on by his anxiety on the subject of that atrocious innovation, which, however has, by this time, had its day, the clothing the light cavalry in scarlet, which he justly observed ought not to have been inflicted upon them except by sentence of a general court-martial.

He left our hero the usual heritage of a general officer's son; viz. a variety of old swords, an assortment of begging letters from soldiers' widows, a commission in the dragoons, a shake of the hand from the commander-in-chief whenever he attended his levees, a similar recognition from the military secretary, permission from the adjutant-general every now and then to write to his colonel, to say, that if he had no objection to his leave being extended there was none at head-quarters, the satisfaction of being prosed into a nervous fever by certain silver-haired specimens of juvenility every time that he entered the walls of the Junior United Service Club,—gentlemen who, having served under the

father, considered they might lawfully prey upon the son, and were much addicted to telling him interesting anecdotes about some of his sire's performances in early life, which accorded ill with the grave and sober personage he remembered ; and finally, the catalogue of what he inherited was wound up by a small fortune of five or six hundred a-year, besides his pay.

His person was attractive ; thickly-curling brown hair clustered over a brow rarely wrinkled with a frown ; tolerably-regular features were enlivened with an expression of good temper that prepossessed people in his favour ; a very gentlemanly address, and a very ready smile, gave him a fair start in whatever society he was in, and he generally managed to keep it : and, with all these " appliances and means to boot," he might have lived tolerably comfortably, but, unfortunately, his was that " high-flown ambition that o'erleaps itself." He was not content to live ; any one could live—a dray-horse could live—he must shine. Yet his was not the mere

vulgar ambition of shining in cabs and coats :—had his lot been cast in warlike times, in the times of the sword and the spear, he would have been the chivalrous leader of charging squadrons ; but there was no such good fortune in store for him,—there was no regular war to be had for love or money. The Spanish legion was not particularly attractive, or well spoken of in the circles he frequented : dogs-meat men, buccaneers, land-pirates, were the mildest terms applied to them. “ Mercenaries ” was considered rather complimentary, being less expressive than “ hired assassins,” which many, who prided themselves upon forming and expressing decided opinions, held to be the proper way of describing the poor fellows. The country in general was mad about railways ; a leaning towards romance in the public mind might have made a tolerable poet of him, but poetry is in a state of abeyance just now. Melpomene is busy in the cotton factories, and Thalia in Newgate ; Clio is stewed nightly in the reporter’s gallery, and her character has somewhat suffered into the bargain ; and Polyhymnia is de-

fendant in a case of disputed church-rate : the Muses have abandoned Olympus. The world of fashion was alone open to him to shine in ; he essayed, succeeded for a season, and then was extinguished ; and the spring of 1835 found him, as is technically termed in the circles where the disorder is endemic, "floored."

Everything that he had, even to his commission, had to be sold ; his uncle, Lord Innismore an irritable and unmanageable old gentleman, declared that he would have nothing to say to him—that he would never even see his face again ; and after his friends had made the best arrangements that they could with his innumerable creditors, poor Henry found that the wreck of his fortune would only afford him a pittance of a hundred and twenty pounds a-year for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER II.

NOBODY ever accused London of being a place whose inhabitants take an undue interest in the affairs of their neighbours. Yet it was astonishing, the moment it became generally known that Henry de Burgh was half or three-quarters ruined, what anxiety divers stirring spirits in the great metropolis, men who hate seeing anything done by halves, evinced with regard to his future welfare. It is a canon with these personages, that a man who has ruined himself by his folly must maintain himself by his knavery ; and seeing that Henry had passed through the

chrysalis state of the dupe, they concluded that he must now, as a matter of course, come out in the more active stage of existence, viz. a rogue. The following may serve as specimens of the friendly attentions he received from unknown parties during the week preceding his departure from the fascinations and the ruinations of the modern Babylon :

“SIR,

“I am desired by the chairman and honorary directors of the Borneo and Sumatra self-supporting Colonisation Society, to forward you the enclosed prospectus, with a view of submitting to your consideration a detail of the object and prospects of that truly national association. The intention of this enterprising body, is to acquire by purchase, or otherwise, a large tract of country in those fertile regions, whose inhabitants, (who are far much farther advanced in civilisation than is generally supposed in this country,) have shown every disposition to

cede the sovereignty and lordship of a considerable territory, in perpetuity, for a very moderate consideration, the amount of which may be farther reduced by the payment being made in such products of civilised life, as suit their wants and wishes, such as rum, glass-beads, spear-heads, gunpowder, opium, tobacco, red cloth, looking-glasses, and fire-arms. As they are entirely ignorant of the value of money, and have consequently no desire to possess themselves of it, it may be presumed that no attempt at robbery on their part, will interfere with the sacred rights of property; and consequently, it may be assumed, that the money invested in this security will be perfectly safe. The projectors being satisfied, after the most laborious and searching investigation, that all former attempts at colonisation from Great Britain, have been founded upon principles of the most erroneous nature, have decided that this colony shall be planted upon the 'complete structure of society, and self-supporting, and

governing system,' by which they mean, that inasmuch as the structure of society in the mother-country is composed of various classes, so they propose, that every ship load of emigrants should be assorted of gentlemen, tradesmen, farmers, mechanics, and labourers, with their wives and families; and immediately upon their arrival at the capital of the infant state, they propose establishing a joint stock bank, fire and life assurance company, post-office, theatre, mont de piété, temperance society, daily journal, and mechanic's institute; and as soon as possible, procuring the presence of a bishop; so that in short, our community will rather resemble a section of the mother country, turned up-side down, (as you are aware, that the scene of our labours is not very far from the antipodes,) than one of those rude assemblages, that have heretofore been called colonies.

¹¹ "Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

"The wisest thing the immortal Bacon ever said is the gallant motto we have adopted ; and we have every reason to hope for the most brilliant and unbounded success from the principle of self-support, which means that the expense of the passage of the poorer classes out, will be defrayed by the proceeds of the sale of the unappropriated land, at a minimum price, thereby producing a demand for land, with a supply of labour, by one operation of very beautiful simplicity. As however, it is not to be expected that the proceeds of the land can defray the unavoidably large expenses for several years, we propose at present, raising money by a loan, at a very favourable rate of interest to the lenders ; and when that is exhausted, we intend to apply to government for assistance, which we have no doubt will be granted in consideration of the urgency of the case. The colony will be ruled upon the sacred principle of self-government,—that is to say, by a board

of commissioners, sitting in London. As a small military force, forty or fifty men, will be necessary to support the dignity of the law, to mediate between the native tribes in their quarrels, and also to act as police ; I am instructed by the committee to say, that should you decide upon taking part in this enterprise, they will have great pleasure, upon your purchasing six hundred and forty acres of land, at ten shillings an acre, in appointing you Captain-general and commander-in-chief of the company's forces in the colony ; a post for which your military knowledge and experience so eminently qualifies you ; while at the same time, that branch of agriculture, which produces the greatest returns, the breeding of sheep, may be carried on upon your lands, by your agents ; it not requiring the actual presence of the owner. Or should you hesitate about leaving England, I am directed to inform you, that tenders for loans, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, in sums of not less than five hundred

pounds each, will be received at the office every day, from ten till four.

" I have the honor to be,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient, humble servant,

" THOMAS LANDSHARK,

" Hon. Sec.

" P. S. I am directed to state, some misapprehension having arisen upon the subject, that the cannibalism of this interesting country, upon which such stress has been laid, is not, as is generally supposed, a depraved appetite for human flesh; but an ancient semi-military, semi-religious rite; and consequently, rather entitled to be respected and supported, by a liberal and enlightened system of policy, such as the British government has adopted in India, than interfered with. To ease the colonial consciences of scruple-mongers at home, and also with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of the natives, a branch of the Aborigines Protection Society will be established at Ban-

jermassin, the romantically-seated metropolis of the island, as soon as circumstances admit."

"I am afraid," said Henry, as he laid down the precious epistle, "that Providence never intended me for an apostle of civilisation among the Bornese. I doubt whether the assorted ship will be productive of any very great results; the business of the colony will not, I apprehend, be very productive, and I should think their principal amusement will be basking in the sun, and drinking bad rum out of oyster-shells. What may this be?"

"King's Bench, April 15, 1835.

"SIR,

"ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I have been authorised by the Lieutenant-general commanding the auxiliary legion of Spain, to make any proposition upon the subject to you, yet I cannot refrain from calling your notice to the brilliant prospect of acquiring imperishable renown, as one of the immortal deliverers of the human

race, from despotic power, feudal chains, and clerical domination, offered by the glorious expedition now fitting out in the Isle of Dogs, for the furtherance and defence of civil and religious liberty all over the globe, but especially in the Peninsula. I must also beg leave to assure you of my fixed and deliberate opinion, that the appearance of the Legion in the Basque provinces, will not, as is universally supposed, be the signal for the immediate downfall of the Carlist cause, and the abandonment of that Prince's pretensions to the crown of Spain; but on the contrary, that before the final triumph of the Anglo-Spanish arms, several hard-fought actions will most probably take place, in which the combatants will have abundant opportunities of covering themselves with laurels, and acquiring several Spanish orders, decorations which that country bestows with great liberality. Circumstances over which I have no control, occasion my temporary residence in this place; but *were I at liberty*, (and the sum I am detained for, is ridi-

culously small,) I could, I am well persuaded, for a very moderate consideration, not worth thinking of, induce the Lieutenant-colonel commanding a certain battalion, to make way for you, should your ardent spirit desire such honourable employment. I shall have great pleasure in giving you more detailed information upon this truly spirit-stirring subject, should you honour me with a call to-morrow or any other day, at any hour that suits your convenience; and I need not remind you, in the words of the great moralist,

“ ‘There is a tide in the affairs of men,
That taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’ ”

“The dépôt of the British auxiliary Legion has been established at the Isle of Dogs, where the organisation is rapidly proceeding.

“ Yours, with military frankness,

“ FERDINAND CRIMP,

“ Acting Dep. Ass. Com. Gen., B. A. L.”

“Poor fellows,” said Henry; “old Tozer, who had plenty of hospital experience in the Peninsula, declares that the Legion will leave from eight to ten thousand men dead, and be beaten after all. Let us see what this may be—Calcutta and Sangur Railway—to convey goods and passengers to Calcutta; do they mean to pump out the Hoogly, I wonder? There seems a regular conspiracy to get me out of the country some way or other, by warlike or peaceful means. Well—confidence of the board—resident director—provisional committee—attractive list of names—allow yours to be employed—mere matter of form—deposit £2. a share—ah, yes, very likely.” And he laid down the letter as a visitor entered the room.

“Waverton, my dear fellow, how do you do?—come to see the last days of Pompeii, eh? Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage?”

“No, indeed, Harry,” answered his visitor, pressing him cordially by the hand; “I came to see you less for the pleasure of seeing you,

than to enquire what your plans were, and whether it would be in my power to forward them."

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Walter. I never doubted but that you would stick to me in my troubles, as you have all through; but I am afraid you can do nothing more for me now. You know you are on the wrong side, and likely to stay so, as far as appearances go; those fellows are safe for this parliament at all events."

"It is too true," returned Waverton; "that unfortunate dissolution floored us. They say it was the Duke insisted upon it, too. It is a bad business altogether. I do not see the slightest prospect of our recovering it, for some years at all events."

"See what request I am in, even in my adversity," said Henry, displaying the flattering testimonials of public opinion, with respect to his gullibility,—“look what brilliant offers I receive."

"Ah! yes,—the old story, Bornese colonisation, profitable investment, ten per cent.—for one year, I suppose: sheep, yes, many go out for wool, and come home shorn:—British auxiliary legion of Spain; they say Evans got thirty thousand down for undertaking the job; it is worth while on those terms. I should like to know how many of those poor devils His Excellency will bring back with him. Calcutta and Sangur—I wonder they do not try Damascus and Mecca, or Alexandria and Timbuctoo. Yes, truly, where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. I do not mean to be rude, but you see how well these fellows know the force of the passion for winning back what one has once lost."

"But why do they come to me?—what do they want with my name?"

"Your name? I'll tell you why they want your name—first, because it's an Earl's name, and secondly, because it's constantly in the Morning Post. Why, my dear fellow, I remember when

I was quite a boy, at the time that all the world were as mad as March hares about those South American mining speculations, hearing an old gentleman, who, by-the-bye, was afterwards bit himself and ruined by them, tell my father, that in one of them, whose shares were then at two or three hundred per cent. premium, there was a man called Smith, who was elected a director, because he drove a piebald horse, in a sort of machine he had ; and whenever anybody asked what Mr. Smith he was, they had a reply always ready cut and dried. ‘ It’s the Mr. Smith that drives the piebald horse—you may see him any day in the Park ;’ and that was always held to be a satisfactory and sufficient answer. About you they’d say, ‘ It’s Mr. de Burgh, nephew of Lord Inismore ; a son of the General, well known in the fashionable circles ; he’s sown his wild oats now, taken to business, is considered a great acquisition to our board ;’ and that would do perfectly.”

"But how in the world am I to go out to India, and manage a railway? I know no more about it than I do about Sanscrit."

"Pooh! nobody dreams of really making it," was the answer; "it's all bubble, bubble, bubble; but, however, what in sober earnest are your plans."

"Why, you know it is out of the question my remaining here any longer; and as I am not yet so far gone as to sink into the slough of despond of Calais or Boulogne, I propose for the present retiring to a quiet little village on the coast called Kensworth, where I can live cheap for the present, and wait what turns up, or rather wait till my uncle's anger moderates. He is so furious with me, that I know it would be no use writing to him; so I have not done so, but I have written to Dunlara to see what can be done with the old gentleman, to put me in the way of earning my bread in a decent manner, for that is all that I ask or expect from him."

"Lord Innismore is coming up to town this season, is he not?"

"Yes, almost immediately; you know my sister Mary is to come out this year, and after his own fashion he is uncommonly fond of her; she has been very fortunate in him as a guardian."

"You are her joint-guardian, too, since you came of age."

"I was left so in my father's will, more I believe to provide against the contingency of my uncle's death than anything else; but as to having anything to say to her care, or the disposal of her fortune, I never hear anything about the matter; my uncle is not the sort of person to court much interference, or ask for much advice, so he settles everything his own way."

"He is a somewhat positive old gentleman, is he not?"

"Oh! the slightest difference of opinion is a capital crime, without benefit of clergy, in his

eyes; you know he has lived so long in his own territories, like Robinson Crusoe, 'monarch of all he surveys,' that he does not exactly understand anybody differing with him; it seems something against the laws of nature, like a man eating sugar-plums, or a girl with a cigar in her mouth: he opens his eyes and stares at you, if you disagree with him, as much as to say: 'What the devil *can* you be thinking of?'

"Well, I shall take the first opportunity of making your sister's acquaintance. He does not chaperon her himself, does he?"

"No, Lady Loosely does—she was a great friend of my poor mother."

"She is a capital hand at it, too, knows everybody, and the way to get on with everybody into the bargain. She is a good-natured woman, too, for all her worldliness."

"She is; I rather like her."

"Well, you know, if anything does turn up, in which I can assist you, you will command my services; I wish to Heaven we were in

office again, for your sake. You have the sinews wherewith to carry on the war for the present, have you not ?”

“Yes, I have ; thank you all the same. I have quite as much by me as I can afford to spend before the next dividend-day comes round ; I shall have to come out in a new character now,—look at both sides of a shilling before I part with it, as they say.”

“Oh, come ! we must not be cast down, we must hope for better times ; three-and-twenty is too young to begin desponding. Good-bye ; let me hear how you get on in your seclusion : God bless you, my boy.”

“Good-bye, Walter.”

CHAPTER III.

IN his solemn, spacious, and well-stored library at Ganton Park, sat the Earl of Innismore, to all appearance in a state of the greatest perplexity. His Lordship was a tall, spare man, apparently verging upon seventy years of age, with a piercing black eye, an aquiline nose, thin compressed lips, and a forehead high and broad; altogether a countenance of a commanding character, such as befitted one whose nobility dated from the time of Richard the Second. His ancestors in the fourteenth century had succeeded, how we need not now enquire, in

despoiling divers native septs of the mere Irishry, O'Flaherty's, O'Hara's, Mac Dermott's, O'Kelly's, O'Connor's, and so forth, of their lands and tenements, and had been raised to the peerage by the style and title of Baron of Dunlara, Auchenure, Moyluirg, and Tyrmaine, in consideration of their chief, Brian de Burghe, having declared at the occasion of the unfortunate Richard's ostentatious and unprofitable expedition to Ireland, after his disappointment in Germany, "that if any such folly were practised in hell like that of the German princes who refused to elect such a noble prince to be their emperor, the kingdom of Beelzebub would have been destroyed long ago;" and having thus become estated men, contrived to remain so, weathering alike Elizabeth and Strafford, Cromwell and William, to which latter they did good service at Aughrim, in consequence of which the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" became a family toast, and the diminutive representation of the gentleman

on horseback in College Green, like other diminutives, symbolic of affection, became a family seal; to say nothing of a statuette upon every chimney-piece in the house, the Lares and Penates of the castle of Ballymacwilliam-pognacailin, the family seat; and escaping those still uglier customers, the penal laws, for they had come about in good time; the close of the eighteenth century found them the absentee landlords of a very extensive, very boggy, very wild, and very unproductive tract of land on the New York side of the Shannon, together with a small interest in various boroughs, pretty little pocket playthings, which made the Earl of Innismore of the day a very considerable sort of personage among the undertakers,—as the noblemen and gentlemen who were good enough to undertake to manage the king's business in the fine old times, when there was a parliament in College Green, (and a custom-house at the other side of the water, which people seem to forget in these repeal times),

were commonly termed ; and as human nature is never stunted in its development in the Emerald Isle, it need not be stated that the late Earl of Innismore was a gigantic jobber.

However, in his time, notwithstanding the political temptations to stay in Ireland, there were three absentees for one there is now—which of course everybody will deny, and of which nevertheless any one who chooses to take the trouble of consulting Arthur Young, or any of the cotemporary authorities on the then state of Ireland, may readily satisfy himself;—and so the noble lord, upon comparing the venerable Elizabethan mansion, the spreading lawns, the silver lake, and the ancient woods, to say nothing of the innumerable pheasants, and some hundreds of deer, of Ganton Park, with the five-and-twenty low, stunted trees, five-and-fifty low, loose-built, stone walls, brown herbage, and extensive dung-hills, of his dilapidated, polysyllabic castle above-mentioned in the far west, decided upon appropriating the

aforesaid park to himself, and did so, after the manner, not of the fourteenth century, but that of the eighteenth,—for they belonged to an heiress, and he married her.

The lady had no end of money, the lord no end of titles, (and nobody could tell where the beginning of them was either, for the family history alleges, that they were of the high nobility, when they came over with the Conqueror; and indeed some genealogists seem inclined to trace their race to a certain Count of Eu, a mighty man among the Normans, who must have been a fearful polygamist, for he appears to have been the ancestor of the whole roll of Battle Abbey, and a great deal more, according to the peerages at least;) so everybody said it was a charming match, and its issue were the present Earl, and the late Sir Ulick. Lord Innismore had two sons, Viscount Dunlara, and the Hon. William Rudolph Ulick de Burgh, lieutenant in the eighteenth regiment of light dragoons, more generally called Billy Burgh; nay, so little did

his long descent and magnificent names strike terror into the companions of his choice, that it is recorded, that in consequence of some performances of his, more remarkable for a jovial recklessness than a martial dignity, he was better known in his own regiment, by the style and title of "Bloody Bill," than any other.

These two youths, together with our friend Henry and his sister Mary, constituted the whole of Lord Innismore's blood relations then living ; his wife had been nearly twenty years dead ; and whether it was the natural turn of his mind, or whether solitude, the bad, the dangerous habit of living alone, had engendered it, he had acquired, with by no means a bad heart, and unquestionably an excellent understanding, a certain hardness of disposition, an incapacity of allowing for, or considering the wishes or ideas of others, which was often the cause of much uneasiness to those about him, and consequent unhappiness to himself.

That morning he had directed a poor old

woman, a widow and a cripple, to be summonsed for picking up a few rotten sticks, that had literally fallen from their own decay out of a hedge; and yet, at that very time, he was actually distributing more than a couple of tons of coal, weekly, though it was April, among the poor of his neighbourhood. It is hardly necessary to say that he was no great favourer of trespassers, and a poacher had but an indifferent chance when he was on the bench.

His library might have passed for a hall of the Inquisition. A deep-blue carpet overspread the floor; black wainscotings, fantastically carved, filled the spaces not occupied with books; the literary treasures themselves did not contribute much to the brilliancy of the scene, for a rigid severity of taste in the owner, had induced him to forbid the use of the slightest portion of decorative gilding on the backs of the books. The unornamented volumes were supported by dark mahogany shelves; a black morocco writing-desk stood upon a table covered with leather of a deep pur-

ple, upon which letter-weights of black marble from Connemara, held down a few stray papers. The light of day found its way in, through arms, crests, supporters, shields, mottoes,—hereditary glories in painted glass; and his lordship, seated in a black leather arm-chair, and tormenting himself about the difficulty he found in discovering something to complain of, was accustomed to wonder why the library always appeared so gloomy.

All, however, was not gloom in that antique chamber; there was one object of surpassing brightness close to the Earl's elbow. Silent and still, stood a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, and watched with trembling anxiety the varying expression of the old man's features. "I positively will not receive him here, Mary," said he. "I will not make Ganton a refuge for the destitute. He never thought of coming near me as long as his money lasted; I do not want to see him now that he is a beggar. He hardly knows his own country-gentleman uncle by

sight, and yet I had to write three regular begging letters about his commissions; I do not think he has been twice at Ganton since he joined his regiment."

"I am sure he would have been only too glad to come here, uncle," returned Mary, "but—you know—you never invited him."

"I never invited him?" repeated the Earl,—
"eh—why—oh, that is all nonsense. Of course he must have known very well that he would have been welcome. But what provokes me is his having sold his commission; a boy of twenty-three with a troop of dragoons, is first-rate luck in these days: it is quite another thing now from what it was in your poor father's time, when they promoted them in their cradles.—I think, if I recollect right, he got his majority by the time he was thirteen or fourteen; I never shall forget his finding it out, for they did all they could to keep it concealed from him; however, he did discover it, and I remember once when he was going to be flogged at Eton, his pleading

that it was an insult to the British army to flog a field-officer. It didn't save him though ; they flogged a captain in the life-guards, and a colonel of militia at the same time ; poor Ulick !" and the stern old man's heart melted for a moment, as the thoughts of other days came back to his memory. " Why did not Henry apply to me at once when he got into difficulty ?"

" I think, uncle," returned Mary, hesitatingly, " I think that he was—afraid."

" Afraid ?" repeated the hot-tempered peer, in a voice of thunder ; " afraid—why should he have been afraid ? I ask you, Mary," continued he fiercely, " why should your brother or anybody else be afraid of me ?" The poor girl trembled so violently, that she could hardly muster up an answer to this question, which indeed would have been a somewhat embarrassing one at any time. " There now," rejoined the uncle, " that will do ; do not look so wretched ; extravagant and absurd as Henry has been, we must not let him starve altogether.

Something or other must be done for him, but he must leave England ; and I will not see him, positively. Howard and the doctor dine here to-day," added he, taking up a paper-cutter, which the young lady rightly interpreted, as signifying that her further attendance would be dispensed with, and withdrew accordingly.

"Poor girl, she seems sadly depressed. I do not know that the young scape-grace is such a scamp after all," muttered the Earl, as he addressed himself to a pamphlet, which satisfactorily proved, by most undeniable calculations, that it was utterly impracticable to navigate the Atlantic by steam upon any terms whatever ; as the gentlemen who call themselves "practical men," were accustomed to assert in 1835, (they are in exactly the same scrape about the Archimedes screw now,) and was soon deeply immersed in the mysteries of cylinders and pistons, pipes and valves, and the other component parts of the giant first-born of the nuptials of Salamander and Undine, the offspring of fire and water.

"Come in," said he, as a knock at the door interrupted his reflections upon the relative merits of coke and coal.

"Dr. Higgins, my lord."

"Shew him in.—Well, doctor, I wanted to have a few minutes' conversation with you before dinner; this young rascal of a nephew of mine, has given me a great deal of uneasiness."

"Indeed, and it is very wrong of him, my lord; very ungrateful, so kind an uncle as your lordship has been to him, my lord."

"I really hardly know what to do about him. I cannot let him starve, as he deserves—what do you think?" It formed no part of the worthy doctor's system to originate measures; it was quite early enough for him to recommend a plan, when he knew that his patron had made up his mind to adopt it.

"Indeed, my lord," said he, "I do not think that it would be for the credit of your lordship's family, that a member of it should starve, my lord."

“ Suppose we shipped him off as a police magistrate to Jamaica.”

“ A capital plan, my lord ; it’s just what would suit him. I make no doubt but what he has plenty of experience in the practice of the police offices at home, my lord.”

“ Police offices ?—eh ? what do you mean ?—he never was a magistrate anywhere that I know of.”

“ Why, my lord, all those wild young men of fashion are everlastingly in scrapes, breaking lamps, and assaulting police-men, and stealing knockers, when they are in high spirits, as your lordship knows young noblemen will be sometimes, just like as if they were commoners ; and then they get brought up at the police offices ; but they always give false names, call themselves Tomkins, or Jenkins, or something of that sort, that doesn’t bring discredit upon the peerage ; and the magistrates are up to the joke, (and small blame to their Worships,) and let them off easy ; so it does not matter a pin what they do, my lord.”

“What! my nephew taken before a justice?” asked the old peer, in whose antediluvian ideas the footing of confidential intimacy upon which the young aristocracy seemed to stand with the criminal law of the land, was rather startling; “my nephew taken before a justice!—I never heard of such a thing.”

“Indeed, and I don’t suppose he ever was brought up himself, my lord,” returned the doctor, who saw that the police-office jocularly was a failure, and worse, and backed out of it forthwith; “only maybe some of his dashing young friends may have got into trouble, and he may have gone there to bail them; sure the aristocracy ought to hold together, and not let the law get the better of them, as if they were common blackguards; or perhaps, just out of curiosity, to see what sort of a place it was, my lord.”

“Oh, by-the-by,” said the Earl, “talking of bailing, did you see about that widow Richards?”

"Yes, my lord; it was not as bad as they said. So far from his having died insolvent, the widow had the house and the license to go on with, after paying everything; so I gave her the twenty pounds your lordship desired; and with little Nelly as a barmaid, and the help of her eldest son, who is just come home, they will do very well, my lord."

"I am very glad of it, poor woman; I was afraid she had been very badly left; it is fortunate that her son is come home.—I have a great mind to make him an assistant Poor Law Commissioner."

"An assistant Poor Law Commissioner, my lord!" echoed the doctor, in unmitigated astonishment; "it's a great deal too good for the like of him; sure he'd never be fit for it, —he hasn't the education at all."

The Earl looked sharply up, but saw in an instant the not unnatural mistake the worthy doctor had fallen into, respecting his meaning. "I was thinking of my nephew at

the moment," said he, "not of young Richards. Come in."

"Mr. Howard, my lord."

"Beg Mr. Howard to walk in. How do you do, my dear sir? Pray be seated: how is Mrs. Howard?" said the Earl, whose habitual manner to the venerable minister was more deferential than to any other living being.

"I am sorry to say, she is not well enough to accept your lordship's invitation to-day; but I have brought up Emily with me—she is gone to Miss de Burgh's room."

"I am very sorry that Mrs. Howard's health is not improved. I am afraid my little pet will find but a dull companion in Mary to-day," returned the Earl; "the poor girl has been almost in tears, ever since her brother's disgrace."

"Disgrace is a hard word, Lord Innismore; let us apply a milder term to a young man's indiscretion,—extravagance if you will, but—"

"Do you not call it disgraceful," interrupted

the old peer ; “the being obliged to sell his very commission to pay his creditors ?”

“He *has* paid his creditors,” urged the clergyman,—“paid them in full.”

“Yes, and a nice mess he has made of his property, too,” said Lord Innismore, angrily ; “he shall never see my face again.” And he looked as if for assent, if not approbation, from one to the other of his visitors.

They presented a strange contrast :—on the one hand sat the silver-haired minister of the word, who for nearly thirty years rector of that parish, had seen one generation well nigh pass away ; and who now looked on the irritated nobleman with a melancholy expression of compassion on his benevolent countenance. Eloquent in the pulpit, assiduous in the duties of his cure, he now came with apostolical meekness, but not the less with apostolical fearlessness of the face of man, in the hopes of being able to mediate between the infuriated uncle, and the thoughtless nephew ; but he was cautious and wary,

the tact that would be required in the matter.

On the other hand sat the a little dark man, with a quick, anxious, waiting eye, cat-like vigilance, how he somewhat unmanageable patient as yet reassured since his introduction to the police-offices. Higgin, native of the first flower of the gem of the sea, had been the very and though he did still carry on scrambling practice, yet he found profitable employment, in to Lord Innismore's odd jobs, whims, carrying messages, and patching up squabbles (he

cannot do for himself, until he became what was called the Earl's right-hand man, and was finally rewarded, to his indescribable delight, with the appointment to what Lord Innismore called "domestic agent;" a post which he fulfilled very much to his employer's satisfaction, for he had a smattering of all sorts of knowledge, great and untiring activity, unbounded devotion to his patron's interest, and with all his meanness and toadyism, was a strictly honest man. Moreover, inasmuch as he had performed the feat of persuading a first-rate French cook, upon only four-hundred a year, to remain no less than five years in the house, whom the Earl's irritability would infallibly have otherwise driven away in a fortnight, and established amicable relations upon matters connected with the cellar, with the principal houses in Bordeaux, Marseilles, Oporto, Cadiz, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine; it may be readily supposed, that he became quite indispensable to

Lord Innismore, and was as firmly fixed upon Ganton as its mortgages.

“Little as I am disposed,” said Mr. Howard, “to apologise for poor Henry’s proceedings, which have doubtless been extravagant to the last degree, and I fear marked with the most reprehensible dissipation, there is yet one ground for hope to which I need hardly allude, as it has of course not escaped your lordship’s penetration; and that is, that with all his extravagance, and all his follies, not one mean or dishonourable action has ever been whispered of Henry; and when you take into consideration the career he has run, the temptations he has been exposed to, and the general low tone of moral feeling among the pleasure-hunters of a great metropolis, that is in my opinion a subject to congratulate ourselves upon.”

“Well, yes, that is true enough; so it ought to be; he was born a gentleman—he has been a gentleman this six hundred years—this eight hundred years and more; but that selling his

commission,—talking of that, Mr. Howard, there is another thing that annoys me exceedingly ; you know, that after Dunlara and Willy, this young scamp is the next heir ; the titles all go to him, though the entail is cut, so the estates do not necessarily ; now really, I do not think that Dunlara's life is by any means a good one, (the worthy doctor shook his head and looked solemn.) I should not be in the least astonished if he were cut off in early youth, (his two auditors would have been, for they knew that the young viscount was in his twenty-fifth year, and as strong as a horse) ; and as for Willy, I really do think that some of his mad-cap freaks will cost him his life some of these days. He has one tolerably quiet horse, for his Colonel insists upon his charger being steady in the ranks ; but as for his hunters and hacks, he will not look at anything that is not possessed with a devil, as I verily believe all the officers of the Eighteenth are themselves ;—did you hear of their last performance, and of Willy's escape ?”

“No, my lord,” said Higgins, with an expression of the most intense interest; “I hope Mr. William was not hurt.”

“No, as it turned out, he was not hurt, but that was his good luck; he might just as well have been killed as not. They were quartered in the same barrack, with some regiment of infantry—I forget which, in which there was a captain of such an ungovernable temper, that his own brother-officers hardly dared to speak to him. Well, nothing would content these youngsters, but they must bring a jackass into his room while he was at dinner, lash it down in his bed with one of his nightcaps on, and leave it there to await his return. When he came back, I dare say having swallowed an enormous quantity of that decoction of damsons and brandy, that they call port in the army—do you remember our dining with poor Ulick’s regiment, doctor?—Ugh, well, he found this uninvited occupant in possession of his bed; he was in such a perfect fury—I am sure I do not wonder

at it—that he threw the poor brute out of the window : Willy was standing just under, and in falling, the hoof of the donkey struck his shoulder—if the body of the animal had fallen upon his head, it might have killed him on the spot.”

The profound gravity with which the Earl narrated the asinine avatar, was too much for the risible muscles of his audience ; they both broke into an irrepressible laugh, and it was not without a cheering conviction that some progress had been made in his mission of mercy, that Mr. Howard observed, that after a moment of seriousness, the Earl joined in their merriment. As they went into dinner, the venerable pastor whispered to Mary, who hung upon his arm, “Say nothing more for the present about your brother ; your uncle is exceedingly angry with him now ; but I have no doubt will come round by-and-by.”

A gentle, almost imperceptible pressure of the old man's arm, was the token of the young lady's acquiescence in his advice. The dinner

went off as favourably as could be desired ; nothing occurred to derange the old nobleman's temper ; and to the great delight of all present, he ate with a hearty appetite.

“ Let me send you some more of this turkey, Mr. Howard,” said he ; “ it is uncommonly good—a fine high-flavored bird—it is almost as good as a pheasant—is it not, Doctor ?—will you have another slice ? ”

“ Thank you, my lord, that will be quite enough ; a very fine turkey it is, and does the poultry-man great credit,” returned Higgins, as his plate returned, loaded with the flesh of the bird, the feathers of whose tail he had that morning requested that the cook would keep for him, to decorate a mirror over his mantle-piece ; so that he knew perfectly well, that it was a young pea-fowl.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR some time after Waverton left him, Henry de Burgh paced moodily up and down his room. His meditations, which were not of a peculiarly agreeable character, were interrupted by another note, and as he gazed upon the coronetted seal that closed it, he could not help saying, with a melancholy smile, "I should think this was the last of the series."

It ran thus :—

"DEAR MR. DE BURGH.

"I HAVE been requested by Lord Mudacre,

to propose to you an arrangement that he thinks will be acceptable to you under the unfortunate circumstances we all deplore so very much. His proposition is, that you should travel with his eldest son, Lord Cubtown, in the capacity of private tutor ; and he begs me to say, that your knowing nothing of that business will not make any difference, (except in so far that you cannot expect the same large salary that an accomplished classical scholar might command,) all that he wants, being, that the young lord should be brought up as a gentleman, in which I think that he will be disappointed, for a more horrid uncivilised monster I never saw in the whole course of my life. You know Lord Mudacre was a butcher's boy before his claim to the earldom was made good, and he really is a butcher still ; but it seems this youth has promised marriage to an apothecary's daughter, and it is principally to break off this, that the old peer wants to send him abroad. I hardly like mentioning it ; but an essential part of your duty

would be to intercept any correspondence between the two, or at all events to make the Earl aware of it, if it took place ; and if in Paris or Vienna, some of the beauties of the Coulistes could be made to supplant the lady of Rhubarb in Lord Cubtown's heart, his father says he would duly acknowledge the service, as no harm could come of that—none but elderly men, broken roués, marry that sort of people. The salary he proposes would be three hundred a year, to be doubled in case of complete success ; though I think it would have been wiser in Lord Mudacre to have accepted the pill's offer at once, namely, to be off altogether for a thousand. A jury would give that much if it comes into court. You see I write entirely as if it were a matter of business. I do not know whether it will suit you, but I was resolved not allow any false delicacy on my part to interfere with any prospect that *might* be to your advantage. I have just got such a love of a China jar from my uncle at Calcutta ; it belonged to

the Begum of Sattara; I am so sorry I shall not have an opportunity of shewing it to you before you leave town. Adieu.

“SARAH LOOSELY.”

Henry crushed the offensive epistle in his hand, and a frown darkened his expressive features. “False delicacy!—unblushing effrontery. What,” said he, indignantly, “is it not enough that those blood-suckers of the Stock-exchange, those demons of the share market, should mark me as first their dupe, and then their tool, but that this woman, who has known me since I was a child, who will constantly have to chaperon my sister, should coolly suppose that I would undertake the office of a bear-leader to the most cross-grained, addle-headed cub in Christendom; to be a spy upon his actions into the bargain—and something more. This is indeed tasting of the bitter fruit of degradation; thank God, my poor mother is not alive to see all this; it would have broken her

heart. What! another letter? Who brought this, John?—the whole world seems to have conspired to drive me mad.”

“It was left by a boy, sir; he said there was no answer, his master would be sure to see you at his house this evening.”

“I wonder what this may be,” said he, as the servant retired; “a proposal to drive a coach, I suppose; be usher at a school, or cad to a buss. Let me see.”

“SIR,

“As you have lost good round sums at my house, and have always behaved honourable, and as one good turn deserves another, and hawks should not pike out hawks eyes, I take the liberty of proposing to you, as I hear that you are cleaned out, that you should attend regularly at my establishment, to play as decoy, which I will make worth your while, so as you may live as a gentleman should, have your cabb and horses

all correct and swell as before ; hoping to see you to-nite, I am, dear sir, yours to command,

“ JOHN WELLS.

“Jermyn Street.”

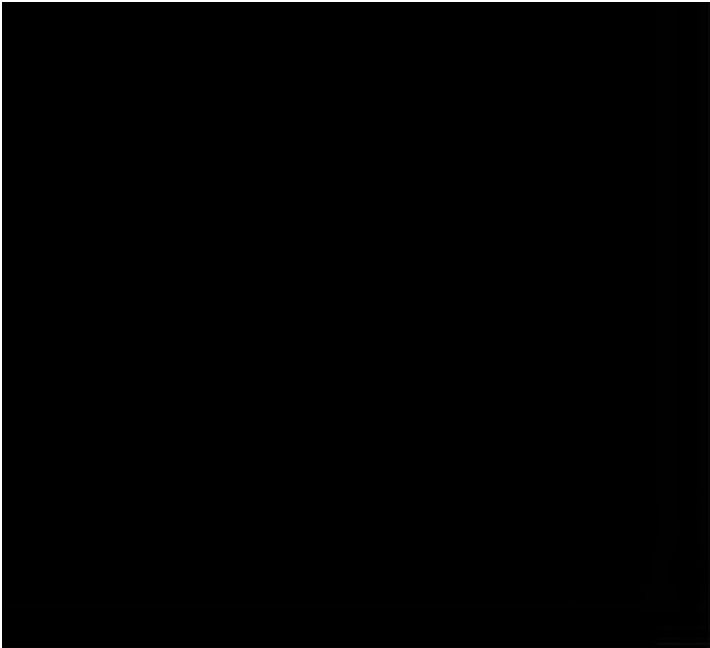
“ Confound this fellow’s impudence ; a proposal to become one of the swell-mob, a partner, or rather a servant in a hell ; to play as a decoy ! ”

The cool sublimity of the insolence of this last epistle was not, however, without its good effect. Henry, discouraged and cast down, had almost lost heart ; the liberal offers of the Borneo and Sumatra Colonization Society, had not réassured him ; the proposals of his British Auxiliary friend in the Bench, had failed to raise his mind from its state of depression ; the flattering confidence of the projectors of the Calcutta and Sangur Railway, had passed unheeded—it was a shadow light as air, or lighter yet, the bubble itself ; the unaffected kindness of Waverton had made him more thoughtful,

and more melancholy ; the offensive letter of Lady Loosely had only caused him to feel more acutely and more painfully his degraded position ; but this last blow roused a slumbering spirit in his breast, that he himself had not known he possessed. " I may be ruined," said he ; " I may be poor,—I may be banished for a time from the society to which I was born,—I may be cast off by my uncle,—but no man shall say of me, that I was mean in my adversity ; it shall go hard but I shall win my way back, if industry and honesty avail ought in this country." Henry was a young man, and gave industry and honesty credit for being capable of much greater things than they are in this country, or any other ; but good resolutions are always worth something, if it were only for the self-respect they inspire. His mind was now in a healthy state, his preparations were soon completed, and the next evening found him domiciled in the house of a respectable farmer at Kensworth.

CHAPTER V.

“MR. J., my dear,” said Mrs. Johnson, as the worthy couple indulged themselves one fine



a looking woman, whose autumnal tints already predominated, though she was little more than forty years of age. She was born one of that class which occupies so anomalous a position in our social system, who sometimes rise to the highest places among the nobles of the land, and sometimes, alas! sink into the lowest depths of vice,—clergymen's daughters.

Her father having died when she was barely eighteen, she was too young to fall back upon the usual sad resource, the dismal career of a governess, but was left, an only child, with her widowed mother; and upon the death of her surviving parent, which happened a few months afterwards, accelerated indeed by the first calamity, the orphan Julia was taken care of by a worthy confectioner in a neighbouring market-town, a touching exhibition of charity rewarding itself; for of course it never occurred to the good Samaritan, that a supply in his shop of an uncommonly pretty girl, as she was at the time, might create a demand for his buns, pepper-

mint lozenges, raspberry tarts, and other abominations,—a curious illustration of the laws of attraction.

In that shop, however, affording the food for love, and gratifying the love for food, she sat day after day, to keep his daughters company, as she in aftertimes used to allege; because it was so much more cheerful than the back parlour,—but never served anybody, except of course carriage customers, her own particular friends, and the officers.

A few months glided thus cheerfully away amongst the jams and jellies, and she was fortunate to captivate the heart of Mr. James Johnson, the second son of a late respectable brewer in the town, whose father at his decease had left a sum of eighteen thousand pounds,—the result of a long life of the steady industry and probity, so characteristic of the English tradesman—between his two sons. The elder, Edward, being of an adventurous disposition, had carried off his share to India years ago, and might be

dead and buried, or a member of council, or a general of Runjeet Singh's, or Emperor of China, for anything his relations knew; he had not written a line since he went out, and nobody had the remotest idea where he was, or what he was doing. But James the second, not the monarch of that name, but the second son, wisely decided to let well alone, (which was more than his kingly namesake did,) and remained at home, enjoying amongst his friends and associates, whose ideas upon money matters were not very magnificent, the place, precedence, and consideration of a rich bachelor, until the day came that Julia Atkins attracted his notice; and after a short, self-nourishing courtship upon custards and cheese-cakes, the prescriptive scene of simpering and stammering and blushing came off, and the presiding divinity in the temple of Ceres consented to make him the happiest of mortals over some gooseberry tarts from the other side of the counter.

The newly-married couple, soon after this,

being fond of shrimps, determined to live by the sea-side, and settled themselves in the neighbourhood of Kensworth, in a square brick house of remarkable regularity and orthodoxy of structure, presenting in front a door with a window on each side, giving light respectively to the dining and drawing-rooms, or, as Mrs. Johnson would call them, the parlour and day-room. The sagacious reader will have conjectured that three windows surmounted the ground-floor; a small lawn lay in front, closely shaven, but here and there broken by oval and crescent-shaped protuberances of brown earth, with a few roses, and an occasional hollyhock and sunflowers, some perches of stunted shrubbery, and a white gate to enter by,—all tidy and genteel, and as nice as a new pin, as the fair mistress of Daffodil Lodge observed upon taking possession.

Twenty years and more had now elapsed since their marriage; and if Mrs. Johnson had not made her lord the happiest of men, as she

said she would, in that heart-stirring day of "young Love among the pastry," she at all events made him as happy as any of his neighbours; and it was in a stroll among the grounds, which covered nearly an acre, that she made the above allusion to one of the principal sources of his happiness—his second daughter, Arabella, which announcement of her disapprobation, however, produced no other observation from the gentlemen, than the innocent (though sometimes provoking) question of "What's the matter now?"

"The matter?" returned his better half; "don't you see that Mr. Hopewell never takes his eyes off her at church?—and somehow or other contrives to meet her in her walk every day of his life. I am certain that he will come here a-courting of her soon."

"I wish he would," returned the gentleman.

"Well, there, now, how provoking you are!—to think of that girl, who is the most elegant

and genteel young lady in Kensworth, except indeed her sister Juliana, being thrown away upon a poor poking creature of a curate."

"Do you object to his being in the church?"

"Yes; what business has he with a wife? and he the son of a paltry bookseller, too! If it had not been for his uncle being the foreman of a college, he would have been nothing but a common counter-jumper, or perhaps, as he is such a regular sap, a penny-a-liner."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Johnson, as he thought upon the scanty pittance that the country which seems to be entrusted with the mission of christianising the globe bestows, and that grudgingly too, upon its labourers in the vineyard of the Lord; "poor fellow, it would have been better for him."

"Now really, Mr. J., I do wish you would show a little more spirit," returned the lady, with some animation; "now that our daughters are grown up, it is high time, for their sakes. You know that you never was in business,

no more was I, (the episode in the pastry-cook's having been long since voted a mere amateur freak,) so we are regular gentle folks, and ought to rate ourselves accordingly; why are we not on visiting terms with all the gentry of the neighbourhood?"

"'Cause they won't have us."

"Well, I wish you would do something. Perhaps Sir Harry, or the Squire might be proud and disagreeable; but look now at young Mr. Jacobs, the retired gentleman from the stock-exchange's son, who drives about such a beautiful gig, with such handsome gold harness, so dashing."

"I think I have seen a very dashing-looking young lady in that gig too."

"Well!" said Mrs. Johnson, somewhat taken aback by this remark, but rallying nevertheless gallantly; "that only shews that he wants a wife. I am sure I would rather see a daughter of mine married to a man that has some life in him, than to a poor humdrum cushion-thumper. I do not

think she cares a pin about the parson; but I am sure that if he proposes she will have him, she is such a poor-spirited creature, so unlike her sister."

"My dear Julia," said Mr. Johnson, now thoroughly roused from his habitual taciturnity, by this attack upon his favourite daughter; "a better, kinder-hearted, more right-minded creature than Arabella never breathed. Whether she likes Hopewell or not, I do not know; but this I know, that sooner than marry a man she did not love, she would lie down and die. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see her the curate's wife. His birth may be humble, but it is as good as ours at all events; and it does him the greatest credit, that he has raised himself from an obscure origin, to be respected and beloved by all in this parish, high and low, with no help on earth except his own good qualities. I do wonder how you can think of comparing him with that low-lived blackleg of a stock-jobber. I should consider

it an honour if such a man, poor as he is, were to fall in love with a daughter of mine. You go on fretting, because you do not live among the gentry of the country, which would not make us a bit happier if we did, for they would only laugh and sneer at us, if we were to push ourselves in among them, or at Jacob's either; and yet you must know very well, that Mr. Hopewell might dine every day at the hall, or Sir Henry's, or some of their houses, if he pleased; but that he always refuses, because it takes up five precious hours, as he says, the third-part of a working-day, that belongs to his flock. I do wish that you would learn to be content with your lot, which ought to be a very happy one, and leave off repining because you are not a great lady; you do not know the innumerable causes of uneasiness and unhappiness that exist among those people you envy so; and as to Hopewell, if he proposes for my daughter, and she accepts him, he shall have her."

“ Well, my dear, you know ; but only one cannot help feeling for one’s daughter,” discreetly rejoined Mrs. Johnson, well knowing, by past experience, that the unusual length of her spouse’s address was indisputable evidence of its earnestness ; for whenever he exceeded twelve or fourteen words, the remainder was law,—there was no mistake, there *should* be no mistake ; in fact, he had not held forth at such length since he had put his veto, two years ago, upon a projected fancy-fair, to be held in the grounds of Daffodil Lodge, ostensibly to celebrate the fair Juliana’s coming-out, as her mother called it, but really, as he was well aware, for the purpose of worming themselves into an acquaintance with Sir Henry and Lady Kensworth, Mr. and Lady Maria Overton, and divers other local potentates, perchance even the great and gouty Lord Appledore, who lived in a Bath-chair and forty yards of flannel at the Hall.

Now Mr. Johnson was a gentleman of an

accommodating and easy disposition, averse to unnecessary interference in the simple affairs of his household, who was in the habit of letting matters in his family take their own course, when nothing was going wrong; so much so, that the neighbours would observe, with a facetious wink, that the grey mare was the better horse: and also would, not unfrequently, employ that assertion respecting certain articles of dress, which is another of the established formulæ for expressing female domination, or as Mr. Jacobs, jun. used to observe in his language of Jehu, "the old girl drives the coach," which was the truth, and nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth; for it had escaped his penetration, that she drove it exactly as her husband ordered. His will, once he was at the trouble of expressing it, was not to be disputed; he had expressed it intelligibly enough now, and the lady saw at once that it was no use continuing the battle, so she gave in at once, and the couple went in amicably to tea.

“Law, papa, how late you are!” said Miss Johnson, as her father received his tea from the hands of Arabella ; “I thought you never would have done talking to mamma on the approach.” There is no law to prevent a gravel walk being called an approach; one may approach a house on foot as well as in a carriage, at least so it is to be presumed, thought Miss Juliana Caroline Johnson, a young lady approaching the age of reason, the mystical twenty-one, and wondering very much indeed why she was not married. Bright piercing eyes, regular features, ivory teeth, and thick curling ringlets, would have made her decidedly handsome, if it had not been for a certain meagre and pinched expression of countenance, an appearance of habitual discontent, that she seemed to have inherited along with the second edition, revised and corrected, of her name, from her mother, whom she resembled also in many other respects. She passed for a beauty nevertheless in Kensworths; nor wasthe second

sister, Arabella, without her admirers. Tall, and finely moulded, she differed widely in appearance, no less than in disposition and character, from her restless and ambitious sister; for the habitual expression of her classical features was thoughtfulness, almost pensiveness: yet that dark-blue eye could light up upon fitting occasions; she could smile, and her smile was very sweet, and very fascinating; she could laugh, and her laugh was very light and very musical. One more personage completed the family group — a large, heavy, good-natured looking lout, between seventeen and eighteen, assiduously devoured bread-and-butter and anchovies, in the regular proportion, honey and strawberry-jam being feminine food; this was Mr. Johnson, jun., whose mother, at his birth, naturally concluding that he must reach the head of whatever profession he adopted, with maternal prescience determined upon being beforehand with time, and accordingly insisted upon his being christened Wellington Eldon

Pitt ; and that was a compromise, for she pleaded hard for George, Augustus or Frederick, into the bargain, (in case he should become a lord of the bedchamber,) for she wisely observed that she might not have another opportunity—a prediction abundantly verified by the event, for no second son presented himself.

Mr. Wellington Eldon Pitt Johnson decided to which of his names he would do justice, as eighteen generally decides ; and was at that moment, like many young gentlemen of his age in England, and all in Ireland, waiting for a commission, and likely to wait the term of his natural life, if the following epistle from one of the county members, which his father had received the day before, were to be depended upon.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE just this instant returned from the Horse Guards, where I went about a commission for your son, Wellington. I am sorry to say, that I could not get any positive promise upon

the subject, the applications are so numerous; and the vague assurance that his claims will be taken into consideration as soon as an opportunity occurs, is really worth nothing. I have been enquiring how they ever manage to get through the enormous number of names upon the list, amounting I think to more than a thousand; and have been told that the regular form is, to attach some peculiar and specific military virtue to the age of eighteen; and consequently, except in cases where a family is sufficiently powerful to *command* attention, the candidate for a commission, until he approaches that age, is told that he is too young; when he reaches it, is told there are no vacancies; and two or three months after he passes it, is told he is too old, and removed from the list. You may depend upon my utmost exertions; but, in the mean time, I should strongly recommend you to look out for some other profession for your son. I regret extremely to hear that some of the farmers in your neighbourhood, who have hitherto

supported us, have been indulging in some severe remarks respecting the late proceedings of His Majesty's government. It is of the utmost importance to the welfare of this free and enlightened country, that that respectable class should not again be subjected to the overbearing domination of the landed aristocrats, or the anti-apostolical meddling of the parsons ; and it would be highly injurious to the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the globe, if so influential a constituency as ours, were not represented by members of liberal and enlightened views. I trust no such surrender of its independence is possible, or to be contemplated ; and so, with my best regards to Mrs. J., and all your amiable family, I remain, my dear sir,

“ Yours most faithfully,

“ HAMPDEN WASHINGTON MIRABEAU SMITH.”

“ — *Johnson, Esq., Daffodil Hall.*”

This was not very encouraging ; but Mrs. Johnson would not hear of thinking of any

other profession:—there was something grand in being the mother of a slayer of men; and Miss Juliana had already drawn and coloured a portrait of him, (in advance,) dressed in his red coat, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a valentine in the other, apparently standing sentry over an abandoned field-piece, as is the proper grouping of a military portrait: there is something distinguished in being the sister of a killer of ladies; so the old gentleman was obliged to leave affairs to settle themselves, and console himself with the reflection, that a few months would bring the predicted superannuation that was to terminate his state of probation as a candidate for military honours, and so dispose of the question by authorities against which there was no appeal.

“Did you see Mr. Hopewell to day, Arabella?” asked Mrs. Johnson, as, having completed the supply of her father’s wants, the fair girl sat down at the table.

“Yes, mamma,” answered she; “I saw him

as I was coming out of widow Barton's ; he seems to think she is very ill."

"I suppose he takes good care that his visits should be at the same time as yours, does not he?" asked Juliana, with a slight sneer.

"I do not know," mildly returned Arabella ; "he was there at the same time to-day, and yesterday, certainly ; it is his duty, you know."

"What, to be there at the same time as you?"

"No ; but to visit his sick parishioners."

"It is such a nice way of getting a husband,—so interesting to be always poking into sick people's houses, and meeting handsome young clergymen there."

"Juliana, my dear, you will be the death of me," interrupted her mother ; "you are so arch."

"I am sure it would make me sick," continued the young lady. "I should catch some horrid disorder ; but then, to be sure, if one catches a lover by it, that makes it quite another thing.—I hope you wear strong gloves, Arabella,

—not that I could bear a clergyman for a lover —they have no spirit in them. What do you think, Arabella?"

"I do not think the worse of a gentleman because he is a clergyman," replied Arabella, whose temper was still proof against the spiteful provocations of her sister. "I am sure many of them are very good men, if they are not so gay and dashing as the officers at Branton."

"Oh, in course, I never thought you disliked the parsons," hastily returned Juliana, whose "ideal" was a lancer; she never had seen a hussar, or the "horse-milliner" would probably have been the Apollo. "I do not think the black coats dislike you either. Dear me, who can that be?" and she jumped up and ran to the window.

The object that had excited her attention was a young man, apparently about three-and-twenty, who was walking rapidly along the road in front of the house, for a smart shower had just begun; and April showers, though very

pretty in the "creaking couplets" of a pastoral in the pages of a romance, are very objectionable in the open air. He was slightly made, little above the middle height, and, without anything remarkable in his appearance, had yet that air of distinction, that quiet, easy self-possession that so often marks and distinguishes from the rest of the world, the frequenters of the great world in the metropolis. He quickened his pace, for the squall was becoming very violent.

"He'll be drenched to the skin," said Mr. Johnson ; "run out, Arthur, and ask him to come in."

The youth executed his hospitable commission in the least possible space of time, for there was no inducement to remain out in the wet.

"Well, what did he say?" asked his mother, when he returned alone, the stranger having civilly declined the offer of shelter, and continued his walk.

"He said that he was very much obliged, but that he had only a few steps to go, and his dinner was waiting for him."

"His dinner waiting!" repeated the good lady, in astonishment; "why, it is half-past eight!"

"He must be a man of fashion," thought Juliana, who imagined that the late hours of London life were for the show of the thing, and not for the sake of a mouthful of fresh air.

"He must be a lord," thought her mother, who fancied that senators got into habits of late hours, from not always having finished their deliberations by dinner time, "or a member of parliament, at the least."

"He must be a poet," thought Arabella, whose idea of a bard was an incarnated defiance of time and place.

"He must be amazingly hungry!" thought the sucking general, as he reestablished his operations against the eatables with increased vigor.

“Half-past eight ! I have dined myself at half past six ; and very fatiguing it is, waiting so long,” said Mrs. Johnson ; “and I believe they dine at seven at the hall ;—but half-past eight !—who ever heard of dining at half-past eight ?”

The gentleman in question had. It was Henry de Burgh.

CHAPTER VI.

"MY DEAR WAVERTON,

"Having now been established here more than a week, and having become tolerably well acquainted with the topography, I take up my pen to let you know how I am getting on. Imprimis, I am settled in a very comfortable farm-house, over whose garden, now filling with all manner of flowers, whose names I am rapidly acquiring, and giving goodly promise of more substantial luxuries hereafter, my windows look upon the sea. My sitting-room, dressing-room, dining-room, drawing-room and library, all of

which offices are monopolised by one apartment; a desperate case of pluralism, comprising an area of one hundred and forty-four square feet, being twelve feet by twelve; and though I can recollect having seen more splendid apartments in Pall Mall and St. James's Street, yet I can assure you, that pretty country, glistening sea, and fresh air, go far to make a nutshell habitable. My bedroom, moreover, is favourable to early rising, being over the poultry-yard, whence sunrise is announced in the most audible manner possible. I find also, that the books I brought down, turned out, as you predicted they would, the greatest resource in the world. My landlord's family are homely kindly people, who seem really anxious to make me comfortable, and of course succeed in doing so; and altogether I lead an uncommonly happy life for a ruined man. The place, too, is not without its good qualities in other respects; for I have found an agreeable man, and a very attractive girl, in this unpromising village. The evening

after my arrival, as I was returning from making a hasty survey of the neighbourhood, I was overtaken by what they call a shower, but I should call a shower-bath; and passing a suburban villa, rather a Camden-townish sort of a looking place, I was interrupted by a benevolent lump of a youngster, with an offer of shelter. Having, however, dangling before my eyes a vision of roast chickens, which I knew were dangling before the fire at my new home for my especial benefit, I declined the offer; and never shall forget the look of surprise, not unmingled with incredulity, with which my young friend received the information that I had not dined at half-past eight; for to judge by his appearance, he might have dined three or four times that day, and every other day since his birth, and did great credit to his feeding. However, having espied rather a prettyish-looking girl all over ringlets in the window, I enquired about the family upon my return to my farm-house, which is close by,

and learned that their name was Johnson, of whom more anon. (N.B. I got through the chicken without bread-sauce !) The next morning at eleven, (I had done breakfast!!) I received a visit from the curate of the parish, to whom, I suppose from the contrast with the people among whom I have been accustomed to live, I have taken particular fancy. He is a quiet, well-informed, gentlemanly man, devotedly attached to his profession, yet without bigotry or sectarian feeling, or that priggishness which one sometimes meets, or more properly expects to meet, in gentlemen of his cloth. From his account, it would appear that one is to live for next to nothing in this rustic retreat, which will suit my book admirably. I met him the same evening walking with the aforesaid family of Johnson, to whom, rather to my surprise, he suddenly introduced me. I found the governor a strange old bird as ever you saw, and very sparing of his words, which I had no objection to ; the mother's style

you will understand, when I tell you, she is a countrified duodecimo Lady Bottleby, with a great desire to pass for something very fine: the eldest girl all ringlets and affectation, side-long glances and arch questions; but the youngest quite won my heart—she was so quiet, and, strange as it may appear, lady-like. Notwithstanding that the pretensions of the mother and sister bore me sometimes, (now and then, the veil is so transparent that they amuse me,) I have become a constant visitor at Daffodil lodge, which is the highly horticultural name by which their residence is known; and you would laugh to see the profound unconsciousness of doing anything out-of-the-way with which I set forth every second evening, if not oftener, to drink tea, and eat bread-and-butter and shrimps with these people, at eight o'clock. It shews what a very adaptive creature man is (that's metaphysics), and how little we know what we can do till we have tried (that's common sense). I have also succeeded in getting

to bed by twelve, and up by eight, in getting on very well at dinner with a jug of mine host's home-brewed ale, in abolishing cigars, (a shilling a day will tell upon the three hundred and sixty-five,) in burning a curious preparation of some animal substance they call mould candles instead of wax ; in short, have performed and continue to perform, with great ease to myself, divers feats which, two months ago, would have been considered utterly and entirely out of the question. ' Sweet are the uses of adversity ;' it is a comfort to reflect that Shakspeare foresaw my case (that's philosophy). I have as yet no letter from my sister. I charged her strictly not to apply to my uncle for relief in any other form than simply that of putting me in some way of earning my bread decently, for I have not the slightest idea of becoming a pensioned pauper at Ganton. But I hear he is furious about my having sold my troop. It was provoking, certainly, after having had three captains under one at three-and-twenty ; but what could I do ? I had no other

resource ; he would give me no assistance ; and, besides, at the time I had no idea that my debts could have been so much reduced by compositions, or that such a sum as fifteen hundred pounds could have been struck off old Gripe's account. You would have laughed, as I can now, if you had seen the last proposal I received, after you left me, for restoring my broken fortunes. It was neither more nor less than an offer from that scoundrel Wells of a liberal provision, 'upon condition of playing as a decoy at his hell. I thought that Lady Loosely's idea of sending me to travel as a bear-leader was bad enough ; but I was doomed to find 'even in the lowest deep, a lower deep.' It, however, had one good effect—it put me in a passion ; and with the feeling that I *must* exert myself, and rely upon my own resources, came the cheering conviction, that they are to be relied upon. Waverton, there is stuff in me, and it shall come out. For the present, I see nothing better to do than turning the facility with which I used to

scribble for fancy fairs, albums, and such like important occasions, to some account for the magazines, and propose occupying myself with a critical, biographical, scientific, and analytic description of the career of a lady of fashion, as they call them in the newspapers ; not the sort of people that we know, but those whose course may be traced from the first step of begging for balls and despairing of Almack's, to the crowning mercy of a safe set in the season, (Epsom or Ascot), of talking of not liking to crowd her rooms when she gives a ball, and having a real lord (and perhaps a supernumerary one in reserve), to take her down, when she gives a dinner. I am in doubts whether my innate respect for monarchical institutions will allow me to introduce her to a Queen's ball. What do you think of that, old fellow ?—you see we are not floored yet. I consider this letter a striking specimen of my literary powers, curiously garnished with reflections and quotations, full of intellect (other people's). It would make a capital

article itself, headed 'The first day of ruin,' 'The moneyless man,' 'A hundred a-year,' 'The man out-at-elbows,' or some such striking and attractive title. I should think you must by this time have met my sister: she was to have gone up to town in the course of the week. Good bye, my dear Walter.

"Believe me, ever yours sincerely,

"HENRY DE BURGH."

The gentleman to whom this somewhat lengthy epistle was addressed devoured it simultaneously with his breakfast, and when the double event had come off, felt himself much gratified and encouraged by both. Waverton, a man of good family and moderate fortune, had completed his twenty-seventh year; and although there were a few years difference between their ages, a most intimate friendship had always existed between him and Henry, whose final break-up, although he had long foreseen and foretold it, had really given him the greatest pain. He had

been four years in parliament now, and with a wise forbearance, had abstained from speaking in the house ; silently and slowly, but not the less surely, laying the foundations of future success, by diligent attendance, close application to business, and extensive though judiciously-directed study of the world of matters with which a British parliament has to deal, that is to say, every object under the sun.

Had he and Henry been on the *right* side, he could easily have got something for him to live upon from the no-patronage government ; but, alas ! the reform mania that came hand in hand with the cholera, twin sisters to scourge us for our sins, about the time he entered parliament, had failed in seizing him. A sound mind in a sound body had baffled alike the madness and the pestilence ; he had stood out manfully to the last, and recorded his final protest against the many-headed bantling of " enormous lying " maternity on the 22nd of March, amongst the unyielding two hundred and thirty-nine, the Abdjels of the nether house—

“ Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only they ;

Amongst innumerable false unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.

• • • • •

Nor numbers nor example with them wrought ;—”

Who resisted the blandishments of the tempter
 that had so energetically lauded our constitution,
 when, like Milton's hero, the earliest leader of
 the movement party on record, he found that
 his heaven was not so perfect as he had sup-
 posed, and sunk from the paradise he had so
 admired into the “dismal situation, waste and
 wild,” of democracy. Waverton was found in
 the ranks of the stalwart opposers of the sche-
 dules, on that night of desolation that the House
 of Commons committed suicide, when the de-
 sponding Tories, believing themselves in *articulo*
mortis, raised their Jeremiad voices for the last
 time ; little dreaming, good easy men, that nine
 short years would bring matters back to exactly
 where they were, with the striking advantage

for the Conservatives of several ugly questions disposed of, an immensity of dirty work done, and twice the number of places to give away : so much for governing without patronage—for hunting with the hounds, and running with the hare.

However, the pear was not then ripe ; the enchanted head, not of brass, as Bacon's, but of baser metal—the pewter of the pot-houses—had growled “Whigs is” to Lord Grey, had grunted “WHIGS WAS” to Lord Melbourne ; but the final howl, whose ominous mutterings may even now be heard in the distance, gathering and swelling as they approach, “WHIGS HAS BEEN,” was yet to come ; so nothing was to be expected from the ministry for such an incurable opponent as Waverton ; and it was with very great pleasure that Walter observed, from the cheerful tone of Henry's letter, that his mind had quite recovered from the not unnatural depression into which his mishaps had thrown him, and that, in fact, he was able and willing to do something for himself, in which case it was

not unreasonable to suppose that Providence would do something for him.

"Well he is coming round, at all events," said he, as he addressed himself to a colossal folio, covered with pale blue paper, the repository of the collected wisdom of parliament; "he has good abilities, and if these misfortunes of his give him steadiness of character to apply them properly, he may turn them to some account yet; not that he will make anything of his writing, but there is this much gained by it,—it will keep him out of mischief, and possibly if he shews that he really can and will exert himself, it may propitiate his uncle, for that, after all, is the quarter to which we must look for efficient assistance in the end. However, there is one comfort, and a very great comfort it is too,—there is to be no foreign blackguardising, no Boulogne, or Calais, or Brussels. We're out of that scrape; a man's never thoroughly broken, as long as he can live in England."

CHAPTER VII.

“ I CERTAINLY admit,” said Henry, as he and his new friend Mr. Hopewell walked down to Daffodil Lodge together, “ in a mere physical point of view, the superiority of the country. I admit that when I get up in the morning, I feel myself fresher, in better humour, readier to set about anything that is to be done ; but that, I maintain, is mere physical energy, such as you see in a dog let out of his kennel and frisking about,—a sensation that the ploughman, who cannot string two ideas together, shares with the philosopher.”

"*Is that a physical energy that you describe?*" returned the curate. "I doubt it. The freshness may be physical; it may, and probably does proceed from the absence of indulgence or excitement over-night. What you call in better humour, I call more sensible of, more satisfied with, and more grateful for the bounties of the Creator. The foundation of all good humour is the thorough sense that we enjoy what we never deserved, and never earned, and the being duly grateful for it. What you call being ready to set about whatever is to be done, is, I suspect, a very rare and valuable quality. Man, viewing him as an incarnated spirit, is intended, I apprehend, to be an active being, his abilities merely given him in trust, that each individual shall contribute his share to the general progression of the whole, the gradual but inevitable development of the mighty truth, the immeasurable, universal, immortal Good. How many of mankind are ready to set about the twentieth part of what they ought to consider is to be done, and

to become a very high, a very
the soul, a fitness to do the wi
It seems to me, that you have
mind as having been raised,
from town to country, from a
not to say torpid depression, n
stimulants and excitement, to
self-dependence. The gain is
is strictly mental."

"That is to say, one tumbles
one is called," returned Hen
"with sense enough to put on
right side out, and energy en
one's boots, and temper enough
blaspheming: I cannot make o
indication of intellectual super
know the orderly officers alway
was in the twentieth though

that in London we live three or four days in one day ; but a man cannot sleep double tides : one can only cram one night's rest into one night, so of course one is tired and fagged when one wakes in the morning—at noon, I mean. But this is taking London merely as a place of amusement and excitement. What man is there of an energetic turn of mind,—for that, after all, is what the question resolves itself into,—that cannot find the opportunity of exercising and sharpening his faculties in London ? Is he studious ? The learned accumulations of centuries surround him. Does he prefer a lighter style of literature ? The press pours forth every conceivable variety of composition, to be measured by acres : the Times alone prints three acres a day. Is he scientific ? Science is become almost a plaything in London. You see an assemblage of wonders of art at the Adelaide Gallery or the Polytechnic, prodigies of human ingenuity and research, the instant they are hit off. Wherever a discovery is started, it is ultimately run down and made available in this country. Is he of a

religious turn of mind ? In London he will find the system of preaching against time almost given up ; men preach to produce results ; there is *talk* of fashionable preachers, but there is the *fact* of rivalry and energy in the pulpit. Even those who live the mere life of pleasure that I have done, will find it in greater perfection and less frivolity in London than anywhere else. There alone the society of the really clever and companionable men, not the mere haunters of balls and parties, is to be enjoyed, and in great numbers too, with that of the most beautiful, and, I think, the most agreeable women in the world. The society of Paris is a disjointed mass of family and political coteries. There is no repose in it, either ; it is too gladiatorial. I know nothing more embarrassing than when a well-bred Frenchman, having said something uncommonly clever, turns round to you with a polite pause, to give you an opportunity of saying something clever in your turn : it is very alarming. Then in Germany the cleverest men in

general are not to be met in society ; that 'von' plays the devil,—I beg your pardon,—does a deal of mischief. The business of the country is mostly carried on by people not noble, so you never see them ; and those that you do see have nothing to do, and do it, and of course learn nothing. They are generally empty, though less so in the north ; our fellows have heads, and know how to use them. What with county business, and parish business, and justice business, and the management of their estates, they acquire a habit of forming opinions, and executing them. Then there is parliament ; there is a body of a thousand picked men, the principal and the ablest men in the country, constantly employed upon the affairs of the country. To be sure, they cannot get through the thirtieth part of their work properly, still their heads work ; they are fit for something better than playing billiards, and will not stand having their brains carried for them by the newspapers. Surely you would not put getting up in the morning without yawning

particularly, against the enjoyment of such society and such resources."

"Is the London that you describe so energetically, the London that you have been living in, or that the greater part of the residents in the metropolis live in?" asked the curate, with something of a smile.

"No; I confess that my time has not been half so creditably employed as it might have been, and ought to have been; I have been living like a fool, to say the least. I merely set forth a few of the good qualities that the place possesses; and I think that the intellectual superiority, notwithstanding all its follies and its vices, must be awarded to the scene where intellect is kept worked up to its utmost stretch, where men's minds, in incessant collision, are incessantly sharpened and brightened."

"And hardened in the process, I fear," rejoined Hopewell; "I have lived little in the great, and less in the gay world; but even here, I can observe a decided difference when the

Kensworths and Overtons return from London each August, from the sort of people they were when they went up in the spring; for the first month they appear to me to be jaded, disappointed, fastidious, and indifferent about their tenants, careless of the poor, restless, seeking something to do, yet unable to settle themselves to do anything, deficient in social sympathy, inclined to adopt the sentiment in the fable of the donkey dancing among the chickens, 'every one for himself, and God for us all.' I hardly recognize in them the excellent, kindly neighbours and worthy people they turn out to be, when they recover their proper character by Christmas."

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed Henry, exhibiting decided symptoms of relapse, "everything in London is a struggle, a whirl and confusion; the days fly so fast, that nobody has time or power to think of anybody but himself; it is a perfect distraction—people are half-mad; the scramble is glorious, the pace terrific; that's the beauty of it."

“What ! have you forgotten the literary treasures already ?” asked the curate, rather amused at the working of the old leaven ; “and the scientific institutions, and the preachers ? I really felt somewhat alarmed when I found what a grave personage I had to talk to ; it is a relief to my mind to hear you admit,

‘*Dulce est dissipere in loco ;*’

but I am afraid the ‘loco’ in London morality extends over all time and space.—No ! I like not the tree that produces such fruit. Intellect is a two-edged sword ; the head may work its wonders until it resembles inspiration, and the hand may carry out the conceptions of the mind with inconceivable skill and rapidity ; but, rely upon it, it is to religion and the affections we must look for our happiness—it is the heart and the soul that must help us at the last ; the house that is built upon the rock, has its proper place in such scenes as these, where the quiet contemplation of nature in her well-ordered

simplicity, leaves our better feelings their due influence,—not in the crowded and boiling city.”

“ Well,” answered Henry, with a good-humoured laugh, “ I cannot sustain a war of such marvellous fine words as these ; however, you have my free leave and permission to convert me if you can ; I dare say I shall be so much the happier for it,—better, at all events ;” and they entered the approach to perform that remarkable feat to which he had referred with so much complacency in his letter to Waverton ; namely, to drink tea with the Johnsons at eight o’clock.

Seeing that neither of the respective champions of town or country, entered very deeply into the subject they were discussing, which indeed was a much larger one than they imagined, it is not astonishing that their arguments produced little effect upon one other, and they entered the temple of tea and shrimps without any change of opinion on either side worth recording.

The party assembled round the tea-table upon

of a certain age, tall, gaunt
in a bright yellow gown,
son turban, in consequence
selection of colours, the
at the George used most
nate her, "Hell's Flames,"
stone," "Raw-head and blood
Belial as they were,—but
introduced to Mr. de Bur
Irving, which seemed to be
legitimately received from
godmothers ; for she answered
her seat at the sound with a
in curtseying with ineffable
manner of our ancestors, to
rear with so much liberality
chair, an awkward event, v
terferes with a great deal

shaking her ringlets at the discomfited spinster's confusion, whilst Arabella picked up the chair.

Miss Irving, whose face by this time rivalled her turban, was quite thrown off her intended and elaborately prepared party speech by this untoward event; and had nothing for it but to sit down, and feel she had lost a battle.

"I saw you walking about your garden to-day, Mr. de Burgh," said Juliana with a winning smile; "you seemed wrapped in a reverie. I was positively curious to know what it was, and would you could have been thinking about it."

"What! in the world, my dear Juliana?" interrupted Miss Irving. "Mr. de Burgh's thoughts were not in the world — none the less, seeking for some fine name to give to his composition."

"I certainly was walking in the garden to-day," returned the gentleman with a smile. "I was thinking of the name of the garden, and I was thinking of the name of the garden, and I was thinking of the name of the garden."

"Ah, Mr. de Burgh, I saw you too," said the intellectual Amelia, "deep in the labour of the mind; I knew it from your absent appearance, and the way you were switching the hedges when you promenaded past my bower; the geistliche herren, as the rich vocabulary of Teutonic literature calls the esprits forts are always in an étude brune when they are occupied in 'giving to

"Airy nothings—

A local habitation and a name."

(that's a liberal translation of geistliche herren, thought Henry, who had spent some time in Germany before he entered the army.) When I have succeeded in enticing you to my arcadian retrait, and we compose ourselves to enjoy 'the sober leaf, that cheers, but not inebriates;' (she cannot mean a cigar surely, thought Henry, who was no great authority in matters of quotation, and still less in matters that regarded the tea table;) I shall levy an autographical

tribute upon you for my album, my book of the boudoir."

"I am afraid it will be little more than an autographical one," returned Henry, "for I should really be uncommonly puzzled what to put before the signature."

"Oh, you men always make such difficulties," resumed the tormentor; "you are always '*der feind der stets verneint*,' as the immortal Goth says, ('Well, that's civil enough; I wonder if she knows what she's talking about,' thought the victim.) When you enter my *sanctum sanctorum*, there is no escape but through the album,—*Lasciate ogni speranza*, is the inscription over its porch."

This last felicitous application was too much for Henry's gravity; the unconscious transposition of the infernal warning, to the Holy of Holies was utterly irresistible, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; which, however, the worthy lady took for assent, or at all events encouragement, and proceeded accordingly more

mercilessly than ever, to display her variegated treasures of linguism.

“I shall expect something from your hand, Mr. de Burgh, that will penetrate the heart,—quelque chose de très piquante,—a sonnet to the unspeakable, indescribable, unsatisfied yearnings of the soul ; or to a wounded gazelle, with its full black eye, faisant des yeux in its death agony,—or perhaps, (here she looked hideously sly and abominably significant,) ‘a cantina d’amor,’ as the Spaniard has it. (‘Confound the polyglot Hydra,’ thought Henry ; ‘I wish to heaven she had not such a gift of tongues ;’) but here Juliana, who evidently considered that she had been long enough kept in the back ground, broke in. “Are you fond of music, Mr. de Burgh?”

“I really understand so little about it, that I can hardly venture to say that I am fond of it,” hastily returned the gentleman, to whom this insidious query was addressed ; for he had already espied a snake in the grass, a most

alarming green case in the corner, with a suspicious-looking cherry-coloured ribbon dangling from it—there were breakers a-head. “Oh no we never mention her,”—“Meet me by moonlight alone,”—“Green hills of Tyrol,”—“We have lived and loved together.” Martyred innocents, long since broken upon the wheel in the barrel-organs, murdered amidst agonised shrieks upon the hurdy-gurdy, that ought by this time to have received christian burial; but the “trump that wakes the dead,” a wiry guitar, the property of the muse of Kensworth, as the lady of languages delighted in hearing herself called, was there, and threatened to recall them from their graves.

“I love,” said she, “the fondness for music that Mr. de Burgh so feelingly describes, (‘God help me,’ thought Henry, ‘I thought I had left myself pretty safe there,’) the unsophisticated admiration of song that is unfettered by bars and chords, the homage to the sweet sounds that penetrate the heart by the force of nature;

into the fiery breast of Alexander
and those of Orpheus, le dieu
even the brutes acknowledge
and she cast a wistful glance
green case. The tea cups had been
and replenished; she finished
looked at Juliana; there was
there; the young lady had suffered
having been allowed so little to
play herself. Her question
musical taste had had no room
guitar, which she devoutly wished
of the channel; she had merely asked
she was determined to say something
not exactly know what to say.
looked daggers and thunder-clouds
reason:—she had asked Miss Irvin
not to shine in society.

attire, and absurd affectation, should contrast as strongly as possible with her own daughters—or rather daughter, for she troubled her head little about Arabella—in the eyes of Mr. de Burgh, touching whose circumstances the good people of Kenworth had as yet come to no satisfactory conclusion, judging rather that he had come down for sea air and seclusion, than on account of any embarrassment in his affairs; but according him nevertheless the place, dignity and precedence, to which the “gentleman from London,” is prescriptively entitled at a country village. Miss Amelia looked nervously round; time was winging his flight like a swallow; the case was pressing; once the table was cleared, a round game menaced circumventing her musical manœuvres,—commerce was staring her in the face, and commerce was ruin,—even the exemplary Hopewell made no objections to playing for love—especially when he was seated next Arabella; once begun, adieu to all prospects of warbling—notes would yield to cards,—the first

knave would deal—destruction. “Thank Heaven she is told out,” thought Henry, and took advantage of the temporary lull to address himself to Arabella.

“What a melancholy story it is of that poor widow,” said he ; “my good landlady told it me this morning,—she thinks that she is dying.”

“Poor woman, I hope not,” replied Arabella ; “it would be a dreadful misfortune to those grandchildren of hers ; I am sure I do not know what they could do.”

“Go to the workhouse, of course,” interrupted Mrs. Johnson, rather sharply, as if it was a piece of monstrous folly in Arabella thinking of any other mode of disposing of the poor creatures.

“Oh, mamma, they would be so unhappy in that horrid place ; they have been accustomed to be so kindly treated all their lives.”

“Well, we cannot help that ; they cannot subsist themselves, and we pay our poor-rates regularly ; I am sure they are high enough too.

We have had plenty of trouble with that old woman while she lived—we needn't have anything more to say to her once she is dead and buried."

"That eldest boy might really be turned to something in a small family," observed Mr. Hopewell; "he is very well disposed and sharp besides, and quite old enough to be a foot-boy, or run errands, or any thing of that sort,—he must be nearly eleven. He is good-looking, too."

"I wish Miss Overton could be persuaded to take him as a page," hastily exclaimed Arabella; "he would just do to sit behind her pony phaeton, and would look so nice in a pretty page's dress."

Arabella *did* wish that Miss Overton would take him; she spoke in the innocence and the goodness of her heart, and immediately built a pony phaeton in the air, with a page in a braided round jacket, sugar-loaf buttons, sitting behind, for Miss Overton's benefit, but—

"Many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

And the word page awakened in Mrs. Johnson's breast an indefinable sensation, something between that with which an errand boy stares in at a pastry-cook's, and that with which a yachting party deliberates upon the probability of the wind rising beyond the party-of-pleasure point,

"I dare say Miss Overton can take care of her own poney phaeton, I am sure she is old enough," (she was twenty-three,) said the good lady, sharply, her day-dream of a page acquiring substance at the sight of a not-over-clean maid, who entered at this moment, and who, under the denomination of the parlour-maid, discharged divers weighty trusts in Daffodil Lodge ; "other people may want additional servants in their family, as well as Miss Overton. I suppose she is not to have the pick of all the servants in the country ;"—and as she looked at the rough, red-

hot female arms that were employed in removing the tea-cups, the seed Arabella's chance observation had sown, germinated, sprouted, grew, blossomed, fruited, and ripened, under their rosy influence. A certain bridling up as she spoke, disclosed to Juliana's sharp eye what was passing in her mother's mind at the moment,—those red arms, that bird's-eye-blue gown, those slippers down at heel, the black stockings,—the whole thing was so “horribly ungenteel,”—the substitute was so delicious,—A PAGE. Chivalry rising like a phoenix from its ashes, to minister to the world of fashion;—visions of coming splendour danced before her eyes; a youth (there are no boys now, except among the aristocracy) with a green jacket, (she called it a spencer,) trowsers to correspond, a gross of little round buttons, to do her behests—it would be quite a distinction, and when he reached the age of long tails, he might be called the butler,—she struck whilst the iron was hot.

“Oh, mamma! what a nice thing it would be

to have a page!—such a darling of a youth, like Mrs. Kensworth's, to wait at dinner, and attend the door (that would have been very light work indeed), and carry our prayer-books after us to church. We have wanted something of the sort, this age."

"I do not consider any establishment complete without a page," authoritatively remarked Mr. Henry de Burgh, instinctively concluding that it would please Arabella, having the boy provided for, though he acquitted her of any desire of shining in the reflected glory of a page, and fancying that he could detect an expression of gratitude to him, in the gentle smile with which she repaid his oracular and well-timed observation; in fact, they were beginning to understand one another—it was getting dangerous.

"I wish the poor boy was provided for," said she, looking pleadingly at her father.

"Well, my love, we must see about it. I do not know but what we do want some more

assistance in cleaning the knives and forks, and brushing the shoes," returned the good gentleman, whose pet, emphatically, she was,—and not without reason,—and whose prosaic idea of a page may be gathered from the work he proposed for that functionary:—"I dare say your mother could find work for another pair of hands in the house."

Her mother had not the slightest doubt upon the subject; the boy in buttons would be a set-off against a sort of elevated melon-frame, at Sunflower Villa, that Mrs. Simpkins, its fat and fair owner, called the conservatory,—and the page question would probably have been disposed of forthwith, had not Miss Irving suddenly discovered that Henry's eyes were fixed upon Arabella's face, with what is called an equivocal expression—that is to say, an expression of the most unquestionable and unequivocal admiration. Of course, this sort of thing could not be allowed to go on.

"Ah! my dear Arabella," said she, "what a

winning virtue is that charity you practise so beautifully,—*je vous en fais mes complimens*,—it covers a multitude of sins,—it is a regular domino noir.”

“I really cannot see the connection between sympathy with our unfortunate neighbours, and sinfulness on our part,” interrupted the curate, somewhat nettled at this unjust and ill-natured attack upon poor Arabella, whose charity was as sincere as it was unpretending. “We are commanded to love our neighbours; we have the example of—”

“Dear me! Mr. Hopewell,” struck in the lady of Babel, *andante*, “why you are talking *de haut en bas*, as if you were in the pulpit, (here *de Burgh’s* risible muscles mutinied again;) there you see Mr. *de Burgh* is laughing at you—I am sure I never said anything about sinfulness; I only said sins, which, you know is quite another sort of thing.”

“Oh! do, pray, dearest Amelia, favour us with a song,” cried Juliana, forgetting and for-

giving her own injuries in consideration of the attack upon her sister.

"Do, dear, it will be such a treat," pleaded Mrs. Johnson; "Arabella, go fetch the guitar," and the guitar was brought. Miss Irving would have liked to commence a system of passive resistance. She ought, properly speaking, to have hung back for a proper allowance of begging and pressing, but Mr. Wellington Eldon Pitt Johnson, having no music in his soul, had already opened a drawer which she knew contained the material for the paper-war of commerce—cards and counters. Mr. Johnson liked a round game; and it being an approved mode of courtship in Kensworth, and probably in many other rural districts, to propitiate the fair one by making her hand, it was probable that the other two gentlemen, whom she had already set down as rivals, might incline to that pastime, at least so she judged, she thought she might possibly run it too fine, so off she went at score:—"We met—'twas in a crowd, And I

self was not at all like the mercenary
the ballad, and that she had no more
“cause of all this anguish.”

He did not shun her—he did some-
times never once thought of her ; for *He*
all his life been in the habit of
amateur music as intended solely to
body but the person to whom he was
hearing what he was saying, had
study “*de moribus Kensworthorum*”
never reflected that what was perfect
and canonical in the metropolis, was
doctrine, heresy, and schism in the
and by the time that Miss Amelia
got so far as to inform the company
quivering and touching accents, that
could breathe,” he was engaged in
tion of a very interesting and

There was the felicity of the genteel class in perfection; spite, envy, baffled scheming, hollow pretension, the arcadian happiness of those who have nothing to do, and yet in the midst of them, ill-treated, neglected, despised, was one that might have graced a prince's side,—who, without birth, wealth, or rank, was yet a lady of creation's choicest mould, a gem of the first water, though they knew it not; but Henry de Burgh did—the smiles of the lady Harriets and the lady James had beamed in vain upon the ball-room pet in London; the convulsive efforts to enchain the dashing captain of hussars in the beauties of the country towns had met their usual fate, namely, being left at the first toll-bar with the turnpikeman to be handed over to the relieving regiment; and yet, now, unconsciously, without the slightest effort on her part, by the mere force of sweetness of temper, quietness of manner and goodness of heart, Arabella had made no slight progress in his admiration—and something more—in his affections.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MR. WAVERTON, will you be so good as to take Miss de Burgh?" said Lady Loosely, as the chaos of the drawing-room, at the magical spell of that mighty wizard, the butler, resolved itself into single file, and, like a great, glittering, variegated snake, wound down the staircase; and Mr. Waverton thought Lady Loosely an uncommonly sensible woman as he obeyed. The descent to Avernus, (it is unnecessary to translate,) is said to be easy enough, and probably is, if the clerical authorities are to be

credited; but that to a dining-room is an exceedingly delicate and difficult operation; for the gown in front is everlastingly under one's feet, and the slightest attempt to hang back inevitably brings destruction upon the rear of one's fair charge, who, moreover, never *will* step with the same foot; so Walter, steering between Scylla and Charybdis as he best might, although five minutes ago he would have given five golden sovereigns to have secured the coveted prize, that his good fortune or Lady Loosely's discretion had thrown into his hands, or rather upon his arm, found no opportunity of entering into conversation with her until they were fairly seated at table, and the immutable succession of delicacies, green peas and Julienne, turbot and salmon, patties and rissoles, saddle of mutton and boiled fowls, had commenced.

"I really feel as if I had known you this long time, Miss de Burgh," said he, when everybody was settled, and their minds at ease; "your

brother and I have been in the habit of living so much together."

"I have often heard him speak of you, Mr. Waverton," answered she; "poor Harry, I expected to have had a letter from him this morning. I am afraid he must be very wretched in that miserable fishing-village where he is; he has all his life been accustomed to so much society."

"I heard from him to-day," returned Waverton," considering at the moment whether he had ever heard a sweeter voice, "and I am happy to say that he writes in excellent spirits, (how prettily her countenance lit up;) he seems quite reconciled to Kensworth; he has found a person there that he likes in the curate of the parish, and a rustic damsel with bright eyes, or soft eyes, or whatever sort of eyes he admires; so he talks theology with the one, and drinks tea and shrimps—eats shrimps, I mean—with the other; and has a project of arming himself with pens and paper, and entering the lists as a

literary character, smiting down Lytton Bulwer with one hand, and D'Israeli with the other, and reigning in their stead; and altogether seems to have recovered from his depression. I wish I could have shewn you the letter, it is written in such a lively humour."

"I should have liked to see it," answered Mary; "but I am delighted to hear that he is in good spirits; I was afraid he would have fretted and tormented himself dreadfully, he is so eager about whatever he is doing, and feels everything so acutely."

"Have you been to the opera yet, Miss Burke?" interrupted the young gentleman on her left hand, one of those insignificant little bodies that idle, and dangle, and dawdle, upon the outskirts of society, leaving it a doubt what view Providence had in their construction, or what purpose they could be put to, unless to hang chains, and rings, and studs, and pins, and waistcoats upon, and who now evidently was of opinion that it was high time for him to com-

mence shining in conversation, however unseasonable his brilliancy might be.

"No, I have not been there yet," returned the young lady; "Lady Loosely is going to take me there on Saturday. I hear it is very good. Harry told me that you were the last person he saw before he left London, Mr. Waverton; and he said," added she, somewhat hesitatingly, "that he was quite sure that he had a firm friend in you, in case anything should turn up that might be of use to him."

"Oh! certainly," answered Waverton, and indeed with great truth and sincerity; "that he may depend on, but I am very much afraid there is great difficulty at this moment—we Tories are nothing, you know, less than nothing; did he tell you about the various desirable employments that were offered him?"

"Are you going to Lady Jones's to-night, Miss Burke," asked the gentleman on the left hand, whose name did not transpire; "Confound that idiot," mentally soliloquised Mr. Walter Waverton.

"No, I am not," returned the victim; "I am going nowhere this evening; I shall go quietly home.—What offer, Mr. Waverton? I heard of none."

"Not of the flattering and advantageous proposal he received from the Provisional Committee of the Borneo and Sumatra self-supporting Colonization Society, to take the command of their armed force, and to embark largely in their land jobbing?"

"Oh, good gracious! surely he never thought of going there; why, it is half-way round the world, and they eat people there, don't they?"

"You need not be alarmed; there is no danger, I apprehend, of his proceeding to colonise Polynesia with his own hands," said Waverton, smiling at her eagerness, for the young lady was really startled at the seductions of the Borneo and Sumatra land-piracy society; "he declined the tempting commnd."

"You quite frightened me," said Mary; "from what I know of Harry's disposition, I am always in a fever about him; for I know

that in the temper he is in at this moment, he would easily be induced to do anything, however rash, that might delude him into an idea that he was doing something for himself."

"Yes, there is no doubt about his energy, but I suspect he has more steadiness than you give him credit for ; I observed, or fancied I observed, that when we were winding up his affairs, then there was one—"

"I think I had the pleasure of seeing you at Mrs. Wilson's, last night, Miss Burke," again interrupted the anonymous gentleman, "dancing with Lord Dunlara ?"

"How that fellow mangles her name," thought Walter ; "she must have the patience of an angel," as the young lady still civilly, but perhaps a little more sharply, answered her tormentor :

"Yes, I was there,—it was very hot. I beg your pardon, Mr. Waverton."

"There was a proposition, to take service with the Dogsmeatians."

"With the Dogsmetians!—what is the Dogsmetians?"

"The British Auxiliary Legion of Spain."

"I am very sorry for that; he might not so much dislike it. I hope he refused it?"

"Yes, he did, luckily; you see it is against his politics, so he would have nothing to say to it, otherwise I should have been almost uneasy about it. It will be a miserable expedition, in every point of view; the service is a very harassing one, there will be great loss of life by sickness, and the poor wretches will be starved,—hallo! I have had nothing to eat!"

It was a fact; the saddle of mutton was soaring majestically away never to return, the poultry was already flown, and the minor attractions following in rapid succession; for the remark of Washington, or Napoleon, or Julius Cæsar, or whoever it was made it, is as true at the dinner-table as anywhere else—"Secure the great points, the little ones will follow."

The case was clear—the gentleman's dinner had been sacrificed to the subject of Mr. Henry de Burgh's situation and prospects, but the tragicomic air with which the loser announced his bereavement was too much for Mary's gravity notwithstanding the saddening topic they had been discussing ; and she could not help a light laugh, as she observed in condolence,

“It really must be a hardship to you, Mr. Waverton. I could have borne it very patiently. You must console yourself with chicken and peas,—perhaps some lobster salad might do?”

(“What a merry laugh,” thought Walter.)

The second course came in, the usual course of nature, and enabled him by a judicious combination of chicken and peas to drive the wolf from the door, and it became manifest that he was not suffering the pangs of starvation, for he resisted the fascinations of a Charlotte Russe, and, unmoved by the attractions of a Madeleine farcié, resumed the subject.

"After all," said he, "it is to your uncle we must look in the end ; for though Harry's idea of writing is all very well, as far as it goes, in giving him an occupation, and shewing that he will do something for himself, not sink quietly into insignificance, still it is not to be concealed, that there is very little to be expected from it ; that road to fame is pretty well choked now. I do not know Lord Innismore myself, but I shall not let this evening pass without making his acquaintance."

"I shall be very happy to introduce you, but pray do not say anything about Harry. My uncle has been so much annoyed by the whole affair, that he flies into a passion whenever he hears his name mentioned."

"Well, I shall be discreet," said Waverton, and abandoned her to her anonymous persecutor, who had shown such decided symptoms of being resolved to have his fair share of the young lady's conversation. He asked her all the questions he could think of, though with a

commendable modesty he refrained from venturing upon an original observation himself; until the buzz of voices growing "fine by degrees and beautifully less," warned Lady Loosely that she must establish the "separate system" for a season, if she wished to avoid its silent rival; and having succeeded in catching from the greatest distance the table admitted of the eye of the principal lady-personage present, she withdrew to the drawing-room with her fair guests, and the Lord only knows what they said or did when they got there.

Now came "the tug of wine,"—the ceaseless round of the decanters—the paradise of elderly gentlemen—the purgatory of young ones—the something more of lovers—the leaden hour, when the pitiless goddess of dullness asserts her empire of prosing. Walter, who had hitherto taken no particular notice of anybody else, having found himself fully occupied during dinner-time, now looked around. On his left hand, the inquisitive young gentleman, who was

manifestly what is termed, more familiarly than approvingly, a "snob" of the first water, was helping himself to some candied citron, by way of preparing himself for the claret. Of course our friend had conceived a violent aversion to him, and looked hastily away; the lout might ask him whether *he* was going to Lady Jones's. On his right hand was a venerable old gentleman, who had already taken possession of the conversation, and apparently meant to keep it. Mr. Oldcastle, the gentleman in question, had just concluded a jeremiad upon the overbuilding of London; and a melancholy dirge it was, for the glories that are departed, of a certain traditional palace that was reputed to have belonged to some former supposed Duke of Bedford, somewhere or other in Bloomsbury, or St. Giles, and which has long since disappeared, no one knows where or how. He then proceeded to account for the bar at the entrance of Lansdowne passage, by informing the company, that it had been put up within his recollection, in conse-

quence of a mounted highwayman having effected his escape throughout that narrow passage, after having committed a robbery on Hay-hill; and was manifestly on the point of displaying his antiquarian treasures for the good of the company, to a very inconvenient extent, when Lord Innismore, whose constitutional impatience, as well as the habit of being always the centre round which the rest of the circle revolved, made him somewhat intolerant of Mr. Oldcastle's topographical lore, broke in.

"Ah!" said he, "those highwayman; yes, I am very glad they are put down: I have a nephew, sir, that would infallibly have taken to the road—a youngster that ruined himself by the time he was three-and-twenty—a cavalry officer, too—a captain in the twentieth hussars; in the old times, sir, he would have figured at Tyburn to a dead certainty."

"Well, I do remember something about uncles in Horace," muttered Waverton to himself, as the old peer concluded his flattering anticipation

for his nephew; "but I'll be hanged if I ever dreamed of its being as bad as this: Miss de Burgh was quite right when she told me to say nothing about Harry to that old Tartar."

"Why, my dear Lord Innismore," said Lord Loosely, "you cannot mean our friend Harry, can you?"

"I do mean that promising young gentleman, and nobody else," returned his lordship, sharply; for his bile (and Lord Innismore's bile was no matter for joking) had been highly excited that very morning, by an attempt of old Gripe's, seconded by divers others of poor Henry's dishonest creditors, to work upon the old peer's pride, hoping that although their fraudulent claims had been successfully resisted in the settlement of his affairs, they might yet squeeze some money out of Lord Innismore, by representing the disgrace that would attach to the family if Mr. Henry's just and lawful debts, as they pleasantly termed them, were not paid. The old gentleman, who never could see more

than one side of a question in his life, readily adopted their view of the case ; principally, because it chimed in with the strange and unnatural animosity he had conceived against Henry ; placed implicit faith in a plausible story they had no great difficulty in getting up, about deeds imperfectly drawn up, and technically invalid, nonage pleaded where the letter of the law carried the plea through against its spirit, and historiettes of that sort related in a playful spirit of romance, until he was worked up into a perfect fury against his unfortunate nephew, and directed his solicitor to enquire into the matter, in the devout hope that some fresh enormity of poor Harry's might be brought to light.

The man of business had done as he was directed, and his task was not a very difficult one ; from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour was quite enough for him to dispose of the matter, but his report had not reached his employer, and Lord Innismore was not aware, that at the very first questions, almost at the very first appear-

ance of the sagacious lawyer, the claims that had seemed so reasonable to him had melted away, like snow before the sun ; and that at the very moment that he was holding forth at Lord Loosely's table, upon the atrocities committed by his nephew upon the ill-used Gripe, his agent learned in the law was considering two questions ; first, whether that martyred innocent's share in certain of the transactions, though hardly amounting to forgery, might not entitle him to a passage to New South Wales at the public expense ; and secondly, whether it might not be desirable to give him the benefit of that qualification by means of the intervention of twelve freeholders of the county of Middlesex.

" Well," said Lord Loosely, laughing, for he was prepared for the old Earl's violence ; " I never heard of any brigand propensities being attributed to Harry ; when he did get into difficulties, everybody said that he behaved so well. I do not believe that any one of his tradesmen

lost anything by him—but there's Waverton, he knows all about it."

"I know the whole case perfectly from beginning to end, for it all passed through my hands," said Waverton, feeling his colour rise a little at the moment ; "and I had the assistance besides of a first-rate solicitor. De Burgh does not owe a sixpence in the world."

"Do you call defrauding Mr. Gripe of fifteen hundred pounds upon a mere technical omission, owing nothing?" asked Lord Innismore, sharply, his temper already getting the better of him.

"That old rascal Gripe," returned Waverton, "shewed what he thought of his claim for that fifteen hundred pounds, by abandoning it the instant there was a whisper about going into court; and if I had known what I do now, when I signed the final agreement with him, Mr. Gripe would have been in all probability in Newgate at this moment, with as fair a prospect of Botany Bay as ever man had."

"Well, he had no business to be so extravagant at all; he ought at all events to have paid all his debts: there was a most respectable man came to me this morning—"

"You are not going down to the house to-night, are you, Waverton?" interrupted Lord Loosely, who saw that that gentleman, who in fact had arranged the whole matter, was not particularly pleased at the word "defraud," and foresaw that Lord Innismore, in his heat against his nephew, was on the point of making a violent personal attack upon Waverton, which might lead to something unpleasant; "there is nothing going on, is there, in your house?"

"No, not to-night," answered the senator; "nothing but some railway and enclosure bills, mere local matters; there are some questions to be put about the Queen of Spain, and a revolution somewhere in South America, and I fancy somebody wants to repeal the malt-tax. I shall not go down."

"When that tapestry was first put up in the

House of Lords," said the topographical old gentleman—it is unnecessary to inflict the reader with the rest of it ; suffice it to say, that he got hold of the conversation, and kept with an invincible tenacity, until the "Shall we go to the ladies?" of the noble host, the formula that unites the parted sections of humanity, sent them clambering up the stairs, and very hard work some of them thought it was.

Miss de Burgh saw the arrival of the gentlemen with very great pleasure, not that she had a very extensive acquaintance among them, or expected much addition to her amusement from them ; but because she hoped relief from an exceedingly formidable infliction. She had fallen into the hands of old Mrs. Eve, whose head contained but one idea, and that was dress. Every body knows how fearfully extensive a vocabulary a dressmaker's is—what unheard-of combinations it admits of—with what a giant comprehensiveness it descends to the details of the pin that attaches a bow, or soars to the general faultlessness of attire that captivates a duke :

ever since the ladies had divided the sophas and ottomans between them, had Mrs. Eve poured into poor Mary's weary ear, the "weak washy everlasting flood of eloquence," such as modistes and they alone delight in. The young lady, tired and bored, would have hailed the arrival of even her dinner friend, with his catechetical enquiries, but his stock of conversation was exhausted—he took to the books of beauty, the portfolios, and the albums; and she was really very much gratified, when Waverton, steering in safety through a wilderness of men, with salvers in their hands, reached the sofa she occupied, and seated himself by her side.

"I had no idea," said he, "that Lord Inismore was so very angry about your brother; some extraordinary, and I can answer for it, very mistaken notion about those unfortunate embarrassments of his, seems quite to have taken possession of his mind."

"Oh, Mr. Waverton," exclaimed Mary,

reproachfully ; “ did you talk to my uncle about Harry ? ”

“ No, I did not, after what you told me at dinner. I held my tongue—he introduced the subject himself.”

“ I wish,” said she, “ he could be induced to forgive him. I am afraid he is very angry with him. There were some horrid people came to him this morning about some money, that they said Harry owed them, and they put him in such a passion, that I have almost been afraid to speak to him all day.”

“ Come, Mary, the carriage is waiting,” interrupted the Earl, who attached an undefinable and almost superstitious value to the hour of eleven, and they underwent a quantity of cloaking in a dismal-looking back room, and departed to undergo a gloomy and uncomfortable drive home, for Lord Innismore whose humour was not much improved by the suspicion which Waverton’s decided assertion unavoidably forced upon his mind, viz. that he himself might not only

be egregiously in the wrong, but also committing gross injustice, found in poor Mary a ready object for his wrath to discharge itself upon, and the moment he got into the carriage, commenced a grave lecture upon the subject of Henry's misdemeanours, that lasted until they reached their home, and sent his sister to bed in tears.

Walter Waverton descended the stairs slowly and thoughtfully ; the day had been fine, and it was a clear moonlight night. " You may go, I do not want you any more," said he to his tiger ; " I shall walk home ;" and he felt relieved of something like a restraint, when his cab was out of sight.

" Poor girl," thought he, as he slowly proceeded in the direction of St. James's. " I wish something could be done for Henry. Her uncle seems implacable—surely, all the places cannot be strictly political ; now such a one as—. " It would not do ; it was all very well flattering himself that he was thinking of nothing but Henry ; still the image of the young lady kept forcing

itself upon his thoughts, in spite of, or perhaps in connection with the disinterested regard he felt for the brother; a bright fair face, somewhat melancholy withal, would float before his eyes—he had seen that evening, that which he had never seen before,—he had felt that night that which he had never felt before. He turned back, and walked twice round Grosvenor Square, before he felt inclined to face the clubs. “I suppose she will be at Lady Waterton’s,” thought he; “she is a great friend of Lady Loosely’s; she will take her there, though I do not see exactly what that’s to me; she has an uncommonly sweet smile, though—so expressive. I wonder is there any news stirring. I shall go and see at the Carlton.” Mr. Walter Waverton would not have executed this intention half so philosophically as he did, had he been aware that at that very moment, Mary de Burgh was weeping bitterly for her ruined brother, and there was none to comfort her.

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE casement-window, overshadowed in summer by a luxuriant vine, admitted light and air into the humble room where Mr. Hopewell sat preparing for his duty of the morrow, for it was Saturday. The scriptures lay upon the table before him, with a volume of Tillotson and Mason on Self-knowledge ; the unfinished manuscript seemed to demand exertion, whilst a scrap of paper half scribbled over told too truly that the good curate sometimes yielded to the dreamy luxury of writing verses ; but now his pen moved not,—he leant his head thoughtfully upon his hand, and looked ab-

stractedly out upon the fair scene before him ; yet were his thoughts manifestly not on the sea, nor on the corn-field, nor on the wood, nor yet in the pulpit. A very fair image occupied his mind, and would not be driven out.

“It cannot be,” said he, at length ; “what have I to do with such things, with an income so limited as mine, with a profession that ought to occupy, that ought to engross my heart, my soul, my entire devotion ; how should I dream of such a blessing, such a distraction as a wife—and such a creature !—How deeply I feel my own unworthiness when I venture to aspire to the affections of so pure a being as Arabella ; I feel myself reprovèd before her—I feel as if I were in the presence of a superior, almost a heavenly being ; yet why do I not feel that it is wrong to think of her ? What weak irresolute sinners we are ! ‘He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord,’—the word is plain, where is the strength to obey it ? Yet can it be that we alone should be debarred from the enjoyment of the society of a creature of a

better, milder, purer spirit, who would receive us after the toils of the day are over with cheerfulness and smiles,—would be the faithful guardian of our little store, the soother of our cares, the alleviator of our calamities, the softener of our harsher dispositions? Is love then denied to the ministers of that faith, that alone of all the beliefs the world ever followed is founded on love? Yet, after all, how do I know that she would accept me? I have no reason to flatter myself that I have made the slightest impression upon her; she never gave me the least encouragement. Even if she were to take pity upon me, what would her parents say? The father might be my friend, but the mother certainly would not: she is brim-full of ambition,—the lowly lot of a humble curate would be despised in her eyes; and even if they were disposed to yield upon that point, should I be justified in introducing a woman I love to poverty?—Yet, after all, what is poverty? We need not dress in silks and satins; forty

pounds a-year, and thirty of my own, make seventy, and my uncle always promised to spare me another thirty in case I wished to marry before I could get preferment; he always was anxious I should marry—one hundred a-year, it would do very well—I might live with them too until I could get a living,—alas! when will that be?—Well, the will of the Lord be done,—no doubt it is all for the best, but—Good morning, Mr. de Burgh, I am very glad to see you; but I am afraid I must abandon all thoughts of the pleasure I had proposed myself of taking a walk with you this morning. I have been sadly idle,” added he, pointing to the yet unfinished manuscript.

“Nonsense, my dear fellow,” answered Henry, “a walk will do you all the good in the world; we shall overtake the Johnsons in a moment—they are only just gone up to see that old lady with the polyglot fever; you can finish your sermon when you come back, your head will be clearer; but, I say, you must not cough that way—it will never do.”

"My cough is, certainly, rather troublesome ; but I really am afraid I can not go out ; I have this sermon to finish, and I shall require at least three hours for it ; I am paying now the penalty of my former idleness. Oh for the precious hours that I wasted at college !"

"You read too much as it was," returned Henry. "Upon my honour, you look quite wild at this moment :—

*'The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glances from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven.'*

Oh, don't be frightened ; you need not hide away those verses in such a hurry, I should not have looked at them. I never did such a thing in my life ; the only poetry I ever read was Don Juan, and I should not have done that only they told me I must not look at it."

"Then how did you learn that quotation you have just recited with so much emphasis ?" asked Mr. Hopewell, with a smile ; "it is not in Don Juan."

"How did I learn it?—I'll be hanged if I know

—is it poetry?—Oh yes, of course it is!—what is it in?—I suppose I must have learned it for speeches at Harrow; perhaps Byron wrote it somewhere in the church-yard; he used to sit out there on the fine mornings in summer, and have his breakfast on the tombstones. I suppose that's what they call 'death in the pot,' the tea-pot I mean; poor fellow!—no, I suspect it must have been for the speeches. I remember, 'My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills;' I wonder what it would be on Romney Marsh; and something about the 'Winter of our discontent,' I suppose that was in Thompson's Seasons; then there was, 'To be, or not to be, that is the question,' a disagreeable question it must be, too, when the going judge of assize has to answer it—eh?"

"To be, or not to be," repeated the curate, not heeding Henry's digression to the circuits; "to be, or not to be; the selection of that soliloquy for the schools has always puzzled me; it seems strange to teach boys that it is a high

exercise of intellect to deliberate whether it is noble or not to commit suicide, the debater deciding the question upon no higher grounds than that we know the worst here, and do not there.—Where? in the presence of our Maker, whither we rush unbidden, unabsolved, unrepentant, in the midst of our sins;—is not suicide indeed madness?—it must be so.”

“Come along, man,” cried Henry, who was in a hurry for reasons of his own; “it is not correct to talk Sunday on a week day; there you go coughing again, I declare. I have a great mind to give notice to the magistrates that you meditate making away with yourself; now for logic: Whoever undermines his health wilfully commits a slow suicide, that’s my *major*.—Mr. Hopewell undermines his health by over study, that’s my *minor*,—*ergo*, Mr. Hopewell commits a slow suicide, *quod erat demonstrandum*; there you see, you are convicted of a parsonicide by a syllogism, or an induction, or whatever they call it; come, or I shall report you to Miss

you either, she says you preach
too,—I forgot that, it's capital
keep a book of her curiosities
come along, it is a sin to lose them
do you suppose I should ever
my spirits up, now that I have
hundred and twenty pounds a-year
instead of seven or eight hundred
constantly in the open air? This
is as good as a glass of champagne

"No, I really cannot," returns
well, mournfully; "I must not
until I have provided for the dut
row. It would have given me
pleasure if I could have joined you

"Well, if wilful will to water
drench; I shall be back again in a
catch you."

the canary gown; she has come out to walk with them—now, for the confusion of tongues,” and he hurried away. With a sad glance at the party on the road, and a light sigh, Mr. Hopewell resumed his pen. His was a melancholy case; his love for Arabella was deep, pure, absorbing, and yet utterly hopeless. Much as she esteemed and respected him, he could not conceal from himself, that a two years’ acquaintance had failed in lighting the slightest spark of love in her breast. His mind was tossed and disordered, too, by the mistaken, though not the less strictly conscientious sense of religious duty, the fruit of the unfortunate interpretation of a text; and along with the turmoil of passion, and the agony of doubt, was joined the tension of over-study. He was mentally in the condition ascribed corporeally to those unhappy beings possessed by demons, the spirit within was tearing him to pieces, and where was he to look for help?

“Could not you persuade Mr. Hopewell to come out?” asked Arabella, as Henry joined

Exactly so, Miss Johnson

his sermon ; and declared it
question his coming out until

“ Ah, quelle horreur d'un se
Irving, “to prevent our enj
this belle jour; he has no busin
sermons when the sun is so e
were poetry indeed, it would
thing; the Muses, Mr. de B
worshipped alike in sunshine a
do not think that Mr. Hopew
a poet. I am certain he does no
dreamy hallucinations that spirit
terial embodyings of the creati
child of song.” She paused, as
it was some time before such a
expected to take effect. “I can
being in love, either,” said she ;

"I am sure the little blind god, the *petit courier des dames*, has never touched his heart; love does not rule the pulpit; clerical hearts are so icy. He will live and die a bachelor,—a regular, confirmed, incurable, monomaniac."

"I almost begin to be afraid that he will not live long," said Henry; "there is a peculiar delicacy about his complexion that I do not at all like; and his cough sounds very alarming—I suspect he is very delicate."

"I am sure I hope not," said Arabella; "if anything should happen to him, it would be a misfortune to the neighbourhood;" ("Confound the fellow," thought Henry, who was not altogether pleased with the young lady's sympathy with the interesting clergyman; "the Catholic system is the best; they should not be allowed to marry—the girls would take no interest in them then.") "Everybody says there has not been such a minister here for years, so pious, so attentive, and so much liked and respected by all;" ("There," thought Henry, "that is what

I wonder could I try it on me
it would not fit.") "I am sure
what I should do," continued
gone; Mr. Jones always treats
he laughs at me, and says, 't
upon me;' poor people, I see
my own eyes; I do not wonder
anything rather than go into th
houses."

"Oh, dear me!" said Miss
shall we cease hearing of those
liers?—everybody seems run
wretched paupers; there is a
fever in the country; we hear
unions for the commissioners an
diet tables; I never can under
are talking about. Now, Mr. c
me something suited to me."

government, and poor-bill, and the Queen of Spain. My mind requires more delicate food, something with more raffinerie in it—Dieu me benisse, where's Mr. de Burgh?"

Henry's patience, never remarkable, was by this time entirely exhausted; and when a man's patience goes, his politeness is very apt to follow; he had begun to think, that is to say to be quite certain, that there was something peculiarly attractive in Arabella's eyes, something particularly touching in the tone of her voice,—something in short, he did not exactly know what, but he knew that he liked it; and he had no idea of sacrificing himself at the altar where the worthy priestess of Babel was offering up living languages with such pitiless assiduity. "Self-preservation is the first law in nature," thought he, along with the rest of the world; and his London career, where quickness is half the battle, had given him no slight skill in the tactics of society, either in the house or the open air; he could choose his position in the

him the possession of the dinner was announced; or if moment's rank made that in watch "with a sedate and fair after fair glide away, leaving the next best thing, solitary and ready, when he reached the door in and win like Coronation.

Not the less had breakfasted divers earthly paradises, rich mundane angels, in the neighbourhood of the Thames, sharpened his faculties of the shrubbery; a few wild by the road-side had furnished excuse for stopping, and he had the lady of his choice from hence was enjoying a quiet conversation bella in honest English.

"I do not know," said she, "if I was rich, anything I should be more inclined to spend money upon, than flowers; I cannot conceive a greater luxury than a large conservatory. I was building such a delightful one in the air this morning, a great long range, divided into three parts by arches, the centre compartment to be fitted up and furnished as a drawing-room, and the two others filled with the most delicious flowers, with a little stream running down rock-work at one end, a sort of miniature cascade, and an aviary at the other, quite a little paradise;—was not that a pretty day-dream, Mr. de Burgh?"

"What a pretty day-dreamer," thought Henry, as he laughingly answered, "It is a great deal too pretty for me; now, if I had been castle-building, it would have been a range of stabling; or, very probably, I might have been burrowing under the earth, in all the subterranean mysteries of cellars and bins; the most romantic flight I could have aspired to would

have been to have built up one of the castles of the Rhine or Moselle,—I am not worthy of a paradise of flowers.”

“I have always had such a curiosity to see the Rhine,” said Arabella. “I have heard so much about its scenery, and the views I have seen are so very beautiful. I should like to ramble about its vineyards: Lord Byron’s description of it made me quite cross that I could not visit the

“‘Chieflless castles, breathing stern farewells.’”

“You would be disappointed,” answered Henry. “In the first place, you would be plagued to death by the most uncouth collection of our beloved fellow-countrymen that ever crowded the deck of a steamer—strange, incomprehensible objects, that seem to spring up at Antwerp or Rotterdam, for one never sees anything like them at home; and with the most extraordinary names too,—I never can make out where they come from; they talk hideous French too, and worse German, and are everlastingly squabbling with the waiters;—secondly, you are tan-

talized by being hurried away the moment you are beginning to admire any particular view; and if you climb the hills, the charm vanishes. The Rhine is not what it seems from the water, a stream winding its way among crags and rocks; it is a river that has forced itself a channel, through a table-land; and accordingly, when you have reached the top of those romantic-looking banks, you find yourself on a vast corn-field, with a few scattered walnut-trees here and there, and quantities of thin lanky pigs, regular grey-bound swine; and as those rocks are exceedingly valuable for their south-west aspect, timber, which would make them beautiful, gives place to vine-yards, which in the north of Europe are anything but picturesque."

"But then those grey ruins, the castles of the olden time, *they* must be picturesque, surely?"

"Those of the Neckar and Moselle are better yet; there is some trace of their having been inhabited to be found in them. The robber-nests of the Rhine have been almost all destroyed by

you cannot stand in the knights' hall
ladies' bower; you cannot say here
was murdered, there the fugitive concealed
self, at this door the garrison recovered
the castle—the wreck is too ruinous.
Excepting the Pfalz, which is by far the
curious of all,—and so of course no one
thinks of visiting it—there is scarcely
recalls the mode of living in the castle
before us, or that contains dungeons where
can people in fancy with the captives
by, you can get under ground at Rheinfels
there the traces of modern war are too
one can be very romantic in the valley
illustrious prisoners have been immured
broad embrasures there announce that
that the last occupants of those vast
twelve-pounders,—and there is no

go, at least with a pleasant party, and see all the castles and the valleys. However, I must manage to do without it;—it is no use wishing:”—(“I should like to go with you:—what a fool I was to get through my money!” thought Henry, some ideas that would have been held very heterodox at St. James’s, forcing themselves into his mind; “families live in Germany by hundreds, for four or five hundred a-year.”)—“After all,” continued Arabella, “there is some very pretty scenery in the neighbourhood of Kensworth.—Dear me! what a way Juliana and Miss Irving have got on before us; we must walk faster, if you please, and overtake them.”

“That woman,” said Henry, “is the most incurable Malaprop I ever heard in my life; some of her mistakes are perfectly killing; that raffinerie that I heard her sighing for, when I was on that bank, means a sugar-bakery; where does she pick up her French phrases?”

“I do not know that she ever did learn French regularly, and I am sure she never was

of French phrases. I believe she reads novels that are written by ladies of fashion. I am told that there is always a great deal of Italian and French in them. I suppose people always talk so, do they not?"

"Not that I ever heard of," returned he, laughing; "the great people have no French in English, and can express themselves in their own language, without being reduced to the necessity of borrowing from foreigners. I do not believe that there is anything in French that cannot be said in plain English. One knows enough of it."

"Now, Arabella, my love," interrupted he, "I really must interrupt your conversation with Mr. de Burgh; he must divide himself into three parts, like the French, for Juliana and I will not give up c

"I am sure I have no wish to intrude upon Mr. de Burgh's amusements," replied that young lady, tossing her head, and evidently not much pleased; "he has a right to please himself. I hope he likes Kensworth."

"Oh, by-the-bye, Mr. de Burgh," said Miss Irving, "I have caught you in *fragrante delectu*, as the lawyers have it; it is no use denying it, I have seen with my own eyes the appliances and means to boot. I have seen the quires of ruled paper for you at the stationer's: you are writing a book—you are an author—a *literati*?"

"I confess the book, but deny the authorship," returned Henry; "the fact is, I am about translating a work from the German, which accounts for the ruled paper."

"Oh, from the German!—so you are equal to undertaking the sprichworts of the *Lingua Tedeca*. I did not know you were such a *maitre des langues*. I must take care what I say before you—I hope you are an indulgent critic."

mised Hopewell that I would
couple of hours;" and he took
wishing that Miss Amelia
Juliana Johnson respectively
the broad way that leads to
is paved with good intention
he left them, they commenced
upon poor Arabella, garnish
back-handed cuts at Henry, and
other ebullitions of spite, being
and uninteresting, need not
which deserve notice on this
made her think more about him
had done before. Juliana
sulks for the rest of the day
returned to her solitary home,
close round in a singular
shawl she took great delight

will be cold in May. "After all," soliloquised she, "there is no reason why they should not like one another; she is tout à fait droite to secure him for a husband if she can. I am sure, when I was her age, I thought of nothing else; sacré nom de Dieu," as she looked at the black, cheerless, fireless grate, "how careless that girl is!—le fou est sorti!"

PTER X.

t, my excell
" said that
ge upon who
rt of his inc
mber, whilst
r lane that
are playing
e like a moth
ll burn your

1 1 1 1 1 1

know whether I should if I could ; yet if I stay, something particular is likely to happen—that girl will play the devil with me. I never in my life fancied anybody so much. Yet with such a mother and such a sister, it is quite out of the question—positively, it would be an act of suicide—only fancy my uncle's face, when he heard of it. I should not have a chance with him after that.—What a kind, good, expression of countenance she has, though—magnificent figure, too—but then such a floorer as it would be—only think, On the 21st. inst. at Kensworth Church, Henry de Burgh Esq., late Captain 20th Hussars, only son of the late Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir Ulick de Burgh, K.C.B. and G.C.H., to Arabella, second daughter of James Johnson, Esq., of Daffodil Lodge, Kensworth.' Johnson—what a name ! I suppose it must be spelt right in the register, but I'll be hanged if I would not have it spelt with a *t* in the newspapers, Johnston ; I'd clap on an *e*, for the honour of

infernall Daffodil; that would
at Crockey's, and by the bye,
no man is bound to criminate
a pretty name enough, too.
two or three Lady Arabella
I do not know of one; it is
name a sort of second-hand
eyes—youngest daughter was
yes—Arabella, younger, that
still,—show that there were
pass for a coheiress. Arabella
ter of James Johnstone, of
Kensworth—it would not
artifice after all. Well,
make of ourselves!—I must
sort of things. Upon my

so abominably dark—I cannot see an inch before me—I shall break my head or my shins, or something or other. Here's the door, if one could only find the handle—so—Good God! what is the matter?"

A fearful spectacle presented itself, as Henry entered the room; the curate was lying upon the floor, writhing as if in pain, and bleeding from three or four places in the head and face, for he seemed to have cut himself against the corner of the table, in falling; his limbs moved convulsively about, his eyes were wide open, fixed and staring, his countenance flushed, and the muscles of the lower part of his face working rapidly and spasmodically, whilst a quantity of froth issued from his mouth, bloody from the wounds his teeth had inflicted upon his tongue. When he saw Henry, he got up from the floor with a wild, fearful cry, of an inexpressibly melancholy tone, and then muttering to himself in a slow monotonous gibbering manner, as if he were unconscious of what he

shocked, Henry ran up to him, caught his arms, and laid him upon the sofa to lay quiet, as if in a sort of stupor.

Hastily leaving the room, the horse-despatched one of the farmer's daughters to the surgeon; but the girl was so frightened that it was some little time before Henry could get her to understand what she was to do. He then fairly started; and by the time he returned, the curate had pulled a coat on over the gown he had been writing in, had put on his hat, and was sallying forth with a stick in his hand, alleging that the dogs were barking at Mr. Johnson's, and he must drive them away.

Henry with difficulty restrained his curiosity at the arrival of the medical man, who immediately took blood from the temporal artery, which had a good effect, for recollection and composure

that he had fallen out of bed; but that at once was dispelled by his observing that he was dressed, and recollecting that he had breakfasted. The surgeon ordered him to be put to bed directly, observing that although no further immediate danger was to be apprehended, yet it would be necessary that he should undergo a course of bleeding and blistering, and above all things that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and nothing suffered to disturb his mind.

As he and De Burgh, having seen the patient properly disposed of, walked away together, the doctor turned with an anxious air to Henry.

"Mr. de Burgh," said he, solemnly, "if you have any influence over Mr. Hopewell, for heaven's sake exert it to induce him to remit his studies,—they will positively cost him his life. I say it as a medical man; I know that his health was undermined by severe study before he came here; I cannot help suspecting that there is something besides gnawing at his heart, some secret sorrow or anxiety that we know not of,

but that will tear him to pieces. He must absolutely, when the first severity of this attack is over, have pleasure, relaxation, whatever might divert his thoughts; if he could be induced to read some light books, or if he was fond of music, and any one would play to him—anything that will keep him from thinking; in short, his mind is overstrained, it must be eased off, if one may use such an expression. As for that horrible sight we have just seen, it positively makes me tremble. I see every reason to fear that Mr. Hopewell is a victim to the most appalling visitation that can afflict the human frame, for I cannot conceal from myself that the character of that fit was decidedly epileptic.”

CHAPTER XI.

"I do not like that Mr. Waverton, Mary," said Lord Innismore to his niece at breakfast, the morning after he had so gratuitously devoted poor Henry to the profession of a highwayman and its ultimate elevation; "he seems to me to have the prevailing fault of the young men of the present day in an unusual degree—this butter is not near as good as we have at Ganton. I wish you would write to Higgins to have a regular supply sent up here—they all think they know a great deal better than their fathers. I cannot bear that trash about enlightened youth;

the line of conduct that he advised Henry to pursue was absolutely dishonest."

"Have you seen Mr. Prober yet, sir?" asked Lord Dunlara, who knew something about the matter; "I suppose he had an interview with Mr. Gripe yesterday."

"I suppose he had," said the Earl, "but I have not heard from him yet; not that I see what difference that is to make; he is not likely to know more about it than I do, who saw Mr. Gripe for half an hour yesterday, and heard all that was to be said on the subject. I do wish these Times people would not publish this enormous double sheet; it makes it positively labour to read it; full of those everlasting railways, too—bubble companies—asphalte—cementery—joint-stock companies—gas—bridges, these will be the ruin of the kingdom; as to the railways, they will make England unendurable; they will destroy the breed of horses, they will ruin all the hotels, they will knock up all the posting, they will cut up the country, they will

spoil the hunting, they 'll not leave a gentleman's park untouched all over England, they 'll make coals so dear that the poor will not be able to buy them,—thank God they will ruin every man that has any thing to say to them, except the attornies and engineers. I shall oppose every one of them ;” and with this patriotic and patriotic resolution, the Earl of Innismore retired to his study to flatter himself that he was employing himself.

“I am afraid London does not suit my uncle,” observed Mary, as he withdrew; “he seems always so fidgetty and irritable.”

“He does not flourish in London, certainly,” replied the young lord, with a fearful yawn; “I wish to heaven they would lead the bell-ropes to the breakfast table, it is such a bore getting up to ring the bell;—he has so long been accustomed to be the great man that everybody worshipped, that he does not like the comparative insignificance in which he finds himself here. I saw him look as black as thunder last

get some more cream—as much as to
young cub to go out before me?”—
not even like the House of Peers :
expected he would ; he is a mere cy
them, nobody troubles their heads
peer that never speaks, and has no
terest ; and by-the-bye, that keeps m
that pompous old fool Ratborough h
suading him that he ought to have
the lower house, and I am in hou
his insisting upon my going into par
is very unfortunate too, for as long as
lasts, we shall be able to do nothing
By-the-bye, I have just received a
him, full of good resolutions, and so
they had come a little sooner. He
seems to have found something ve
in a clergyman or attorney's daught

look over the letter and see what it is about; handwriting always tires my eyes; he talks of her being sensible and ladylike, and amiable, which seems to be saying a good deal for that sort of person; and I presume she is pretty besides, or I apprehend my friend Harry would not have investigated her other good qualities so narrowly."

"Well," said Mary, "I am very glad to hear that he has found somebody to speak to, at all events; there is no danger of his falling in love with her, I hope."

"I imagine not," replied Dunlara; "nothing serious:—he used always to have a sort of demi-semi-flirtation on hand that kept him out of harm's way; it is a case of lightly come, lightly go with him, though I think he was inclined to like that Miss Newton if she would have let him."

"Who is Miss Newton? I never heard of her before," asked Mary.

"She is a Somersetshire or a Gloucestershire

girl, very handsome and accomplished, with two or three thousand a-year; in short was by way of being a match, and Harry struck up a great friendship with her for a time, and I think next business."

"And why would she not let him like her?" asked Mary; "what objection had she to that? did she dislike him?"

"No, she had no objection; but she had a trick of always getting up a little bit of a fight with him, or a little bit of a grievance, or a something or other to vexat him if he smelt to

trouble of answering her, she added, 'I do so delight in mortifying your vanity, Mr. de Burgh,' and that settled that question. Harry, who considered his vanity as much entitled to protection as his watch, or his coat, or anything else that was his, as it ought to be, took the most effectual steps to secure it from any further mortification from that quarter,—he dropped her at once, never spoke to her again. Several men have nibbled since, but they all shy when they find that they are to be whistled on and off like pet lap-dogs ; they won't stand that sort of thing at all, men that are worth having, at least, who are well placed in the world, and know that they are sure of being well received elsewhere."

"I am quite sure Harry is the last person that would bear being treated in that way. I think he served her quite right ; I delight in seeing those sort of people caught in their own traps. Do you know his friend, Mr. Waverton, that we met at dinner yesterday, well ?"

“I do ; and a most excellent fellow he is—in fact, a very superior sort of a person ; it was he that really saved Harry from being entirely ruined ; he was the only man he would listen to, and very prettily he carried him through, too. Waverton is a very rising man ; he is rapidly acquiring a character as a promising politician, for though he does not speak in the House, it is well known that many of the best political articles in the magazines are written by him, and he has predicted two or three things with remarkable sagacity ; he is a first-rate scholar, too, very well spoken of everywhere, and universally popular. I am sorry to see that my father has taken such a dislike to him, he so rarely gets over one ; and Waverton knows all about Harry so well that he could set the governor right about many points that he has taken a wrong view of.”

“I like that Mr. Waverton,” said Mary, “he seems to take such an interest about Harry. I wonder will he be at Lady Waterton’s tea night.” ~

"His lordship wishes to speak to you in the library, my lord," said a servant, opening the door, and Lord Dunlara obeyed the summons.

The communication that the Earl had to make to his first-born, was one that Earls and chimney-sweeps make with equal reluctance, being an admission that he had been in the wrong; a letter that he had just received from Mr. Prober having left no possible doubt about the fact, that there was not the slightest foundation, either in law, equity, honour, morality, or anything else, for the claims set up against Harry by the Messrs. Gripe and their confederates, claims which the learned solicitor characterised as grossly fraudulent. Of course the Earl was exceedingly angry with Harry for this, and sent for his son, with a view of disburdening his mind upon the subject, making him his confidant in the absence of the faithful Higgins, the accustomed recipient of his secret thoughts, whom he began now to miss fearfully.

principle of the young men
century in general, and of
esq., formerly a captain in the
ment of Light Dragoons,
wound up by desiring Lord
ascertain by what process,
transportation, the afore-m
might be removed to that
nearest the Antipodes that
Borneo, New Zealand, Sun
tralia, Swan River, Falkland
would be better still, some
ever heard of before, and that
the maps. Previous, howev
nobleman starting to execut
puzzling commission, he was
to observe that he felt the wa
accordingly. S. 11. 1. 1.

day, to commence an active search after undiscovered countries, a duty that would have been infinitely more effectively discharged by the worthy doctor, who possessed a fund of patience and perseverance, and an incapacity of being bored, that eminently fitted him for ferretting out information of the sort. His lordship having thus disclosed his wants, proceeded to inform his auditor, that it was his intention to relieve them forthwith, by writing to his factotum to come up to town—an announcement that took a huge load off Dunlara's mind, for he had already experienced a dismal foreboding, which that morning's mission had well nigh converted into a certainty, that many of the little odd jobs hitherto performed with an intuitive sagacity by the obsequious and ever-ready Higgins, were for the future intended to form part of his daily occupation, and the Viscount Dunlara was one of those personages who would consider it an act of suicide to volunteer undertaking any trouble that was not absolutely

himself that he could by any means
any body else to do for him.

Concurring as he did full views, he nevertheless succeeded convention, in virtue of which was to be placed in lodgings in the neighbourhood; for the Earl's first plan in the house would have been a nuisance. Having disposed of the matter, he set forth on his search; and without the slightest idea how to go about it, the only sensible thing he could think of in the circumstances—went and asked Cressy, who of course gave him the best advice he had between Knightsbridge and the city, and told him exactly what to do; and by his previous knowledge of Mr. L. he had intimated a doubt whether it

hanging the Thames, commanding an agreeable view of Westminster and Waterloo bridges, a variety of barges, divers waspish little river steamers, a good deal of mud, some smoke, and the borough of Southwark, was Lord Dunlara ushered in a few minutes after his interview with the Napoleon of calculation. This was the provisional office of the Borneo and Sumatra Self-supporting Colonization Society,—a battery of settlements primed, loaded, and in full cock, ready to go off at a touch ; the great nursery of the globe, where everything that the most fastidious taste in colonization could require was kept ready ticketed, and supplied as soon as asked for,—a town or a forest, a river or a coal-mine, a harbour or a meadow, a barbarous tribe or a civilized (but youngish) people ; there they were, all reposing in semivivacity, like an Egyptian egg-oven, waiting but the necessary temperature which, as in fevers in the human frame, was produced by an unhealthy activity of the circulation, to be hatched at

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THE UNCLE.

195

A

METAPHYSICAL ESSAY

UPON THE

IMITATIVE HABITS AND DISPOSITIONS

OF THE

SIMIA SATYRUS, OR OURANG-OUTANG;

VULGARLY CALLED

THE WILD-MAN OF THE WOODS,

AND THE

READIEST METHOD

OF

DOMESTICATING THE RACE,

WITH A VIEW OF ULTIMATELY

RAISING THE CHARACTER OF THE ANIMAL

TO

SUCH A POINT OF INTELLIGENCE

AS TO MAKE IT AVAILABLE

FOR THE

PURPOSES OF CIVILIZATION.

K 2

London, he rarely passed
voyages, and never Margate
surprising luxuriance of vege
intellect springs up in the me
withstanding he never had se
life, and his acquaintance with
was confined to a Sunday po
panzee in the Zoological, yet
learnedly into the habits, orga
and probable capabilities of th
as he with a touching hum
Jacko, enlarging upon his su
points—such as his having fo
of two, and would have gon
dissection of their ideas, but
of interchanging ideas with t
the as yet incomplete devel
organs of speech. He had tri

he made, was instantly and faithfully copied and repeated by the acute chim, no original information was to be obtained from that source, and he was obliged for the present, relinquishing, with a philo-troglodite sigh, his researches into their intellects, to content himself, by the assistance of nuts, ginger-bread, and close observation, with investigating their passions and appetites, which lying more on the surface, furnished a most interesting chapter in his book.

This Mr. Thomas Landshark, as the reader is probably aware, was the gentleman who, with the instinct of a jackal, had already addressed Henry upon the subject of assuming the command of the company's land forces in the island of apes, with other contingent advantages; he rose at Dunlara's entrance with the utmost deference, and not without a glimmering of hope that he might, by dint of good management, succeed in obtaining permission to use his lordship's name as a vice-patron and honorary director. They had one peer already, but a second would be a grand point; they might

ment—of the British nobility
themselves in the success of t

After a bow or two interch
sat down, and looked at one a
lara did not know how to open
the worthy Landshark was too
advantage of getting a peep at
to begin. At length the pause
and he found he must speak.

“I presume,” said he, “w
of your lordship’s visit to t
take in the great national mo
we are, as I may say, the pio
can he want?” thought he; “I
have any old enough himself;
to get rid of mother and a
lordship wish for accommoda
emigration ship, for any partie

"No," replied the viscount; "I am sure I have no wish to inflict such a voyage upon any one; I called here about a friend in whom my father is interested," ("Oh, ho! it's the governor, is it?" thought the secretary;) "he wishes to acquire some insight into the plans and prospects of the society."

"Our plans, my lord," returned the secretary, who had that morning received and got by heart a new address to be spoken to all enquirers, the old one being considered a little stale,—*"our plans, my lord, are of the most original and comprehensive character; and their success is assured by the soundness of the great principles, now for the first time about to be developed, upon which they are based. Our gifted leaders, my lord, have discovered the true system by which a colony at the antipodes may be founded and perpetuated with the same ease that a family removes from Liverpool to Manchester by the railway, the complete structure of society, and self-governing principle. We shall carry out, my lord — we shall carry out,*

voce,],—complete structure
governing principle. We
caught the cue now,)—"its
parts. Several of the c
are on the point of emb
a high-minded and enterp
enlightened and virtuous
population, a country popu
—for the freedom of the p
breathe, if we have it not
bank, for specie may poss
in the infant colony, and
terprise of the new state
by metallic fetters; municip
by occupying every man v
neighbours, are the only p
thropy; homo sum, my lo
me alienum, nato l. a. f.

sheep can be combined with study,—an armed *police* to vindicate the dignity of the law, and to give moral force if requisite to our *mediations* among the never-ending quarrels between the *native tribes*;" (By Jove, I forgot he was a *lord*—I must come it strong upon the bishops); "and I place it last, in order that it may be the more firmly impressed upon your lordship's mind, that the provisional committee, deeply sensible of the unspeakable advantages that must result from the presence and superintendence of so reverend and influential a person in an *infant and struggling colony*,"—"Infant and *struggling colony*," thought Dunlara, "I thought *it* was to be full-grown from the start!")—have *determined*, as soon as circumstances admit of *such* an arrangement, upon procuring the *appointment* of a bishop;" and he looked *hard* into the young man's face, as much as to *say*,—"There, what do you say to that?—that'll *catch* you, I guess, my boy."

"A bishop of the Church of England?" asked

which had rather staggered his orthodoxy of the provisional committee were so violently enamoured of England,

"Oh! certainly, a prelate of England," returned the secretary, "is the cathedral, a beautiful eleven-man-Gothic," added he, pointing upon which a handsome sea-coming metropolis of the colony, "dow before," and upon which a with a cross in the centre, designates the church; "there is the gaol piazza is the town-hall—that is for institute. This piece of ground into the heart of the city, is railway-terminus; there stands the—

"But," interrupted Dunlara, "upon paper; the corn has to

to be fed for the next two years,—where is the capital to come from that is to erect this city?"

"That, my lord," returned Mr. Landshark, magnificently, "is a mere matter of detail. All that can best be arranged on the spot by the people who are immediately concerned. All that we have to deal with here is the great principle whereby the colony is to support itself; that has to be developed here under a board of commissioners, who will be probably selected from the list of the provisional committee; perhaps I might be permitted to enroll your lordship's name among the members of the association, in which case—"

"Oh no, thank you," replied the young lord; "I really know nothing about it; I never meddle in those matters. Besides which, the meetings are always so early in the day, that I never could attend them."

"Two o'clock, my lord," interrupted the secretary.

"Yes, two o'clock, that would never suit me;

"All, my lord," answered
if there is any point requiring
shall be happy if I can be of
your lordship does not wish to
share in the enterprise, tender
not less than five hundred pounds
ten per cent. per annum, payable
will be received by the directors
ten till four."

"I thank you," said the Viscount
"it is some time since I have
as money to invest;" and took
honorary secretary of the British
Colonization Society, with all
schemes, without by any means
that he had found a happy
cousin Henry was to pass the
successful existence of his life.

CHAPTER XII.

"THIS will do, I suppose," thought Lord Dunlara, as he jumped into his cab. "There is *no* necessity for my taking the trouble of reading the prospectus,—it will keep the governor occupied until the Doctor comes. I wish to Heaven he was here already ; there is no danger of his shipping off Harry there, however, for nothing would induce him to go. Lucky it is that he has a little money left to carry on with for the present ; I'll just go and try if Waverton is at home, see what he thinks of it. Hi ! you infernal old fool !" and he pulled up sharp, avoid-

time of the day, without loss of right hand or the left. However, was not doomed then as a "reckless scion of the" "pampered lordling that trampled on the people," or whatever else the consequence of his indignant opinion would have christened him. The time was not come yet; she was a gentleman, whose appearance would have made a rioter a coroner's inquest and at once, for it was Walter Wa

"What are you doing with me? Where are you going? I was just going to see you."

"I am going home," said she, "I am glad I met you, for I want to see you."

old brute? Upon my soul, I believe there is something peculiar in the character of old women, that would almost lead one to suppose that when once they are past child-bearing, a politico-economical dispensation of Providence deprives them of the instinct of self-preservation."

"I think it is just probable," returned Waverton, laughing. "Certain it is, that let any man go to the most crowded thoroughfare in the fullest part of the town, at the busiest time of the day, where he will see omnibuses weighing tons that *cannot* be pulled up, racing along with a frightful recklessness of human life,—hack-cabs of every conceivable colour and form spinning away as if they were mad, ponderous drays rolling heavily over the clanging pavement,—pampered and almost unmanageable horses drawing the multiform carriages of the upper classes,—careless and mischievous boys rattling over the stones in butchers' and costermongers' carts,—horsemen, whose sharp eyes and ready hands are ever taxed to the utmost to look out

for themselves and their own safety from all manner of bodies in motion at all sorts of speed—a whirl and confusion that the brain reels before—a glancing and shifting that dazzles the eye—an overpowering clamour like the roar of the sea, that deafens the ear—and into the midst of all this tumult and danger, he will see, if he waits ten minutes or perhaps less, an old woman coolly and deliberately, apparently unconsciously, walk, looking all the time at her feet as abstractedly as if she was crossing a brook upon stepping-stones. That is not human nature; let any one under five-and-forty consult their own feelings, and they will see how repugnant to them is being run over by a bus, and carried into the nearest apothecary's by a policeman."

"I opine," quoth Lord Dunlara, "that that penchant for being run over is a very beautiful

" 'Edisti satis atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est.'

Possibly the 'potum largius æquo' may have something to say to it ; but I am nevertheless of opinion, that it is a practical admission that they are 'used up,' as brother Jonathan would say. They are everlastingly setting themselves on fire, too ; if there *is* an orange peel upon the flagway, they are sure to tread upon it ; they are dead hands at measled pork or fly-blown beef ; gluttons at Morrison's pills ; in short, they seem to think that it is hopeless attempting to face St. Peter without a certificate from the county coroner that they had not been a burden to the earth longer than they could help."

"In fact," said Waverton, "your view is, that it is a sort of western Sutteeism ; and the legislature should, in that case, enact that it should be legal for coroner's juries to return verdicts of 'anicide' which should be held tantamount to one of justifiable homicide, or accidental death ; and


the deodand (for they may just as well have a deodand upon it as upon most of the cases where it is levied) should go to the support of the lying-in-hospitals."

"I deny the justice of a deodand at all."

"Well," said Waverton, "we'll discuss that point when the bill's in committee. In the mean time, I have been about Harry's business; you know he has a great fancy for writing, and I think I have got him a start. There is a German work that they want translated quickly, and he ought to be able to do it well. I sent it down to him the other day to see what he thought of it; and now I have been to the publishers to see what they will give him."

"He is a good German, certainly," said Dunlara.

"He knows English well," rejoined Wa-



be very glad indeed to do it for ten pounds ; but his being the nephew of an Earl made it quite another matter ; the connexion was the great thing, that was what they wanted, so he gave the fifty at once. I must write to him about it to-night, and if he will really undertake it, and really do justice to it, it will be good practice for him, and a beginning at all events."

"Why, I have been busy about him this morning, too. What do you think? My father has got a plan into his head for shipping him off to Australia."

"Lord Innismore may save himself all trouble on the subject ; Henry has not the slightest ambition of being the King of the Cannibal Islands ; he'll not go upon any terms."

"No, I know that as well as you do ; but, nevertheless, his lordship's commands must be obeyed ; so I have just had an interview with the secretary, and am bringing him home the prospectus of the Borneo and Sumatra Self-supporting Colonization Society."

"Yes, I know that fellow Landshark has been at him already, offering him some sort of piratical employment, but it would not do ; then they wanted him to take sword and spear, and go out to conquer Spain, but that did not suit him either. However, I am glad to hear that Lord Innismore is mollifying towards him."

"Indeed, I am afraid there is no such luck," said Dunlara ; "my father is angrier with him than ever, since he found out that he was wrong about those debts he was so hot about at Lord Loosely's yesterday evening ; for he got a letter this morning from his lawyer, saying, that in reality, there was not one single farthing due, and that old Gripe and Co. had been trying to swindle him ; now he is fully resolved to get him out of the country, in whatever manner it may be done. There are your lodgings, are they not?"—and the two entered Waverton's abode.

A small, but well-stored book-case, a few maps hanging upon the wall, a pile of pale-blue volumes of gigantic dimensions and fearful

ponderosity of contents, a small table apart, with some very suspicious-looking ruled foolscap paper upon it, and portraits of Wilberforce and Sir Walter Scott, were all that distinguished Waverton's residence from the others that occupied that celibate district that is bounded on the north by Piccadilly, on the east by Regent Street, on the south by Pall Mall, and on the west by St. James' Street, that hospital for incurables, who can love nothing better than themselves, or half so well, for that matter. A few cards and notes lay upon the table. "Lady Burnley at home," read Waverton; "that will never do; she lives somewhere near Paddington."

"It is a tremendous way," said Dunlara; "we are going there all the same; my father wants to shew Mary as much as possible of the gay world."

"Oh! you are, are you?—well—once one is in the carriage, five minutes more or less makes very little difference.—What may this precious epistle be?"—

WILKINSON; OR,

DEAR MR. WILKINSON,

If you have no other engagement, will you
give us the pleasure of your company at dinner
on Friday next at half-past seven, very pre-
sently.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA PELICAN."

"I am sorry I cannot get it, then."

Very truly yours,

directly, and thereby exposed themselves to the counter enquiry 'Are you?' which might have been inconvenient then, but I suppose they will not mind it to-day."

"No," observed Dunlara, "not if their game is made;—how uncommonly hard those people do work for their pleasure."

"Yes, and the best of it is, that it is old Pelican himself that keeps them everlastingly committing all manner of absurdities. I like Mrs. Pelican very much; and the girls are as quiet, unpretending, lady-like girls, as any in London, particularly the third; but the old gentleman has never recovered being asked to dine with the king at Naples, in his regular turn, recollect; the Marechal or Chambellan, or whoever it was received him, addressed him as *Eccellenza*, and the honour completely turned his head. He was reasonable enough,—much like his neighbours,—before that unfortunate attention of royalty, four or five years ago, occurred; but he has gone quite court-mad

usual price for one of those eaters, that they inflict knighthood on Barnaby Pelican,'—it would find an invitation for you where

“No, they don't know the palace.”

“Oh yes they do! they'll hear of your cousin. By-the-by tell Harry about this translation; it's a beginning; and if he does a prodigy of an author, still doing nothing; it will keep him busy. I suppose he will accept the offer.”

“To be sure he will: I daresay he'll be writing like a steam-engine, though Harry does everything by fits and starts. He'll never marry, it will be by some means or other.”

nothing about it to my father, however ; there is no saying what view he might take of it ; he might think proper to say it was *infra dig.* ; vote him a bookseller's hack, or a penny-a-liner, or a printer's devil—hireling scribe would be about the mildest—it would probably put him out, now that he has got that antipodes scheme in his head. Well, I must be off. I suppose we meet at Lady Waterton's ?”

“ Yes. By-the-bye, are you going to Mrs. Van Amburgh's, next Tuesday ?”

“ No, I really cannot be bored ; one meets a great number of celebrities, certainly, all the lions in town ; and I believe it is a slow thing, not going ; but the fact is, that she hangs her pictures so low upon the walls that there is no place to lean against ;—so between that, and being expected every now-and-then to say a smart thing, the labour is intolerable. Good morning.”

PTER XIII

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t not honestly
an aristocracy
the plague, a
age, and
her nuisances

philosophers, in whose discriminating eyes a living oak is something because it is timber, and a blasted oak is nothing, because it is blasted; June they affirm is the reformed May, and appeal in proof of their allegation to the hygrometer, barometer, and thermometer, to gauge and measure the month, as an excise officer would; they would bring it to trial before a court metereological for insufficient temperature, convict it of cold evenings, and reduce it to the ranks for frosty nights. Alas! for persecuted May,—who shall defend her, who shall repel her assailants?—they are heavily armed in the armour of dulness, their heads are of lead, and their hearts are of stone, impenetrable, invulnerable, what man may drive them away? Hark! is that a voice raised in behalf of poor May?—listen, the birds are singing sweetly and cheerfully in the hedgerows; hark, to the flocks and the herds; the mother and her child are calling upon one another:—lo, a gentle breeze whispers among the branches, a rustling

of creation is very low and sweet. May has yet one friend, true, unchanged, and unchanged friend is NATURE.

Let the wise men of the age apply their marvellous fine words out of their heads to the application of mathematics to the spirit, and meteorology, and let them cast up the results, and apply them upon the figures. May is the month, yet, not because the mean temperature is high, not because the mean dew is high, not because the mean quantity of rain is high, but because

"All creatures now are men."

hope and promise, and regardless of almanacs ; the growling winter is rolled away, and the glad spring scatters its own gladness around, bountifully, without stint, or rule, or measure, over the teeming earth. That beautiful principle which the sages of yore, who sought for the being that ruled the universe without the guiding aid of revelation, elevated into a divinity—the principle of reproduction—arises from its chilly slumber of the winter, shakes off its icy fetters, and resumes its mighty work of gladdening the earth ; the human mind acknowledges the joyous impulse,—trees, plants, flowers, animals, everything that lives and grows, acquire a springing elasticity, that turns the country into a very paradise ; and no country in Europe, more than sylvan, rustic, wooded England, with its network of rural lanes and green hedges, in consequence of which, everybody that can afford it goes up to London at the beginning of the month.

Mr. Henry de Burgh, being a ruined man

pleasantly,—how, we shall see
away; June came as it does
year, and the old people and
custom complained bitterly
were not in, for in their
when George the Third was
had a dish of them on the
fourth of the month. The
must have turned radical with
rather with the court, for the
now ceased to attend upon the
but the suns of June are
better than ripening strawberries
weather for making love, and
the thirty fastest days of courts

“Those then sigh that never sighed

And those that always sighed now

enormous advantage this month; for the most obdurate beauty, be she as pitiless as a hyæna, may be kept tolerably civil by a judicious application of bouquets; one of the roads to a woman's heart is certainly strewed with flowers, and a conventional indulgence allows of their accepting them.

To the above-mentioned class, however, Mr. Henry de Burgh did not belong; his flirtations had been all in the exuberant gaiety of his heart—he had not heaved a sigh for the last three years, and that was on the occasion that his favourite hunter, who was so incurably vicious that he had to be shackled when he mounted, and for whom he had refused two hundred guineas the day before from his cousin William, *would* carry him into a gravel-pit, and having broken his near fore-leg like a reed, dislocated his off-shoulder, and scooped out an eye, that hung by a ligament from the socket, was obliged to be put to death on the spot; and even that sigh was hardly attributable so much to an inclination to sigh, as to the fact

nerves were probably a little the less, albeit so little given to mood, our hero had of late exhibited unquestionable symptoms of being in love.

A still, calm, balmy evening found him pacing with a hurried step up and down the little garden, sedulously employed in pulling the leaves of the flowers of jasmine to pieces, and applying them to his face with a most patient and accommodating hand, for he was talking to himself all the while, and he compressed his lips hard, nodding his head significantly, as much as to say, "I am in love." He drew himself up to his full height, and looked forth. A few minutes more he stood thus, employed, as he had been for the last hour, in walking with the Misses T.

decided disposition to cram herself down his throat; in futherance of which design, she had been cramming herself with divers learned works, relating to the ancient land of Germany,—for she had got an idea into her head, that Henry was half mad on that subject, ever since she had ascertained that he was engaged in the translation of a German work, an enterprise which to her, who felt the difficulty of dealing with a few detached words almost insurmountable, seemed to be something superhuman.

“Were you ever at Baden, Mr. de Burgh?” asked she, as he came up, making a desperate attempt to secure him for herself; “I have been reading such a delightful account of it, written so cleverly and so good-naturedly, and so full of charming quotations and anecdotes. I quite long to payer une visite to the place, and see the som-
nites aristocratiques and the *personages marquans*, with their *toilettes coquettishly nonchalantes*, sitting at their *mittag repast* at the *table d’hôte*, *par excellence*, and the charming princess, with

her *crin d'oro*;—but is not the gallope a terrible exposition! I am sure the rude grasp and *étroite liaison* would make me paler; but tell me, I was so puzzled by it, what is the post *midag* beverage the convives sip under the *orangende*?"

"Coffee, to be sure," answered Henry, as he turned sharply away; he had a job of his own on hand, and little patience with his tormentor, who looked at him with the languishing air of a sick turkey.

It was all in vain; even the pleasure of hearing her talk second-hand nonsense about the City of the Fountains, did not avail to detain him; he laboured under a disorder that would have bid defiance to all the mineral waters in Germany; the Sprudel of Carlsbad, the Ursprung of Baden, the Kreutzbrunnen of Marienbad, the gas baths of Eger, the mud baths of Franzensbad would have been equally inefficacious; it was not a case of liver, nor yet of gout,—it was an affection of the heart. In a few minutes he had

succeeded in withdrawing Arabella from the party ; in a few more, a turn in the lane in which they were strolling separated them more entirely, by placing them out of sight of one another. The lady cast her eyes nervously upon the ground as the gentleman looked anxiously towards her ; she had an instinctive prescience that a crisis was at hand. Henry threw a hurried and inquiring glance around, —not a soul was in sight ; the moment, the place, all was favourable. Arabella trembled violently,—she knew what was impending, the time was come ; with a desperate effort, “ Miss Johnson,” said Henry, “ ever since I have had the pleasure of knowing you” Reader, unhappy man, or unfortunate woman, as your case may be, you may breathe freely again ; in consideration of the patient endurance with which you have waded through so many chapters of this our humble history, we will not inflict this part of your sentence, the love-scene that followed, lest it prove tantalising, and it is

leniency for the future—the
vine in mercy.

When the parties came to
looked too like a winner to
to the result of his petition.
that stood by his side had n
What were the sneers of t
laughter of Crockford's, the p
the astonishment of Almack's,
of his uncle, to him? Love e
faculty; successful, triumphan
will say no more about it—
instance of clemency; suffic
Arabella, pale and agitated, i
communicate to her parents
day; whilst Henry, a brigh
cheek, a glittering of proud tr
hope and joy in his heart,

more astonished than gratified, by finding that her disposal in marriage had actually been the subject of discussion during her absence, though not exactly upon the footing that she could have wished. We have already made the reader aware of the affection which Mr. Hopewell cherished for Arabella, an affection which, perhaps, if anything, stimulated by the presence of a rival, silently and secretly ripened into a violent and absorbing passion. Feeling the inadequacy of his means to aspire to her hand, that excellent man had striven and wrestled with his hopeless passion, but in vain; he had been careful, as far as feelings such as his can be suppressed, not to suffer word, look, or gesture to escape him, whereby it might become known; he had even avoided her society of late, so little did he feel himself his own master in her presence; but still it gnawed and gnawed,—the trial was very bitter,—when an event occurred which brought it abruptly to a crisis.

The uncle, whose promised kindness in the

gentleman's meditations on
had been so severely attacked
who was the principal of a college
as Mrs. Johnson commercially
self,) wishing to see his nephew
some project he had respecting
in the church, had written to him
presence at Oxford, and Mr. H
been some days absent.

The young gentleman arrived
of the Isis in the evening, and
sitting in his study over the fire
asleep; and he could not help
tain drowsiness and heaviness
he did not recollect formerly
The old gentleman, however
kindly, roused himself, and put
him an account of his plans;

phew, that gentleman observed, when he had concluded his reply, that his uncle had dropped asleep again. It only lasted, however, for a minute or two, and awakening again, he continued their discourse; but happening to recollect in the course of it that he wanted a letter that was in a distant drawer to refer to some offer that had been made him, he rose to fetch it; but immediately sat down again, complaining of giddiness. Mr. Hopewell, under his directions, ferretted out the letter from a heap of others, and brought it to him; and he began to read:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I hasten to reply—”

“Had you ever a headache in the back of your head, Robert?”

“No, sir.”

“I have a most violent one just now; it is very disagreeable. ‘I hasten to reply;’” here he threw up his hand impatiently before his eyes.

“There seem to me to be a quantity of sparks

of the 18th ult. I believe
you what pleasure it would g
—pleasure it would give me
sure it—would—give—me—
cannot catch the next line—h
it yourself.” The nephew to
could not read without every
a hurried glance at his uncle
perused more than six or sev
observed that the old man was
chair in a state of stupor.
to him novel aspect of apop
well, hastily calling upon th
patched one for a surgeon, and
to bed as quickly as they coul
hot, his eyes bloodshot, his face
seemed hardly conscious of wh
about him; the medical man at

of the mind were observable, he should be immediately sent for. Hopewell watched that live-long night by the couch of his uncle; twice during the night the physician called, but it was manifest to his experienced eye the question was out of the reach of science, the disposal of it was at the will of that All-powerful Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and he warned Mr. Hopewell that the worst might be apprehended; the state of coma in which the sick man was plunged, held its ground with deadly pertinacity; the loss of sensation became more and more evident towards morning; and when the surgeon called about seven o'clock, he found that the painful duty devolved upon him of informing the mourning nephew that his uncle had not three hours to live—if the state in which he then lay could be called existence. The destroyer held steadily his cold and ghastly course; another hour brought the melancholy state of total insensibility, a cold clammy sweat overspread the limbs, the heavy breathing became slow and

the spirit of the good pr
eternity.

Upon Hopewell's circum
the event had an immediate
had little to leave, but what
nephew, and in his situation
difference. A valuable libra
linen, and a few, a very few
three-and-a-half per cents,
legatee's opinion, the additio
establishment; for the crotch
religious grounds had disap
mind—it is not necessary to
how; and that evening, a lette
announcing his immediate retu
setting forth the improvemen
stances, enlarging upon the int
for Arabella, and concluding

permission to assume the character of a suitor for her hand, little knowing, poor man, that her heart was already gone.

The best, and indeed only answer she could make to his letter was, to inform her parents of the interview that had just taken place between her and Henry de Burgh, disclaiming at the same time having ever given the curate the slightest encouragement, which indeed was strictly true. The whole affair was in no slight degree perplexing; for the decision of her parents about Henry's suit was not come to:—they looked into one another's faces, and found nothing there; poor Arabella was on thorns; when their uneasy meditations were suddenly disturbed by the return of a messenger from the post office, with two letters for Mr. Johnson. Two letters in one day was a rare event at Daffodil Lodge, but one of them attracted instant and respectful notice; a large, heavy, official letter, with "On His Majesty's Service" on the cover, "Horseguards" at the corner,

it brooked no delay ; the royal arms in the seal must not, however, be profanely broken, so it was carefully cut, and the gigantic envelope safely delivered of a long thick sheet of foolscap, and its contents instantly drove Arabella's love affairs out of everybody-else's head in the family, and almost out of her own ; for it was an intimation, that upon the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds, sterling money of the realm, being lodged at the proper quarter, Mr. Wellington Eldon Pitt Johnson would in due time be licensed to shoot, stab, or otherwise destroy, his fellow creatures, as an Ensign in the Hundredth Regiment of Foot.

The whole house was in a joyful confusion in a moment. Juliana ran to the army list, that had been purchased in anticipation ; the facings were green—how pretty ! The Hon. Sussex Hauton commanded the regiment—how aristocratic ! One of the majors was a Lord John, the youngest ensign a Baronet ; he might become intimate with Wellington—might come

home with him for the holidays, (which was the nearest approach their knowledge of military terms enabled them to make to expressing leave of absence,) and then there was no saying what might happen—where was the regiment quartered? There was a list of the stations of the divers corps that are only expected to garrison the globe at one shilling and a penny per man per diem, in the county paper, “the Kensworth Exterminator and Pantechnical Weekly Analysis of the Empire,”—it afforded the desired information, “Head-quarters, Dublin, dépôt—blank.”

This startled the fond mother, for she recollected a pickle-shop in the county-town, with “DEPOT DES COMESTIBLES,” in gilt letters over the door, which appeared to be French for hams and cheese; and she in her innocence imagined that the word dépôt related to some store or magazine, whence the Hundreth were to derive their subsistence.

“Dear me, have they no dépôt?—they’ll starve,” said she.

"No, no," said the young ensign, in a dignified and military manner; "the *depôt* means the reserve of a regiment,—the Hundreth are all together, they have no reserve."

Mrs. Johnson never imagined they had; she had heard and seen a good deal of military frankness, and military impudence, too, in her younger days; and the reserve of a regiment of infantry was an unknown quantity, a paradox too monstrous to have occurred to her. She judged it expedient, however, to investigate her first-born's blushing honours no farther in that branch of the subject, but turned to the bright side:—to be quartered in Dublin—he would become acquainted with all the aristocracy of Ireland,—he would be on the most intimate terms with all manner of fine people—perhaps attract the Lord Lieutenant's notice, and be made one of his aide-de-camps—ride about with him, and stand behind him at the theatre, and answer his bell, and enjoy all those sorts of privileges—perhaps marry an heiress, and get into parliament, and—here their mili-

tary transports were checked, for at this crisis the naval transports arose, looming uncommonly large in the haze, before the eyes of the fond mother; vessels of wrath,—flying Dutchmen,—~~as~~ serpents. She bethought herself, that he might be sent to Jamaica for the benefit of the land crabs, or to Bengal for the use of the tigers; there were lions on the sandy plains of the Cape, and elephants in the cocoa-nut forests of Ceylon; there were alligators in the Hoogly, and sharks in Port Royal; America was one huge nursery of rattle-snakes, and India owed its very existence from day to day to the due supply of calomel and opium. She shuddered at the fearful ubiquity of the colonies—he might be sentenced to transportation to New South Wales, on conviction of being next for detachment; he might be frozen blue in Canada, or roasted brown in the West Indies, or burnt black by an African sun at Sierra Leone, or “biled” yellow by an oriental climate, at some place ending in *ore* or *poor*—such are the

were becoming
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appearance, mi
e compliment
o doubt about

nful duty has
you of the lam
late Edward
and Chinglep
Madras, which

have farther the pleasure to notify to you, that in accordance with his last will, dated the 12th of April, and witnessed by the Captain and first officer of the ship, you are left his sole heir and executor; and with our best congratulations upon the accession to your income, we append a description of the property which the lamented gentleman left behind, together with a table of the annual revenue arising therefrom, and have the honour to be,

“Sir,

“Your most obedient, humble servants,

“PENNEFATHER and MARTIN,

“Solicitors, London.

“James Johnson, Esq.”

“Poor Edward,” said Mr. Johnson; “I have not seen or heard of him this five-and-twenty years; I should have liked to have seen him before he died, nevertheless—well, I do not suppose he made much money;” and he turned the page to look at the appended sche-

with a cannon in the back ground. Tandems, buggies, hunters, chargers, moustaches, a commission in the dragoons, whirled rapidly through the brain of the young officer; whilst Arabella shed tears of joy, that it was not a portionless village maiden that she brought to her Henry.

Four creatures, she was doomed to a bitter disappointment. Scarcely had the first excitement subsided, that the unexpected change in their circumstances had produced, when Mrs. Johnson, turning to her spouse, said, "Of course, my dear, Arabella must think no more now of either of those gentlemen; persons in our present situation in life must be careful not to demean themselves by such unequal matches."

Arabella stood aghast at this declaration; Mr. Johnson did not seem entirely convinced, however conclusive the arguments were in the mind of his better-half. "I do not know," said he, thoughtfully; "it does not seem to me to be such an unequal match. Mr. do

Burgh is, I believe, of good family ; if he is poor, that only makes it the more fortunate that we have become so rich."

"Oh, well, now I do beg that I may have my own way this once ; I do insist, that it is an unequal match," said Mrs. Johnson, not precisely aware how literally true what she was saying was, though not exactly in the sense she intended it ; "a most unequal match. I will not give my consent to Arabella's throwing herself away,—I positively will not hear of it."

"Well, my love, just as you please," said Mr. Johnson, with a pitying glance at Arabella ; he appeared not to have escaped the turning of the head that was at that moment universal in the family, and poor Arabella heard with a sinking heart that the unexpected good fortune which brought such unbounded happiness to the rest, was to be but the cause of the deepest misery to her. She retired to the solitude of her chamber and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ You really had a very pretty little bit of a

embarrassment, "I did think when I returned, that we have been a long time away; but Mr. Waverton said he was not going to dance, and that we were very well where we were; he seemed not to want to go back into the ball-room, and I was almost sorry when Lord James came to ask me to dance. Mr. Waverton was just telling me about his projects for the autumn. He is thinking of going into Norway,—it would be such an interesting tour."

"Oh yes, very," returned the elder lady; "I see it *is* very interesting; you need not blush, my dear. I assure you I admire your taste extremely; he certainly is in every respect one of the best men about town, and I am the very best of chaperons, am I not?"

"Indeed, my dear Lady Loosely, you are a pattern of chaperons," replied the young lady, laughing, but nevertheless steering clear of her friend's real meaning, "to have waited so patiently to the very end. I saw the Lancasters going away exactly at two, and the look poor

we talked about were Mr.
and some of the last new ne
and he told me about a plac
forget the name of it, to wh
try and persuade you to ma

“ Was it Richmond ?”

“ No.”

“ Greenwich ?”

“ No, that was not the na
it was on the river at all.
such pretty walks and a laby
arrows, and gipsies, and a spa

“ Oh ! the Beulah spa ;
Well, my love, we must see
party to it. Next week per
soon enough ? Really I am q

"Well, I'm sure," insisted Mary, "I know nothing about it; Mr. Waverton never made any pretty speeches to me; if anybody has conquered him, it must be that long, thin Lady Frances Lackman he was talking to so long; he told me she had four thousand a year; she looks as if she knew it, too."

"Oh! what innocent creatures we are; we know nothing about it, no, nothing at all; but by the way, my love, I must give you a friendly warning—not that I mean it to be applied to Mr. Waverton, that is quite another matter; but with respect to your partners in general, and that is, to be very cautious how you remain any length of time with them after the dance is over, unless you are quite certain that it is their wish; for they have an ill-natured trick of christening the young ladies that do so, 'Adhesives,' and that is utter ruin; men will not look at a girl to whom that nickname has been once attached."

"Dear me, what a dreadful nickname! I am

so glad you told me of it, for I should never have thought of it so long as I was amused. I must make Mr. Waverton an apology this evening. He dines at the Gardens' too."

"Oh! he does—does he?—and you propose sitting next to him at dinner, do you? It is a very pretty arrangement."

"Now really, Lady Loosely, you are getting quite spiteful. What do you quiz me so unmercifully about Mr. Waverton for? I am sure it is very natural I should see a great deal of him, he is such a friend of Henry's; indeed I shall soon be jealous of him, for Henry writes much oftener to him than he does to me. Poor Harry, I wish he was here."

"I dare say you do, my love," said the other; "if he was, you might be riding over there with a friend of your own, instead of being cooped up in a carriage with a friend of your mother's. I think I can see a black horse there too, with somebody on its back that I have seen before. Can you, my dear?"

"For shame; no, I cannot. What a crowd there is!—half the ladies in London seem to have taken to riding."

"Yes," said Lady Loosely, reflectively; "it has been found by experience, that sending the girls out riding is a better and cheaper way of getting them married than giving balls or dinners. A ball, on the smallest scale, costs a hundred and twenty pounds at the very least, and generally more. Ours cost near three hundred, and even then, to make it really tell, we ought to have a second in reserve. It makes enemies besides. It is impossible to ask everybody, especially one's country neighbours, whom one *must* leave out, the greater part of them at least, and then they become furious,—they make common cause too, they are so tiresome. Dinners are ruinous; ours cost from five-and-thirty to forty pounds each, and I'll answer for it, nobody keeps their bills under better than I do. That champagne of ours, which is the best that can be got, costs us next to nothing;

for Lord Loosely has an order from the Duc *de* Montebello for two six-dozen cases of the *first* quality every year at wine-merchant's prices, and he sells what he does not want at six guineas a dozen, so the profit upon that covers a great part of the expense; and we make our venison pay itself too, so that nothing can be more cheaply done than ours. Then the worst of dinners-giving is, that one cannot choose one's guests,—it is all give and take; one must pay one's debts, and the dinner-giving set are not always the most delightful people in the world. Many of them are dreadful bores, and only give dinners because nobody would take any notice of them if they did not. Besides, it is heart-breaking to ask a young lord that one wants for one's daughters, and have to send him down with a dowager countess; the members of parliament, too, are sure to disappoint one except on Saturdays, and then one loses the opera. Now you see, the horse costs five-and-twenty or thirty pounds at the utmost for the time it is at

livery in town, and nothing at all in the country. The girls can go out and ride, and meet everybody; it gives them a fair chance, and something more, if they have good figures, and sit well; besides, they always get into better spirits and better humour when they are on horseback. They are not distracted by the music, as they are at balls, or speculating upon their next partner, or their friend's dresses; they attend to what's said to them, and that pleases the gentlemen; and once the favoured swain has got his horse up to the lady's side, he can keep possession. Besides, nobody can watch them, or listen to what they are talking about, which I must warn you is a very common trick at balls in this wicked town. Whenever you observe any one standing close to you, and carefully avoiding looking at you, you may be sure she is listening to what you are saying. Then if the season ends without results, down goes the horse into the country, is still as effective as ever there; it has made no enemies, as the

hall would have done. Quiet country rides open the heart amazingly. Everybody is allowed to talk about the autumnal tints in the woods as much as they please without being considered a bore; and in winter they may go and see the hounds throw off, and perhaps get somebody to ride over them, which I believe never fails. They must take good care though not to attempt to follow the chase; that is a high crime and misdemeanor in the eyes of the foxhunting gentlemen; they give so much trouble at the fences, and the master is not quite at his ease—he does not like swearing before them; so you see, my dear Mary, the side-saddle and habit works well in town and country, and has been found very effective.”

“Dear me,” said Mary; and it was not without some mental exertion she mustered up so sensible and safe an answer to her friend’s treatise upon horsemanship; for she could not, for the life of her, make out whether it was to

be considered as a piece of grave humour, or a lively essay upon men and manners.

"I am really quite ashamed of myself, Lady Loosely," said a bright, joyous-looking girl, riding up to the side of the carriage; "I am come as a beggar again, to ask you to do me such a favour!"

"You need not be frightened, my dear Lady Harriet; I think I can guess what it is,—to chaperone you to the Duchess's this evening, is not that it?"

"Why, if you would be so very kind; mamma has such a dreadful cold, and I am really afraid to ask Lady Bradshawe again; she looked so dreadfully bored when I last went out with her, and looked so miserable and fidgetty every time I did not dance."

"You'll not bore me in the least, I assure you," answered the good-natured lady; "particularly if you behave as well as my little pet here; she affords me a great deal of entertainment."

"Oh! I'll promise to be very good, and *not* so much as look cross when you are ready to go; but what does she do?"

"Ask her."

"Well, I declare," said Mary, "I cannot discover what Lady Loosely means. Is she not very spiteful?—positively I think I shall quarrel with her."

"No, no!" said her ladyship, with a good-humoured laugh; "you cannot afford to quarrel with such a chaperon as me, there is not such another to be found in London:" a eulogium upon herself, in which her fair hearers abundantly concurred, her practice being to turn her charge adrift the moment she could find a seat for herself, with strict directions not, if they could help it, to come near her again till daylight.

"I shall call for you at half-past eleven, Lady Harriet," said she; "and you need not have your horses out, for Lord Dunlara and Miss de Burgh and I are all going together;

and we are to have Lord Innismore's family-coach, which I verily believe was built to carry six, if not eight."

"Thank you very much, dear Lady Loosely," answered the young lady, and cantered off, her mind considerably relieved at having got that business over; for however certain one may be of having one's request granted, the moment before preferring it is something like the preparing to pull the string of a shower-bath.

"I like having Lady Harriet de Vere with me," said Lady Loosely, as she rode away; "she is such a good, honest, open-hearted girl, and seems to enjoy herself so thoroughly, it is a pleasure doing any thing for her,—one feels that it is not thrown away. The old Marquis was offered a dukedom the other day, but he refused; he said, the Tories called him a waverer, because he would insist upon exercising an independent judgment of his own as a law-maker; but he was not to be bought or sold; nevertheless, the Whigs must manage to get on without

him as they best could. I wish he had taken it; I should have indulged myself in the pleasure of making up a dinner for the express purpose of sending her out before that pompous, stupid, Lady de Brett, who has actually ordered a set of stockings with her countess's coronet woven in the foot. Did you observe that man who has just passed with cotton gloves?"

"Yes; is he not a very odd-looking person?"

"That man is the son of a Manchester manufacturer, who died about five years ago, leaving him some money; and he came up to town a vulgar, low-lived, low-born animal, driving a sort of red-wheeled phaeton; nobody knew anything about him, but he had a great desire to get into good society; this of course he never could have accomplished, if he had not one night encountered at some of those horrid gambling houses, poor George Seaton, who knew everybody; and being well aware who he was, scraped up an acquaintance with him, by

lending him two or three hundred pounds, with, I believe, though George never would acknowledge it, an implied, if not direct condition, that he should introduce him into society, it being understood, I suppose, that that was to cancel the debt. Poor George, (I never shall forget his telling me the story—it was only the day before his dreadful death,) took the money, went on playing, won back his losses, and carried home with him upwards of eight hundred pounds. He declared that the next morning, before he got up, he lay tossing and tumbling for a couple of hours, trying to make up his mind to repay this man his money, and have done with him; as to taking him about as his friend, and introducing him, that was quite out of the question; but paying him back his three hundred pounds was not to be thought of either; so after long consideration, he at last decided what he should do. He went to this Mr. Jorrocks, as the cotton-lord was called, and professing to take the greatest possible interest in his projects, said,—

‘ You see, my dear fellow, I should be delighted to be of any service to you, and I hope I shall be able to be so ; but there is a right and a wrong way of doing things :—now if I were publicly to endeavour to push you forward, this is such a scandalous place, that everybody would say that I was only doing it to help me to fleece you, which you know would not put either of us in a particularly favourable light ; you would not like to be thought a dupe.’ ‘ No, no,’ said Mr. Jorrocks, ‘ sharp’s the word, I’m up to trap ;’ I recollect the expression particularly. ‘ No, of course not,’ continued George ; ‘ people would fight shy of you then,—but I’ll put you in the way of managing it. In the first place, I’ll get you the next subscription for Almack’s, that will be three balls ; you must not tell anybody that I got them for you ; and to-morrow night, which is the first, I’ll introduce you to Mr. Rabbit, who has five or six, I believe seven, I forget how many daughters, but that does not matter ; there will be three or four of them there, and

you must dance a turn with each of them ;—can you waltz ?' ' Yes,' he said, ' he could.' ' Then that will just do ; a waltz and a quadrille with each,—unless they ask you for more, in which case you must not look astonished,—you must treat it as a matter of course, as if you were quite accustomed to be asked to dance by girls ; take care to take the old lady into the tea-room in the course of the evening, and talk big about buying a yacht ; they live near Lymington ; say that you have not patience to build, you are looking out for one all ready found ;' here the poor man interrupted him,—he did not exactly understand why he was to look out for a thing that was found already. George explained what ' found' meant, and recommending him, en passant, to go backwards and forwards in a Gravesend steamer, till he knew something of navigation, continued : ' You'll soon get upon good terms with them ; they'll take you to other balls ; and whenever you have nothing else to do, go and stand by the lady of the house, she'll be sure to ask you to dance

may not fail to recollect you. you, do not mind that ; go up taking care to address them that they may be satisfied th take of yours. Well, you yourself acquainted with the the carriages named in this l you meet one of them, the m passed, pull off your hat in a you had forgotten to bow to t you must take care to be w dress your groom in an Oxfo a broad leather belt round h be on a thorough-bred—you g for about thirty pounds. I th be inclined to recommend

to some of them. You'll find this system will answer if it is steadily pursued, and whenever you want my assistance, if it can be afforded without compromising the success of your plan, which depends very much upon my not appearing in it, you know you may always command it.' Here he took out a gigantic pocket-book, a thing that he used to carry fish-hooks and flies in; 'As to the accommodation you were so good as to afford me last night, I shall now, with many thanks,'—'Oh, my dear sir,' said Jerrocks, 'no need to be in such a hurry; any time that it suits your convenience,—pray say no more about it;' and George did not, he put up the pocket-book, and, I believe, got a great deal more money from him from time to time. Well, this man did exactly as he was told. George introduced him to Mrs. Rabbit, and swore that he was the head of one of the most ancient families in Lancashire, that his fortune was immense, that his manners were uncouth only because he had been mewed up all the

and everybody thought he was a
Mrs. Rabbit took him about to
him as if he was a second Gold
as he had got up a sufficient
among the men, he gave dinner
don, and then he found that
George kept his counsel, for
money; I believe he bled him
and by the time the thing was
established himself regularly in
body said it was a capital joke
humour about him, and a way of
things, that amused people, so
as much to be seen in the world
bours; he has been flirting now
Lady Fanny Fitzfarthingless,
believe that she is in such a

short time, and the melancholy that overspread her features told that the absurd history of Mr. Jorrocks creeping into the world of fashion through the backs of the carriages had awakened other and sadder recollections. George Seaton was her nephew, a wild, thoughtless, dissipated young man, but universally popular, whose melancholy fate had excited an unusual interest in the circle in which he moved ; it went home to their hearts, for the bolt struck close to their own doors ; it was death and sin carrying off their victim from the very midst of the revellers. "Poor George," continued she, in a subdued tone. "I remember the whole story word for word, as if it were yesterday, it made such an impression upon me, in connection with what followed ; he told it to me when he was on the way to this Mr. Jorrock's lodgings to borrow some more money from him ; his manner struck me as being odd and reckless, and he made me a present of a seal, which I thought at the time had the motto, 'Remember me,' on it, but I cannot

looked at it and found it was

“ ‘Ora pro re

“ Well, he went to this man for a hundred pounds from him, to believe, of getting him in, that was the capital upon which he lost four times the last time; he lost four times—he was already everywhere, not a farthing in the world by himself—this was about five years—and when Sir Thomas More, his most intimate friend, had run out of scrapes, though he was a younger man—they lived in town, and returned home, (he had been in the House of Commons,) he found his dressing-table, a small p

the lady's voice faltered, "it is a fearful ending for those we love. Sir Thomas at once suspected that some terrible calamity was at hand, and he hurried immediately to the other room; all was quiet, he hoped he was yet in time, when he grasped the handle of the door; but no, it was too late,—it grated in the lock as he turned it, and at the same instant he heard the report of a pistol,—it was too dreadful."

Lady Loosely stooped forward for a moment, as if to consult her watch, but evidently to hide her face from her companion.

"How very shocking!" said Mary; "it makes me shudder to think of such a horrible tragedy. Do—all—gentlemen—play—in—that reckless manner?"

"No, my dear," said her companion, herself again, and smiling significantly; "not all; Mr. Waverton does not play at all.—Drive to Lord Inismore's."

CHAPTER XV.

It was early on a bright sunshiny morning, that a youth and maiden stood by a stile that parted the fields of Henry de Burgh's landlord from the lane that led to the farm-house, and looked mournfully at one another. It was Henry and Arabella ;—she had met him to communicate to him the sad, the heart-crushing intelligence, that their lot was thenceforth to be separate. Both were now silent :—disappointed affection tortured the heart of the lover, nor was offended pride absent from his breast.

“ Here,” thought he, in the first ebullition of

his sorrow, not unmixed with anger,—“here is the bitter fruit of my reckless extravagance; even that wretched income that I had formerly, that I thought was barely sufficient to support me as a single man, would have made me an object in the eyes of these people—would have ensured me the happiness of possessing this treasure—this pearl beyond price;—by Heavens! I will possess it, though, in spite of all the silly mothers in Christendom—I *will*—I cannot persuade myself that they will positively and finally refuse their consent; the fact is, they are dazzled by this sudden accession of fortune—no wonder;—but I can already see that it will bring them nothing but disappointment—bitter disappointment, too, to people of their restless ambition;—they’ll soon find out that all is not gold that glitters—there will be another story to tell in the autumn,—it’s a long way off, though.” (It was an age for a lover—three months.)

Whilst these thoughts were passing in his mind, the poor girl stood silent, pale, and mo-

timid—~~timid~~—a tear was in her eye,—she tried once to speak, but her utterance was choked.

“I will not despair,” said Henry, aloud, taking her unresisting hand. “At all events, I shall not lose hope, until I have seen your father myself: there never was anything in his manner towards me, that might induce me to suppose he could have any objection to the match.”

“He has not,” sobbed Arabella; “but my mother was so elated by the prospect of going up to London, and living with all the great people there, that she thinks that nothing is near good enough for us now; and when I begged and prayed my father, last night, not to break my heart, he said that he had been talking to her about it, and that he never had seen her so resolute upon any point before; in fact, he thought she would have gone into hysterics;—I dare not tell you what she said of you, when I said you belonged to one of the first families in the kingdom.”

“D—n her!” thought Henry, nothing but a

most violent effort of self-control preventing his easing his mind by saying it aloud, which would hardly have been a suitable observation to make, considering whom it would have been addressed to. "I cannot understand," said he, "why, if she is so fond of the peerage, she cannot be content with one of the oldest Earl's families."

"That was what provoked me so," returned Arabella; "she would not believe me when I told her so; she said she was sure that you could not be what you call yourself, or you would have much grander notions."

Henry de Burgh, in the midst of his misery, could not help smiling at the good lady's ideas of the necessary finery of a gentleman's ideas.

"Dearest," he said, "do you really and truly love me, as I love you?"

"I do, indeed, Henry," was the answer; "you know I do,—I would rather die than leave you,—I shall die, I think—I cannot go up to that horrid London—would to God, I were in my grave!—what on earth shall I do?—Henry, do

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a wickedness !—

As she made no attempt to remove the offending arm, however, Henry did not think it necessary to yield to her scruples, and the arm remained. "Dearest," murmured he, "your parents are unreasonable; why should your life be made miserable because your mother is ambitious?—make me happy at once—say you will go—we might be off tomorrow morning, and they will never catch us."

If a hard struggle now took place in the passion-tossed mind of Arabella, it is not very wonderful, nor very blameable—it was human nature; but sound principles had taken root in her character, as in a congenial soil, and she successfully resisted the fearful temptation.

"No," said she, "not even for you, Henry, would I do what I know I should be ashamed of for the rest of my life; you know how very wrong it would be—for heaven's sake, press me no more; but do go and speak to my father yourself—there, I must go now."

Henry stood for a moment in deep and earn-

deepened, strengthened by
duct. "This is the woman
he, "who can thus defy tem
right of me to put it in her
beautiful she looks!" He did
parting, judging it a better
out asking; it was not re
parted sad and sorrowing, but
hopeless.

While this interview was
matter in question was being
at Daffodil Lodge. Mr. Job
gree moved by Arabella's
though unwilling to cloud his
of her newly-acquired good
manifestly half turned her
her wishes upon a point up
obviously set her heart, had

brought a swarm of hornets about his ears, and single-handed had to maintain a strife of words against three women; for Miss Amelia Irving had joined the party, (they may talk of Leonidas and Thermopylæ, but this—). Mrs. Johnson was resolved that it should not be, for divers good reasons of her own, one of which was, that she was reluctantly compelled to admit to herself, that Arabella's beauty greatly exceeded her sister's, and upon their personal charms she was cunning enough to depend for attracting young men about her, in their approaching London campaign;—for they had already resolved on making their debut in the world of fashion, as soon as a house could be procured; besides which, as has been already alluded to, she had very indistinct ideas of Henry's real position in the country; for though at that moment he was apparently poor and broken down, still, there was really no doubt but that sooner or later his family interest must tell, and that he would be somehow or other properly provided for. She

quiet, good-humoured young
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upon coming to his title,—an
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except his brother, who would probably have been amply provided for in his father's will, would have rather astonished Mrs. Johnson. That our hero was some poor cousin of the family, she believed might be true, and to say truth, Mr. Johnson himself rather inclined to that opinion, for excepting in his communications to Arabella Henry had been carefully silent on the subject of his family; and the rapidity with which his acceptance by the young lady and rejection by her parents had succeeded one another, had prevented his having an opportunity of convincing them on the subject. Visions of coming splendor and coming fashion, that never could be realised, dazzled Mrs. Johnson's eyes; near seven thousand a-year seemed to be an inexhaustible mine of wealth, that placed her upon the summit of all earthly greatness, and titled daughters at that moment were the objects of her aspirations. Juliana was actuated by the motive that usually governed her ideas and actions—jealousy; she would have been furious

many-tongued muse of Kensington. Johnson had taken in to her court any allies upon any terms, for that the matter was not yet that silly, malevolent rejection of happiness, from motives so painful as the affair was to her. Principally concerned, they would air of ridicule over the whole; anybody have suspected them; opposed the match—for she was man for herself.

“I wonder you can porter mesalliance for Arabella, Mr. she; “an élève, too, a young should think of nothing but eld that was not de la première nais so poor as he is: nobody but un-

have a right to expect that our daughters should marry baronets," said Mrs. Johnson, "or at all events, knights, or at least honourable misters;" and she looked with conscious dignity at Juliana, who thought so too.

"I dare say," said that young lady, "that Arabella will soon forget Mr. de Burgh when we get up to London, she has such a talent for courtships; she'll soon hook another suitor."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Irving, "it is very true; she is quite a *pecheresse des hommes*; you may depend upon it, my dear Mrs. Johnson, that she will marry a *grosse partie*."

"I am sure it that will not be her fault, if she does not," kindly remarked the sisterly Juliana, "though I do not know how she is to exhibit her charity in London; I suppose she cannot go about visiting sick beggarwomen there?"

"Indeed," said the mother, "I shall not suffer her to demean herself in that manner any more; the poor are abundantly provided for in

and other charitable institutions for the poor people, and I shall not suffer myself to be a parish overseer of herself."

"Bless me," interrupted Mr. Johnson, "she is, I declare, wandering all day by herself, enveloped in her own thoughts; really, Mrs. Johnson, do not allow her to 'chew the cud of her own fancy' in that manner,—she will grow morose and sentimental, quite a misanthrope."

Mr. Johnson, who, with a certain regularity, had let the flood of his thoughts flow on, unchecked and unheeded, now rose from his seat and approached the window. He gazed out at the sight that might well move a father's heart, and he felt that the sorrows of his daughter,

his own Arabella sauntered slowly and mournfully through the little shrubbery, hardly raising her heavy eyes from the ground, shewing no trace of colour in her pallid cheek, a living image of sadness without—and what were the thoughts within? Was it not true that her heart was breaking?—and for what was all this misery and desolateness to cloud the youth, and perhaps abridge the days of his best beloved? Why was that pure, that good being, in whom he had never discovered a fault, to be condemned to a punishment so severe, that the reason often gives way before it, the pangs of disappointed love? and that too at a moment when their increased means enabled him, if he so pleased, to indulge himself in the happiness of seeing his favourite daughter happy? Was this all to be undergone to gratify the silly vanity of a silly woman, which, moreover, his experience of the world told him would surely be disappointed? His eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon Arabella; there was a slight compression in his lips, such

compassionate expression with
upon the poor girl, and did
it'; Miss Irving observed it
foreboding, when, at this in
peared at the door. This
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a page, had provided with
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"Hard heart
Her charitable vanity

and he now appeared "gen
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of gilt buttons; his nether ma
boy, encased in palish-blue
broad white stripe down the

would divert the current of her spouse's thoughts; she little knew, good easy woman, what was to come next.

"Please sir, Mr. de Burgh wants to see you."

"Oh, I'll see him!" exclaimed she, hastily jumping up; "those sort of matters are always best managed by ladies."

"No!" said Mr. Johnson, in a tone that made her sit down again as if she had been shot, and he left the room.

An uneasy interval followed; nobody was willing to break the silence, yet everybody felt that something particular was likely to happen;—five minutes passed, the gentleman returned not—ten minutes, the interview was still prolonged—fifteen, they seemed like hours. Juliana looked anxiously at her mother; Miss Irving looked nervously at the glass. "Here's a pretty to do," thought Mrs. Johnson; "this is out of the frying-pan into the fire; what if he talks Johnson over!—Lord! if once he takes a thing

tain—it is so aggravating.”

“There they are, going to the shrubbery!” suddenly shrieked Amelia, in a tone resembling a pea-fowl, and the three crowded to the window. It was true enough; the gentlemen were, a more portly set than ever astrologer dreamed of, and together, in the direction of the garden, where Isabella stood, attempting, apparently, to pick a rose, and without knowing what she was doing, to detach a rose-bud from a bush. The shrubbery turned towards them; and the soft, murmuring footsteps, deadened by the turf, failed to excite her attention. The day and her lover drew nigh. The crowd, huddled together, and eager to see the scene, held their breath.

momentarily to be expected; varied emotions, none very creditable, were at work in their breasts—baffled ambition, gnawing jealousy, disappointed vanity, were at their hideous work;—the manœuvring mother, the unnatural sister, the superannuated flirt, had each their proper tormentor, and had richly earned it;—a few steps more—the poor girl turned suddenly round—her eye lighted—her countenance brightened up—she sprang hastily forwards; and the start of glad surprise with which she flung her arms round her father's neck, left no doubt as to the nature of the communication he had made her.

CHAPTER X

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other side of which a tiny amphitheatre displayed the contrasted richness of a mass of roses as close as they could stand; an old-fashioned avenue of yew trees, so thick as almost to bid defiance alike to the summer's heat and winter's rain, led from the house in the direction of the church; and in a small but prettily arranged and neatly-furnished room, sat the family party at breakfast. It consisted of Mr. Howard, his wife, the eldest daughter, Emily—a good-tempered and intelligent girl of eighteen, and the second, Fanny, who had just completed her seventeenth year. The glass door that led into the pleasure grounds was open; for even in this country the fresh air of a June morning is sometimes worth having, and the party was listening with some degree of interest to the following letter, that Emily had received that morning from Mary de Burgh.

"MY DEAR EMILY,

"Now that I have been long enough in

much disappointed. We have
in Grosvenor Square, and I have
grand balls, and twice to the
drawing-room; and I drive
every day, sometimes with me
with Lady Loosely, who was
my poor mother's, but often
does not amuse me in the least
quietly settled at Ganton again
very fine, and there are very
and very gentleman-like men
use to me, for I know hardly
you cannot conceive how soli
lara has introduced some of
and I sometimes hear Lady I
rally chaperones me, ask go
with me, which I dislike e
often say that they are con

to do it, but she only laughed, and said that the world did it, and that I should get no ners at all if she did not. I am sure I uld prefer that ; for it often happens that r I have been introduced to a gentleman, y likely I do not see him again for such a e that he has forgotten me, or I have for- ten him, which is very disagreeable. I see a nber of very nice girls, too, but have made friendships with any of them ; they all seem occupied with something or other of their n, that they have no time to bestow upon a or stranger like me. It is so disagreeable eling oneself a perfect nobody, and I do think ere are no such things as friends in London. am a close prisoner besides, and cannot stir ut without the carriage. It is such a loss to ne poor Harry not being here ; and I sit in the drawing-room, full of fine things, receiving visits from numbers of fine people, and think of the delicious rides and walks you and I used to have together, dear Emily, at Ganton. The

only person that seems to care whether I am dead or alive, is a Mr. Waverton, and that is only because he is a great friend of Harry's. However, I am always delighted to see him, for he generally brings me good news ; he says that Harry is getting perfectly reconciled to the little out-of-the-way village he is living in, and that he is translating a German book, and is to become an author himself, though I am sure I never should have thought of that, and he encourages me always to hope for the best. I am really in very low spirits about him, for my uncle will not hear his name mentioned before him, and he has taken such a dislike to Mr. Waverton, that he will hardly be commonly civil to him, though Dunlara says that nobody is more highly spoken of everywhere. I am sure he is very clever and good, and he is so gentle and respectful in his manner, that it is quite a pleasure to speak to him. He is in parliament, and is expected to make his first speech soon. I shall be so curious to read it.

I am going to a grand ball to-night, which ought to be very beautiful, for Dunlara tells me there will be five thousand pounds' worth of flowers about the house ; it seems such an astonishing quantity. Good bye, dearest Emily. Believe me, ever your attached friend,

“ MARY DE BURGH.”

“ Well,” said Emily, as she folded up the letter, “ who would have thought of Mary's writing in such low spirits after she had been a month in London ? I thought that it was a sort of fairy land.”

“ I am afraid those sort of disappointments are not uncommon,” observed her mother. “ I recollect, well, the first and indeed the only year that I ever was in London, I never enjoyed myself thoroughly. There was a great deal to interest me, too, for it was the year the allied sovereigns were there ; and there was such a crowd of foreign officers, that London seemed turned into a German or Russian city, and there was an im-

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out her brother.
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once he has taken
the village where
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north! I know th
the coast. Yes

I last saw him, two years ago. I remember he took a double first; but they said he overread himself, and was obliged to be supported through the examination with strong stimulant medicines. I think his name was Hopewell."

"Hopewell!" said Mrs. Howard, "why that is the name of the gentleman who wants to exchange with Mr. Jones; he says the sea air does not agree with him."

"I heard nothing about it," returned Mr. Howard, somewhat astonished; "I did not even know that Mr. Jones thought of—why, here comes our worthy friend the doctor; I wonder how he gets on without his noble patron. Well, doctor, how goes the world with you?—how is Mrs. Higgins?"

"Pretty well, thank you," returned the doctor, evidently bursting with the importance of a recent communication from the Jupiter of his thoughts; "pretty well, thank you, but in great distress, poor thing; for I received last night, by the day mail, a summons to attend his

long, though it is very flatt

“Oh, so you have heard
more last night—does he
Henry?”

“Not a word; here’s the
is rather short in his style,
the doctor, producing the f
tion, which ran thus.

“DEAR DOCTOR,

“NOBODY here unde
tion, so you must come u
besides, I cannot be bor
letters I receive on busines
will find lodgings ready
Audley Street, close to us.

“Y

"And when do you go, doctor?" instinctively asked Emily, sheets of postageless manuscript dancing before her eyes.

"Not till to-morrow evening, Miss Emily. I have a great deal of business to arrange before I go, both for myself and the Earl," returned the worthy Esculapius, pompously, his own business being the packing of a portmanteau, and the Earl's—nil.

"I shall get you to take a letter for me," said the young lady.

"I guessed as much, Miss Emily," returned Higgins with a patronizing air. "I am sure Miss Mary will be charmed, for all her London finery, to hear how blooming you are looking. It is mighty queer, how contrary his Lordship is about letters being enclosed to him; I remember one day his being as cross as a cat because he got seventeen, and they charged him for the two biggest, two-and-threepence, and three-and-a-penny. But I have no time to lose,—good morning;" and away he posted to exhibit his flattering summons, as he called it,

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house, and the

which took its place in the London mail the next evening in Dr. Higgins's pocket, along with a paper of sandwiches, a folding-up comb, some peppermint lozenges, and a night-cap.

That gentleman had the inside to himself; no fellow-traveller to interfere with the beneficial use of the seats, or the patronage of the windows, and his meditations, thus unchecked, made themselves wings, and roamed far into the shadowy realms of fancy.

"His lordship cannot do without me, that's clear, any more than he can without his shaving brush," thought he, laying thereby the foundation of the stately castle he was about to erect in the clouds. "I shall always be asked to dinner when there is a grand spread. I shall sit at the foot of the table, and carve just as if I were my lord's aid de cong. Won't I do the polite thing in style. 'My lord duke, will your grace permit me the honour of taking a glass of wine with you after your soup? What wine will your grace be pleased to partake of,

champagne?"—"My Lady Marchioness, may I assist your ladyship to a bit of rabbit? Beautiful Portugal onions they are to be sure, as mild as mother's milk."—Then all the nobs will say, 'That's the lad that can wind the old Earl round his thumb like a ha'porth of packthread; that's the boy we must butter up;' they'll all be as civil as you please,—won't they just,—it 'll be, 'Doctor, a man of your abilities,'—"Doctor Higgins, with the merited influence you possess." May be they'll consult me when they're ill. Oh lord!—oh lord!—what 'll I do if they do; those London physicians are all knights and baronets; I would'nt have a chance with them—faith they would tear me to pieces in less than no time, if it was only for sheer envy. I'm thinking I might say that out of delicacy to my noble friend, I would not accept any other practice,—that would be doing the genteel thing properly; they'll say, 'Sure, he's the confidential physician, the fidus Achates; see how close he is, like a patent inkstand;' they'd

be running after me with their secrets, I'll engage;—ah! they've terrible secrets in them great families—there's a murder in one, and a bit of forgery in another,—they say its a wise child knows its own father,—by Jasus, it's a wise child knows its own mother in some of them; then there's wills burnt, and wills they daren't burn—lost deeds, bad titles,—faith, and sometimes devil a title at all,—and then private mad-houses, and the women.—Och! least said is soonest mended; I'd have to keep my tongue between my teeth, I'd be a regular depository. Then how grand it would be in the invitations to dinner—(this recalled his thoughts to the earth, reminded him of the packet of sandwiches, to which he applied himself forthwith, without observing that their greasiness had qualified the envelope of Emily Howard's letter to do duty in a lantern;)—sure, whenever my lord was asked to dinner, they could not leave out his alter ego; faith, I might give 'em a hint that he was subject to fits, it would not be safe for

him to stir without a medical man at his elbow, in case of a swoon, as the French say, (this phrase not appearing in the best French dictionaries, leaves it in doubt whether it is not a liberal rendering of 'en cas de besoin.') It would be, 'The Marquis and Marchioness of Lockerly, present their compliments to the Earl of Innismore, and Miss Mary de Burgh, and Dr. Higgins, (munch munch;) and should they have no better engagement, would be glad to see them at dinner on Monday, the 29th of June, at half-past six,'—sharp." (munch, munch, munch.)

"The coach stops here five minutes, sir," said the waiter, as he opened the door. "What a pity it is," thought the doctor, as he descended, a glass of hot brandy and water in his eye, to act as the temporary substitute for Lord Lockerly's champagne,—“what a mortal pity it is that Mrs. H— will not be there to see it, she'd be as proud as a paycock, to see me in my glory. It's mighty hot, this punch is (flup flup); it's a short five minutes you're giving us,

guard; wait a bit, man, (flup flup,)—I'm coming directly; sure a man can't swallow blazing hot water like a salamander (flup flup); a christian's throat isn't tinned like the spout of a taykettle,—now I'm ready.—Where's the change, Molly, of that half-crown I gave you?—good night, my darling: has your mother any more of you left?—faith, I'm a bachelor now," and he resumed his place.

But his thoughts now took a higher flight; the sandwiches had vanquished hunger, and the brandy and water, whilst it effected a short truce with thirst in its ordinary sense, had excited the thirst for fame. "Then there will be my lord and his speeches," continued he, soaring above the common considerations of dinners; 'Higgins,' he'll say, 'just go and find out what that d—d Church Temporalities bill is about, will you, like a good fellow, and come back and take pot luck with us.' Maybe, I won't know what that means; a nod 's as good as a wink to a blind horse, any day in the year. Won't I just go to work, as 'cute as a

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the corporation dinners ;—
be when he gets up on th
lords and gentlemen,' and
that he's got off by heart,
and I in the gallery all
to my own words,—that 'll
the next day, and all the d
ing out 'Content, conte
he 'll send me down to be
der do the proxies sit amo
and wear robes like the
would'nt wear the coronet

majesty's as soft as wax, when he's been taking a big drink, God bless him!)—might get a word into his ear,—ornament to his profession—credit to his country,—sure, there's many a worse man—ould Cuff the innkeeper, at Dunshaughlin, got it easy enough. 'Sir Peter Higgins—Sir Peter and lady Higgins' carriage stops the way—Sir Pet—"—Waking dreams are cheap and pleasant amusements, but out of season in the night time.—Hot brandy and water in a mail coach is a potent sedative; the aspirant for the chivalrous honors of medicine, soon forgot his coming glories in sleep. After an hour or two of repose, he found himself, as he supposed, reading a book, which he could not understand or remember, which indistinct dozing nevertheless had to do duty for sleep until he awakened, feeling, as he expressed himself, for all the world as hot and as greasy as a new laid egg dipped in butter, in what he supposed was London. It would be difficult for any one to say that it was not, for no farther

lley Street, the



CHAPTER XVII.

THE nuptials of Henry and Arabella were not delayed one moment longer than was absolutely necessary ; if the course of true love had not run exactly smooth at first, it made up for it at last by running uncommonly fast ; for immediately after the scene that the three ladies witnessed from the window, Mr. Johnson returned to the house, leaving the lovers to talk over their coming happiness as personages in their state of mind are apt to do, without in the least reflecting upon the possibility of the brightest moments of their existence being actu-

ally present; and, upon entering the drawing-room, abruptly, if not sternly, put down the slightest attempt at remonstrance, informed his wife and daughter, in a manner that they understood a great deal too well to think of offering any further resistance or remonstrance, that he would allow no farther difference of opinion upon the matter; that the son-in-law of *his* choice *must* be received as was right and fitting in *his* house; that no black looks or disagreeable observations were to be allowed, and what was most important of all, that there was to be no going up to London till the wedding was over. This accelerated matters wonderfully; it was to London that both Mrs. and Miss Johnson looked for their coming triumphs. At Kensworth they could not, even by the power of money, raise themselves much above the position of Mr. James Johnson, of Daffodil Lodge; but in London they expected to break out into a blaze of importance that should dazzle the town; there, their former history and humble origin unknown,

they were, as Mrs. Johnson termed it, "to have the worth of their money." Everybody accordingly exerted themselves to get the marriage over as soon as possible. The very next Sunday heard the banns published in due form, for the first time of asking. Settlements did not take long in making where there was little or nothing to settle. Henry did not take the trouble of writing to his uncle, for he knew that it would have been no use, to say nothing of its probably enraging the old peer still more. Indeed, having some misgivings as to how the information would be received by his own family, he decided upon letting them find out that he was a Benedict by means of the newspapers. There was no delay about building the carriage that ought in the regular course of things to have whirled the happy pair away for the honey-moon, for the reason that the cherub assigned for declining King Dagobert's invitation to sit down,—"*il n'y avait pas de quoi*," there was no carriage to be built; a second Sunday brought a second step in the

the miniature shops in a
they had been overwhelmed
so entirely did white
windows; the bridemaids
terious, and whisper and
became, as they always do
their tantalising office, a
humanity, cut off from the
like Mahomet's coffin from
earth:—they got uncommon
Thursday, it was getting to
as the Irishman said of a
saw-pit; somehow or other
in the house opened at the
lemnisation of Matrimony,
peeping at it—if it had seen
were not inclined to criticise
taking the subject in a com

hopelessly out of their minds on Saturday, that they were not fit even to be trusted with the tea-pot.

Once again the sabbath-day came round,—the day of rest and recruitment of mind and body for those who toil and are heavily laden, the day that the saints would so willingly make a day of penance and gloom—and brought to the good people of Kensworth its weekly relaxation, its clean faces and shorn chins, its best clothes and light hearts, and with the rest that interesting announcement that closes with the unmistakable formula, "This is the third and last time of asking." So it was; and if anybody had wished for another, the worthy family of Johnson effectually provided against the gratification of such an unreasonable desire. Time waits for no one, and the London season was rolling away amicably with the gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass; June was advancing with frightful rapidity, and the morning of Monday saw the knot tied,—it was a quickish thing rather.

Nothing very remarkable distinguished the wedding-day ; the day was fine, the church was crowded, the worthy rector performed the ceremony,—Mr. Hopewell *could* not have gone through it, indeed he had already left the place, having exchanged with the curate of Ganton ; but his principal, never having himself been in love with Arabella, effected the operation with the most commendable steadiness and regularity, under a desultory fire of bells, with the regular proportion of sobs, lace, tears, responses, orange-flowers, sighs, bridemaids, cake, kisses, tremblings, blunders, and all the other elements of a wedding : everybody promised to faint, but nobody did, for a tin can of water was ostentatiously kept in battery in the vestry, ready to treat a swoon as rebellion. The happy couple did not go away to spend the honey-moon, in some place or other they had never been in before and never were likely to be in again, as they ought properly and regularly to have done ; but Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Johnson, and Mr. Wellington Johnson, as soon as the ceremony

was over, and the breakfast to correspond disposed of—for the happy pair are presumed to have been too much agitated to eat any breakfast at the regular time, and consequently to become voraciously hungry during the ceremony, and to make up for lost time by eating ravenously when it's all over and their minds easy—appeared with their loins girt for travel, and having previously kissed the bride *seriatim*, shaken hands with the bridegroom, and taken a somewhat condescending farewell of their neighbours, stowed themselves, their goods and chattels, and due provision for the road, in a huge lumbering patriarchal second-hand landau, that they had recently purchased at the provincial metropolis, and rolled away half absorbed in the present, half engrossed with the future, in the direction of London, where they had secured a first-rate mansion, in a highly fashionable street, as their house-agent informed them, adjoining one of the principal squares,—namely Baker Street. They left the newly-married couple in the undisturbed possession of Daffodil

THE FALLOUT: OR, THE UNCLE.

Which party had the best of it?—each
party had themselves, so it was all right.

When they thought the house was clear, the lawn
was covered in great tranquillity, Henry and
the others were sitting together in the drawing-
room under the moderate vigilance of their
mother, who made it unpleasant to stir out,—
the others had fairly set in. There
were those who say that it changes fearfully
from the first week's that inclusive moon, that
it is a great deal more : but those
who say so cannot have an atom of faith, hope



H A R D N E S S ;

OR,

THE UNCLE.

H A R D N E S S ;

OR,

T H E U N C L E .

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HARDNESS;

OR,

THE UNCLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE agitating events of the morning, and the lateness of the hour at which they had set forth in their long looked forward to pilgrimage to the metropolis, prevented our friends the Johnsons making any very long journey that day; and accordingly about six o'clock in the evening, they drove up to the door of the "Goat and Compasses," at Macclestone, a well known and much frequented inn in the times before

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t the inn door,
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a squadron of the Eighteenth Light Dragoons, which had halted for the night at Macclestone.

Up drove the carriage, and out poured the waiters; their ready hands had opened the door and let down the steps, long before the youth of the buttons had succeeded in swinging himself down from his unwonted elevation. Mrs. Johnson descended first, with all the conscious dignity of the sitter behind four post horses, for the first time in her life, regular post horses too, not coach horses. "Have you apartments to accommodate us?" asked she, with an impressive stateliness, as if she had been accustomed to that sort of thing all her days.

"Yes, my lady," answered the dapper waiter, and the lady smiled benignantly; for the first time in her existence was the delicious dissyllable applied to her:—it must be the splendour of her appearance, she was getting into her proper place in the world, people were beginning to find her out, they recognised her quality at sight,—and she sailed graciously into the house. The

fact was, the landau in which the party was travelling, had belonged to a respectable tanner in a neighbouring borough, who being the mayor of his native place on the golden occasion, prolific of chivalrous honours, that something or other happened which warranted the infliction of a plague of addresses from his loyal and devoted subjects upon George the Fourth; the royal victim, almost driven to madness, turned to bay and retaliated upon his persecutors by knighting half a dozen of them, among whom was our worthy friend, whose lady immediately insisted upon having a carriage, for the support of their new dignity. It was soon, however, found that their new dignity would not return the compliment and support the carriage, so it was sold, and the quick eye of the waiter had instinctively caught the open helmet ostentatiously blazoned on the arms. Mr. Johnson followed, having been with some difficulty prevented by Arabella, from loading himself with divers bags, bottles, boxes, baskets, and other

encumbrances, integral parts of lady travellers, which were littered about the carriage by way of comforts. "Do, pa, let the servants take those things out;" remonstrated she, and the good man obeyed, cast a furtive glance at the carriage—his own carriage—and ran into the house, as if he were ashamed of himself. The fair Arabella followed, murmuring to herself and probably of herself,

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

As she passed the two military Adonises, she suddenly raised her eyes, gave them a glance that ought to have pierced through their cavalry hearts, and then looked with a sweet bashfulness on the ground. The dragoons looked significantly at one another, but another claim upon their attention was preferred forthwith; for Mr. Wellington Johnson brought up the rear, already the warlike instinct of military discipline was stirring in his soul, and justly

1
martial courtesy, by raising
travelling cap, which he had
proximated as much as possible
to the forage cap prescribed
regulations for the dress of
elder of the officers gravely re-

"Hollo, what's the meaning
the younger. "Who is you

"That young gentleman,"
captain, one of those humour
a good deal of sport with the
gravity; "that young gentle
Johnny raw, who has just go
but has not joined yet; poor
young bear, all his troubles
he's mounted a regimental
already, and something like :

world else to do to-night, in this infernal hole."

"We can manage to make him drunk, I dare say, if you think it worth while," answered the captain, in a melancholy tone; "but he does not look likely to show much sport; he's been tied to his mammy's apron-string all his life, I can see that."

"So much the better," said the other subaltern, Lieut. Moonlight, a round, chubby, red-faced lieutenant, like an animated Bacchus just dismounted from a beer barrel, who returned at this moment from visiting the billets, "those are just the fellows that *do* show sport when they break out. I'm ashamed of you, Rock, I thought you were a better judge; why, man, they tumble and wallop about, like so many young grampuses. How are we to get at him?"

"Why," said Rock, musingly, he was a man of inexhaustible resource in matters of mischief, "there is nothing in the world else to do to-night, in this infernal hole; if he has got his

commission, we might ask him to dinner, it would be a brotherly sort of thing to do, you know, by a fellow soldier, and a pretty compliment to his regiment ; don't you think so ?”

“Yes, by Jove, that's the ticket !—Captain Rock, and the officers of the 18th Light Dragoons.”

“That'll do capitally,” said Starlight eagerly. “Where's that orderly of yours ?”

“Why,” replied the captain languidly, “he'll be back here in a moment, I just sent him to buy some packthread. I was thinking of tying all the knockers to one another, across the street; the up mail passes through at twelve, it strikes me it might make a sensation.”

“Well, we can do that too; we shall have polished the fellow off by nine. Ah, here's Thompson.”

“Find out who these people are that are just come,” said the captain, as he received a dozen balls of twine, each as large as a good-sized turnip, from the soldier, “look sharp.”

"Yes, sir."

"And find out if that young gentleman is in any regiment," added Moonlight.

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes the dragoon returned, having extracted from the page, the information that the youth in question was the happy holder of a commission in the 100th Regiment of Foot.

"Well, we must write, and ask him to dinner," said the officer commanding the troops in Macclestone, "I don't think either of you could manage it; Billy has some idea of spelling, he writes all the courtsmartial. Here, you Billy, come here, we've got a literary job for you: leave off that cruelty to animals, and come here, will you? we want you to write an—confound you, sir, don't throw stones at your superior officers. D—n him, he's got the range now, he'll hit us next time," as he sheltered himself behind one of the columns of the porch, "there, thank God, goes a pane smashed; you shall pay for that yourself, my boy; I'll be

hanged if it shall be put in the bill: come now, let's have peace."

"Peace! I dare say! as soon as I have vindicated my moral character; it's dearer to me than my life. Cruelty to animals, indeed!" said the Hon. William Rudolph Ulick de Burgh, as he entered the hotel to write the invitation, having failed in a well-intended attempt to lodge his captain's forage cap, as he passed, upon the horns of the goat above.

* * * * *

"What will your ladyship be pleased to have for dinner?" asked the landlord, when the Johnson party were all safely established in No. 2 front sitting room. Now the good lady, well aware that some such question would be propounded, had carefully prepared herself with a bill of fare, that she meant should impress her host with a very high idea of her refinement. "Have you such a thing as a bavaroise?" asked she, in an off-hand manner, "or a macedoine de mille fruits"—at this moment it occurred to

her that she was beginning at the wrong end ; her host was staring at her as if she was asking for a saddle of cameleopard, or a sirloin of alligator, and her spouse, growing somewhat impatient of her absurd proceedings, hastily interfered, and had just disposed of the question by ordering a roast leg of mutton, boiled fowls and bacon, &c., the standard supplies of a country inn, when a thundering thump at the door made them all start to their feet, and a curious specimen of that anomalous branch of the British service, a *light* dragoon, measuring six feet two, and weighing fourteen stone, entered the room, and, striding grimly up to Wellington, presented him a note with a most appalling salute, before whose intense ferocity the stoutest heart might have quailed. It was not without a flutter of conscious vanity, that that honoured youth perused the direction :—

“ O. H. M. S.

“ ENS. JOHNSON,

“ 100th Regt.

“ Macclestone.”

The contents were still more gratifying :

“ Capt. Rock, and the officers of the 18th Light Dragoons, present their compliments to Ens. Johnson, of the 100th, and request the pleasure of his company to dinner this day, at seven o'clock.”

Here was a compliment, here was an honour, to be already so eagerly welcomed by his brethren in arms, cavalry officers, too, the unfledged ensign has always a lurking veneration for the unlicked cornet. The insidious epistle was duly answered, the unconscious victim proceeded to adorn himself for the sacrifice, little dreaming of the libations with which the shrine of Mars is honoured ; but, alas, when will human happiness be perfect, when shall we be able to cease bewailing—

Media in fonte leporum

Surget amari aliquid et in ipsis floribus angat.

“ If I had but my uniform,” sadly thought the youth to himself, as he mounted the stairs

to dress ; and deeper sighs have been heaved for less causes.

* * * * *

The dragoons received their guest with the most flattering urbanity ; their party consisted of the four already mentioned, and a recently caught cornet, who had been lying on the sofa, ever since they had marched on that morning. His name was Martin, but his comrades were generally good enough to treat him to a prefix, and call him Day and Martin, in consequence of the intense devotion with which he worshipped his boots. The six sat down forthwith to dinner, and it soon became apparent that the 18th Light Dragoons had about as green a subject to deal with as ever delighted the heart of a quizzer. There was some salmon, which enabled them to cram a glass of brandy down his throat ; and, by a judicious admixture of bottled porter, sherry, which gave the mouth a tolerable idea of the actual cautery, cider cup, to cool it again, champagne, and that most delusive of all liquors, Burton ale, they very soon produced the desired

the poor youngster's eyes,
some good advice touchin

"You must get at le
want for your outfit," said
pay for all at starting, and
and a canteen, and a w
meerschaum pipe, and pist
a gun, and a fishing-rod,
dozen pair of gloves, and a
you dare, and a box of c
every fast fellow joins with
calls it all outfit."

"Outfit?" repeated young
himself of the pronunciatio
hensive noun.

"Yes, outfit; that's the

that you do not want any one of these things, that in fact they're infernal nuisances every time you march ; so you can sell them by degrees, and so you ought to be able to get on upon your outfit, for the next three or four years, if they let the uniforms alone so long without changing, which I don't suppose they will ; however"—

"Pray," interrupted the tyro, "do officers go to parties in London, in their uniforms?"

"No," replied his Mentor, "not in London."

"Except the officer who is on guard at Newgate," observed de Burgh.

"Yes, I forgot him," said Rock ; "the officer on guard at Newgate of course, always wears his uniform, except when he dines or drinks tea with the governor or the sheriffs ; for, excepting upon these occasions when they are responsible, if any of the prisoners escape, he is bound to pursue and catch them immediately, and he might not have time to go home and dress ; but, by the bye, talking of going to parties, do you know many people in London?"

“ Why I have not been there yet (*hiccup*), but I believe my father knows some ; there’s Mr. Martin, and Mr. Pennycatcher, my uncle’s solicitors, and Mr. Hampden Smith, our county member. But won’t the resident gentry come and call upon us when we arrive in the neighbourhood ?”

“ Why, I’m afraid not,” said Rock, with a smile of peculiar meaning ; “ people are not so very attentive to new comers in London. What street do you live in ?”

“ Baker-street ; is not that a tip-top street ?”

“ Baker-street !” said de Burgh, in uncontrollable surprise.

“ Hold your tongue, and pass the wine, Billy,” said Moonlight, with an indescribable wink ; for he saw a light twinkle in Rock’s eye, and guessed it was not for nothing.

“ Baker-street !” repeated the captain, thoughtfully,—“ hem—yes, it is a capital street, one of the best in London for a new comer ; it is so long, that you make a large acquaintance

at once. I'll tell you what you must do, you must go up and down the street, two or three days after your arrival, and leave your cards at all the houses, that is, except those that are to let; that's the proper thing to do, if you wish to live in the great world in London."

"To be sure we do," said Wellington, "must we all go?" (*Hiccup.*)

"Yes, all, in person."

"Might not they include Portman-square," considerably suggested Moonlight.

"Do you think so?" said Rock, still more thoughtfully, like one who was dealing with a difficult problem, "I should hardly imagine that to be the thing now, I should say certainly not, the squares sometimes *do* call upon the streets that run out of them, but the streets must never come into the squares; they are very fine and jealous, on account of their having no opposite neighbours that can look in at the windows and see the children eating with their fingers, or the mistress quarrelling with the

cook, or the young ladies with their hair in papers and their faces dirty, or the maid waiting at dinner. Squares are always in review order."

"I suppose we had better take a house in square next year," said the youthful hero, swelling with enterprize and curious old crusted port.

"To be sure you had," said de Burgh, "and you must have your name put down at all the clubs, you may get in at some one or other of them, if you are lucky, you must have a cab too."

"Pray," asked the embryo man about town, though with some little hesitation, "could you give me the address of a good driving master?"

"Go to Tilbury or Elmore, they'll find you somebody will teach you to handle the ribbons in prime style. Can you ride?"

"To be sure I (*hiccup*) can," returned the young fashionable hastily, he was somewhat nettled at the offensive imputation. There's not a grocer's apprentice in England that could

admit that he could not ride. "Of course I can, I've often been on horseback." (*Hiccup.*)

"Well, take it coolly, man," said Moonlight, "empty your glass, we'll have a song.

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear."

"Till daylight does appear," chimed in Rock in a full deep voice, a laughing devil in his eye.

"Till daylight does appear," Lablached Starlight, with a deafening roar that split the head.

"We won't go home till morning," Rubinied Martin, with an affecting squeak that pierced the heart.

"We won't go home till morning," hiccupped Johnson, delighted with the manly amusements of the army, and indeed utterly incapable of going home or any where else at the moment.

"We won't go home till morning, till *day-*
light does appear," thundered out the six *in*
chorus, and then applauded themselves very
cordially.

"Then as you are fond of riding, you know
you must ride in the park," said de Burgh, and
then, turning to Moonlight, said in a whisper,
"a pound he's told out in four minutes."

"Done," said the other, and took out his
watch.

"So I will (*hiccup*), every day, among the
athis—artis—aris—tocracy."

"Well, help yourself and pass the wine.
Why what ails you man, take another coup
out of that bottle before Starlight gets it, or
you'll never see it again."

The Captain's prophecy fulfilled itself, the
youth never did see it again: for he took the
coup as he was desired; and it proved the coup
de grace; a haze overspread his eyes, the can-
dles, varying every moment in number, swung
backwards and forwards with an unaccountable

oscillation, a cataract seemed pouring into each ear, he sunk from his chair to the ground, and the last thing he felt was the floor shifting under him, he made a desperate effort to hold on, and lost all consciousness.

"What, dropped off his perch already!" said Rock, filling his glass.

"Yes," replied Starlight, "he's told out, he'll take some seasoning yet, he'll do though."

"He will," said Rock; "he's neither quarrelsome nor troublesome when he's screwed; there's the making of a good fellow in him."

"What shall we do with him now?" asked de Burgh; "he's no whiskers, has he?"

"Not a hair, confound him; we can neither shave nor singe him."

"I say, youngster," said the Captain, "have you got any of that French chalk of yours cut?"

"To be sure he has," said Moonlight, who, being of a thoughtful and considerate turn of mind, was coolly occupied in taking off the poor

temporary pillow
level would he g

"Then go and
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Half past eleven came, and still no appearance of her young hero. She instituted an inquiry now among the waiters ; all that she could learn was that the officers had sallied forth an hour ago, with an enormous quantity of packthread, but whether her son was with them or not, no man could tell, and the head waiter did not hesitate to intimate an opinion that he would be better at home. Suddenly the maid rushed into the room with a countenance expressive of the utmost dismay.

"Lor, ma'am," shrieked she, "if there isn't a dead body laid out in the back parlour!"

"A dead body!" screamed Mrs. Johnson, who, like all vulgar people had a superstitious dread of a corpse, probably because it *can* do no mischief. "A dead body! Oh Lord, oh Lord, what shall we do! gemini crimini, I positively will not sleep with it."

"Nobody asked you, my dear," interposed her spouse.

"In the house with it, I mean; how can you be so unfeeling, Mr. Johnson?"

"I saw it, ma'am, as I passed the room," faltered the maid; "the door was half open, and there were lights on the table, there it was lying stretched out; the Lord have mercy on us, to think of such a thing, I shall certainly go out of my senses."

In spite of all their horror and alarm, nevertheless, Mrs. Johnson thought she would like to have a peep at the corpse. Miss Johnson thought so too, she never had seen one in her life; the maid dared not be left behind in the sitting room, and she then crept cautiously down stairs. They reached the dreaded room in safety, and rather felt rejoiced in their courage, when they arrived there. There was something to be seen anything for a sensation; there were the light gleaming through the half-opened door, and as they peeped timidly in, there sure enough lay the ghastly object of their superstitious dread stretched upon a table, swathed in a sun-white shroud; his head bound up in a white cloth, and raised upon the hearth-rug done up in a roll,

his hands folded over his chest ; with a plate of salt upon his breast, and candles at his head and feet, his face was of a fearful whiteness, and a reasoning person might entertain sad misgivings, as to the extent of the posthumous misfortunes of the deceased ; for it seemed as if the spirit still hovered about the clay, and resolutely declined returning to the place, whither cockcrow dismisses disembodied spirits, one single moment before it was absolutely necessary ; for scarcely had the startled three, deriving courage from desperation, fairly opened the door, ere it began in a tremulous, and somewhat indistinct tone, of unearthly melody, to chant—

“ We won’t go home till morning ;
We won’t go home till morning ;
We won’t go home till morning ;
Till day-light does appear.”

The ladies faltered, it was very horrible, it must be a very unpleasant home, that the ghost *would not go home* to till morning, there seemed

to be more of them too, for it did not say, *I*, it said *we*; there were other spirits in the case; at this crisis, the restless corpse sat suddenly upright; and renewed its song of horror, in a deep, sepulchral under tone. The plate of salt rolled off, and took the direction of the door; the curious visitants made an instantaneous bolt, with an outburst of screeching, that might really almost have awakened the dead. Landlords, waiters, and chambermaids, hurried to the scene of ghostly action; and Mr. Johnson of the Hundredth Regiment of Foot, having been disengaged from the table cloth that enveloped his person, and the napkins that bound his head, and having had the chalk washed off his face, which turned out to be uncommonly red and flushed, was put to bed successfully, and it is to be hoped he slept well. This was not the only incident that made that night hideous in Macclestone. In the dead of night, the peaceful inhabitants were roused from their slumbers, by a phenomenon that

brought sounds of alarm and terror to every man's door ; the up mail entered the town to all appearance, under a sharp fire of skirmishers, for by some unaccountable agency, every knocker in the street clattered as it passed.

C.

"WELL, doctor
day after that u
London; "now t
matters, we really
done with that sc
question his remain
a beggar would ne
shipping him off to

"Faith, and an e
lord, and we'd have

but that's all

mean? Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Indeed, not much my lord, till I know what your lordship means to have Mr. Henry tried for."

"Why, sir," said the earl, in a voice of thunder, "do you suppose I want to have my own nephew transported?"

"The divil a foot he'll stir to go to Botany Bay of his own free will, my lord; sure you might as well try and move the Hill of Howth. Didn't he sell his troop, without as much as asking your lordship's leave? faith he'd mind neither dog nor divil after that," said the worthy doctor, to whom, his last and final act of rebellion being as yet unknown, Henry's late indifference about his uncle, appeared the climax of human audacity.

"Certainly," said the earl, "they promise fair, those Australian colonies, but I cannot help thinking that there is something of a piratical character about them."

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of them, I'll engage, immediately, if not sooner," briskly returned the doctor, heartily glad that the interview was over, and exceedingly puzzled by the nature of his patron's resentment against Henry, for, under all the circumstances, it appeared to him that the most natural thing for the earl to do, would simply have been, to set his nephew up in the world again, an operation which would have cost him exactly the trouble (and nothing more) of subscribing "Innismore," to a cheque for whatever number of thousands his digestion of his previous day's dinner left him inclined to apply to that purpose; for the doctor knew that out of a rental of over thirty-five thousand a year, in no single year was twenty expended, the rest having gone for years into the funds, and, as he conjectured, amounting by this time to a sum approaching half a million; and the doctor had not as yet learned, that the larger a man's income is, the greater, in direct proportion, is his intolerance of those who fail in the attempt to live upon a

small one. However, to have ventured on *such* a suggestion, might have cost him his place that would never do ; Henry, for whom indeed, he entertained no very lively regard, inasmuch as the gay and thoughtless young dragoon had never treated him with any particular respect, or, indeed, regarded him in any other light than a sort of upper servant, might go to the antipodes and welcome, before any such a catastrophe could be risked ; and he set forth to make the inquiries that had formerly been intrusted to Dunlara.

As he left the room, he encountered a servant ushering through the passage a thick, fresh-faced, heavy-looking man, dressed in a brown great coat, and drab trousers, though it was June ; a striped neckcloth, and buckskin gloves, with a shocking bad hat.

"It's the butcher," thought he ; "what can he want with my lord ? (*aloud*) John, his lordship has directed that all the tradesmen should be referred to me."

"Very well, sir, I'll take care they are," returned the man, as he opened the earl's door, and, to Higgins' horror, announced the suspicious visitor :

"Lord Mudacre, my lord."

"Murder," thought the doctor, "and me to take him for the butcher ! may be he didn't notice it ; any how he knows I'm right hand man here, and that's a comfort ; he'll be dining here some of these days I'll go bail, I'll pacify him then. I must see about my lord's business now ; I hould as many offices as the duke did at Christmas. I'm prime minister and home secretary, and foreign secretary, faith, and I'm colonial secretary now."

After the first courtesies had passed between the two noble peers, and they were established in their several arm-chairs, Lord Mudacre opened his business, which was no less than a demand of Mary de Burgh in marriage for his only son, Lord Cubtown, who, to his great delight, had at last been induced to withstand the

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connexions among the high nobility as far as possible. His history was a strange one. Forty years before, he had been a vagabond boy, the son of a private soldier, who had left him to the charge of Providence in England while he proceeded on service to America, on his passage home from whence he died, and was buried at sea. The orphan youth picked up his bread as he best could, by running messages, doing odd jobs, &c., &c.; and was mainly supported by a charitable butcher in Ipswich at the time that the then Earl of Mudacre, (the last as it was supposed,) slept with his fathers, and the title became extinct. The name the boy bore, Walters, was the same as that of the deceased nobleman, and certain traditionary accounts of the former greatness of his family, which he had received from his grandmother, and in which he took great pride, had attracted the notice of a neighbouring lady, the wife of an eminent conveyancer, a gentleman who, having been concerned in some law business for the late earl, had ob-

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of seeing the friendless orphan restored to the titles and estates of his ancestors, having, in the mean time, taken the precaution of marrying him to her daughter. Lord Mudacre's anxiety that his son should marry into a noble family, as well as his horror of his espousing a tradesman's daughter, may be easily understood; and Lord Innismore's secret wish to see Mary a peeress, together with his habit of troubling his head very little about the feelings of others, induced him without much consideration, to accept Lord Mudacre's offer, the more so, as he had never seen Lord Cubtown; he had very little hesitation in promising her hand, never dreaming that the gentle girl would think of opposing his wishes; and the two noble earls parted, each highly pleased with their interview, and neither doubting in the least but that the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

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"Mary," said his lordship, as she attended his summons, "I have been extremely gratified

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floor—tried to speak, and failing, burst into a flood of tears.

"Why what in the world is the matter now," said Lord Innismore, impatiently; "what's all this about; can't you think of a husband without crying your eyes out?"

"Dear uncle," sobbed Mary, "pray do not be angry with me, I cannot marry that odious Lord Cubtown, besides—I wanted to speak to you about it, but I really was afraid till Lady Loosely came—I meant to have got her to tell you—the fact is—last night I promised to marry Mr. Waverton."

"I'll be d——d if you shall," returned the earl; "I tell you I've promised you to Lord Mudacre; it is high time that you should be aware that an affair of such importance as the marriage of the only young lady of my name and blood, is not to be left to the caprice of a love-sick miss of eighteen; those are matters that belong to the head of the family. As for that Waverton, he is a confounded puppy, he

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your eyes, and get ready to go out with Lady Loosely, she'll be here by and by."

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"My dear Mary, what can be the matter with you," said Lady Loosely, as Mary, her cheeks pale, her eyes red with weeping, and evidently in a state of the most intense agitation, placed herself in the carriage by her side. "What has happened? Why you have been crying. You looked like anything but crying when I saw you last night in that recess with Mr. Waverton—it was very pretty—I thought there was some mischief going on, he looked so earnest; what is it, my love?"

"Oh! Lady Loosely, I am so wretched! that horrible, detestable, abominable Lord Cubtown wants my uncle to make me marry him."

"Well, you need not be so angry with him."

"Angry with him! I'd rather sweep the streets, the odious wretch."

"Why the odious wretch, as you call him, will be an earl, with five and twenty thousand

a year, and they say his father is going to rat for a marquisate. You will be one of the finest ladies about town, with a magnificent house in St. James's-square. I shall be very angry with you, for I had intended him for one of my girls when they grew up ; he might have waited a year or two."

"But, Lady Loosely—when we were sitting in that recess—"

"Well, go on," said her ladyship, with a malicious smile, "did anything particular happen?"

"Mr. Waverton—"

"Proposed?"

"Y-e-s."

"And you accepted him?"

"I did."

"That is unfortunate," observed Lady Loosely. "Poor Mr. Waverton, what a disappointment it will be, I am really sorry for him—by the bye, we must keep Lord Innismore from meddling in this business. It is an exceeding difficult matter, very difficult to do

well, but there is a way. We will not put you to the pain of telling Mr. Waverton that you will not have him after all. I see I must undertake that task myself."

"But I will never give up Mr. Waverton," exclaimed Mary, vehemently; "he has my heart, and no one else will I marry."

"But you must give up Mr. Waverton, my dear; your heart, that you fancy so headstrong will become uncommonly docile when you are a viscountess. You have no idea upon what little liking people marry. Do you know that I only saw Lord Loosely three times before I was engaged to him."

"Good heavens! is that possible?"

"It is the case I can assure you. He was in the army at the time, it was before his elder brother died, I met him at two balls, where he paid me a good deal of attention, and then a third time I sat next to him at dinner. I thought him very agreeable at first, but when the dessert was on the table, he seemed so em-

led to speak to his mind, and as much as bidding more about it. Her received a was ordered to possibly get a hed to marry n. d give his cons. , he would eith. , according as l the army, or to state, that thoug o or three thou

thing in half such good grammar since. Well, my father said that he would leave the whole matter in my hands, it was a respectable match though not a very brilliant one; whatever decision I should come to would satisfy him; all that he could say was, that he thought a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. I was to give my answer at breakfast-time next day. I was dreadfully puzzled what to do, for if I did not care much for him at the time, I cared for nobody else either. I consulted as many people as I could find, and they all gave me different advice; my mother was against it, she said it was indelicate, that she had no fear of her daughters not getting husbands; at which my father laughed, and said, he was not quite sure all *his* would, and that put her in a passion, and she was very disagreeable and cross with me for not refusing him at once. When we went down to dinner I was still undecided, but it so happened at dessert, there was a dish of grapes put down before me. I was, I think,

making up my mind to refuse him, and was so absent that I really did not know whether I was eating grapes or not, when my mother, who had been in a bad humour all dinner time, called out to me, 'Do, for heaven's sake, Sarah, leave off picking at those grapes, or if you will eat such an enormous quantity, take a bunch on your plate, dishes were not made to eat out of, you positively make me sick.' That decided me in a moment—nobody will tell me that I make them sick at my own table, thought I. My father laughed at the look I gave her—he guessed what it meant, and I told him that evening that he might put the poor man out of pain, I would have the bird in the hand. So you see, my dear, romance is a very pretty thing for poets and milliners' girls, but it will not do at all for real life. I am sure there never was a happier marriage in every respect than *our's* has been."

"But really, Lady Loosely, I must be allowed to have a heart, and it is Mr. Waver-

"Well, marry Lord Cubtown, and you will have no opportunity of getting tired of Mr. Waverton, as you will if you marry him. Besides, you know how obstinate your uncle is, it is not the least use your attempting to resist his will. In any case, if you were a heroine of romance—which, let me tell you, Mary, I do not think you are—you could not marry under three years, even presuming that you both remained faithful to one another all that time, which is something too monstrous to be imagined, so you had better yield to your fate with a good grace : you were born to be a countess. I'm sure, I wish I could bespeak such ill luck for my girls."

"But what will people say of me?"

"Oh never mind what they say, *we* must take the blame of that; besides, Ascot is so near, that people will forget it for that week, and after that they will find something new. There will be some dreadful murder, or creation of peers, or ministerial defeat, or revolution in

started to attend the sick man, and thought "he may be a peer already," and she was not likely to forget the sensations with which she had received the first black-bordered letter, which addressed—

"The Viscountess Loosely,
&c. &c."

announced that another lord slept with his ancestors, and his brother, her husband, reigned in his stead.

Measuring Mary's feelings by the customary standard, viz. her own, she laughed at the question. "Now I see you are coming to your senses," said she,— "there is only one thing for you to do, do what your uncle and your guardian tells you. Drive to Lord Innismore's."

Lady Loosely was, for once in her life, wrong: though Mary had been for a moment dazzled by the idea of being a great lady, she had almost immediately recovered her customary right feeling, and had entered the house fully resolved that Lord Cubtown should not be forced upon her.

Here they found Lord Innismore in a state of the most pitiable dismay. He had unwarily taken up a medical book—had devoured page after page with an insatiable curiosity, and had in consequence discovered that he was afflicted, in his own person, with two-thirds of the

“ Ills that flesh is heir to,”

and that fourteen or fifteen sorts of death, each more horrible than the other, were staring him in the face. Higgins, of course, encouraged his patron in his fancy, but being required to find remedies for the contradictory and irreconcilable disorders of which the earl suddenly declared himself the victim, had shrunk from the task in hopeless perplexity, and sheltered himself under a general recommendation to try the German spa. His idea of the “German spa,” was a hamper of stone bottles with disagreeably tasting waters in them: and though he was aware that there were some

places in Germany corresponding with Cheltenham and Harrogate, he was relieved from the apprehension of any immediate demand upon his geographical knowledge, by the certainty that the earl knew no more about them than he did. As he conjectured, his patron's careless—"Just see about those German spas, will you, doctor? The bubbles I think they call them, or the Brunnens, I forget which," gave him a few hours' time to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature and properties of some hundred of indescribable and incomprehensible mineral combinations, whose qualities and ingredients have defied investigation, experience, and analysis since the creation. Lord Innismore was full of the subject when Lady Loosely entered.

"Do you know," said he, "that I am in such a perilous situation, that I am thinking of trying some of the German spas."

"I really should not have supposed that you were ill," returned her ladyship: "however,

every body goes to Baden now. I have just been talking to Mary."

"Where is Carlsbad? they say it cures every thing." (The doctor pricked up his ears.)

"Carlsbad," said Lady Loosely, "is in Bohemia, a long way off; it has a very high character in Germany, I believe. I have just left Mary—"

"My grandfather went to Spa in 1742. I suppose it would suit my constitution."

"I have been talking to her about Lord Cubtown, and I really think—"

"Oh, she must wait; time enough when we come back; I think of setting off in three weeks or a month: he can follow us if he likes; he need not drink the waters. By the bye, I suppose we shall have a flaming account of that old fool Fishtown's marriage in the evening papers."

"It is a curious match," said Lady Loosely; "seventy-eight and twenty-two, they just make up a century between them."

"I cannot find it," said his Lordship, turning over the paper.

"Perhaps it is among the births and deaths, my Lord," suggested the doctor.

"I should have thought they would have had a paragraph to themselves. Let us see.—Saturday last, Miss Maria, great grand-niece to the late Sir Peter Snooks, knt.—no, it is not here. We shall have it in 'The Post' to-morrow. Eh! what's this? 'On Monday last, at Kensworth church, Henry de Burgh, Esq., only son of the late Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Ulick de Burgh, K. C. B. and G. C. H., and nephew to the Earl of Innismore; to Arabella, youngest daughter of James Johnson, Esq., of Daffodil Lodge, and Baker-street.' Who the — is she?"

Lady Loosely did not consider this question as addressed to her, so she did not answer it. The doctor was thunderstruck; in his eyes, Henry's bold defiance of his despotic uncle was little less than the act of a maniac. He was

however, too wary as yet to take any part against the rebel, until he saw which way the tide was likely to set, so he contented himself with saying, "poor young man," an observation which could hardly get him into a scrape.

"Poor young man!" repeated the earl in a voice of thunder, "poor young man, indeed! go and fetch Mary directly, doctor."

Higgins departed upon his mission,—the irritated uncle paced rapidly up and down the room. "James Johnson," said he, "who the devil is James Johnson? upon my honour, Lady Loosely, this young scapegrace seems to have lost all sense of decency along with his fortune, to marry a girl of that sort, in a petty country village. If she had been a lady by birth, even if she had not a shilling in the world, I could have pardoned him; but Miss Arabella Johnson, Mrs. Henry de Burgh, God save the mark! Here Mary, read this, did you know anything about this before?"

Mary read the announcement with the ut-

most astonishment; it was quite as much a surprise, and as disagreeable a one, to her as it was to her uncle.

"No, uncle," said she, "I heard nothing about it; Henry has not written to me this long time."

"Very well, then you'll just go to your room now, and you'll write to Mr. Henry de Burgh, to say that I entirely disclaim and abjure all further communication or connexion or relationship with him from this day forth; that I do not any longer acknowledge him as my nephew, and that he may go and pass the remainder of his wretched, pitiful existence as he pleases among the nameless vulgarians that he has disgraced an ancient and noble family by allying himself with."

"But, uncle," pleaded Mary, "we do not know yet what these Johnsons may be; they may be very respectable people."

"Respectable people!" repeated the earl in a fury, "a De Burgh marry a respectable person!"

"Indeed it would be very demeaning," edged in the doctor.

"You go and do as I told you," continued Lord Innismore, "write to him directly, and let him know how resolved I am to have nothing more to say to him; and how I despise the poor, miserable spirit that allowed him to throw himself away upon an obscure country girl,—the grovelling beggar!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," returned the young lady, her colour rising, her eyes flashing, and a spirit of resistance that the earl had never dreamt of, awakening in her breast. "I certainly cannot prevent your abusing my brother, but I as certainly will not do it myself. Why did you drive him away from you before this happened; why did you not assist him in his distress; what would it have signified to you if you had made him a present of all that he ever lost, or double; and set him up in the world again? You keep saving up money that you do not know what to do with: and yet you

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wife, took possession of her mind ; there was one way of doing it, and but one way, that she knew of: she now seriously entertained the idea of accepting Lord Cubtown forthwith, and she immediately left the room, leaving her hearers as much astonished at this unexpected outbreak, as if a shell had exploded at their feet. The earl looked at the doctor, the doctor dared not encounter his patron's eye, he looked at his boots in preference ; Lady Loosely broke the silence.

"There now, Lord Innismore, you would insist upon her doing what no sister could be expected to do, and accordingly you have taught her to rebel, and that successfully. She will not write to Henry, and she has learned that she may fly in your face whenever she pleases ; it is a lesson not easily unlearned,—I must go and see her, poor thing."

"Doctor," said Lord Innismore, "you must write to the young cub, tell him to go to the devil—you understand?"

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anything to repent of, no, no; he is rightly punished for his extravagance and folly, though, as it has turned out, it is an unfortunate business; nevertheless I was decidedly right upon principle."

TER III.

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toed with Lord Dunlora
ckford's, and watched a
wine down St. James's.

atrocities since Mrs. Staunton fixed her residence there."

"Oh, she is there, is she?" said Dunlara, "by Jove I must go and see her when I go down. Where does she live?"

"Somewhere on the East Cliff, I imagine; the modest side of the town, as they call it."

"How do you mean?" asked Waverton.

"Why, the people towards Kemp Town pride themselves upon their superior morality; they declare that all the scandal is up towards Brunswick-square."

"Well, but what was the real story, for I have heard half a dozen?"

"Why the fact was, he was walking on the chain pier, when this unfortunate child, who seems to have been in charge of a careless slut of a nurse, fell over, and old John, who is a monstrous dashing fellow, with the nerve of the devil, went over after it directly, taking off from the place where it fell, so that he pounced right upon it in the water—had it up in an instant—and perched it upon one of the beams

of those great things like cages, that supported the pier. Melton said it was quite a sight—he was so cool, quick, and resolute—went down upon his mark with the stoop of a hawk ; and he gave some of the good folks there a capital rap over the knuckles, too, for their toadyism, for some of them got up an address to him about it, and laid it on rather thick upon the chivalry of a duke's son condescending to risk his lordly life for a tallow-chandler's child ; so he said in his answer, ' That he was not aware that being of tender years, and in a lowly station, rendered a human being less valuable in the eyes of his Creator.' That was not bad to come from between those black moustaches of his."

" No. I wonder who put him up to it."

" And pray," asked Waverton, " was he also at the time ?"

" Oh, no, Mrs. Staunton was with him."

" Ah—yes—now I see—I didn't understand my friend Delaval's constituting himself a humane society all of a sudden ; and for

Brighton tallow chandler's brat too! He's in luck, it's devilish difficult to get an opportunity of doing hero, before the right woman's eyes. They're hard times, I never had a chance myself, had you, Waverton?"

"No," said that gentleman, wishing he had, "I hope he'll have the worth of it."

"I hope so," said Dunlara, laughing: "upon my honour, I like a man that does not stand upon trifles, particularly men of high rank. I do think that the well-being of this country depends a great deal upon the gentlemen being able to keep the lead they have got, not merely by the force of money and education, but also by being personally and physically formidable, so that whoever thinks of meddling with them, should feel that he has uncommonly ugly customers to deal with. I have no doubt that it was their pluck that saved this country from incalculable mischief in the reform times—"

"Yes," said Waverton, laughing, "you are such an active, energetic fellow yourself."

“ Could not you put in something for the ladies,” asked Hooker, “ and their influence in maintaining *their* order?”

“ Oh, no doubt,” said Waverton, “ they do exercise a very beneficial influence on the country. I have no opinion of that cant about the virtuous middle class. I think the upper classes much more so. What class is it that supports the blackguard papers, I should like to know? I know no greater proof of the comparatively low standard of morals among the middle class than the prurient contemptible curiosity they exhibit about a few frivolous, dissipated women of fashion, as they call them, whom they will take as the representatives of the aristocracy. We know very well that they are not so, that for one of them that are mere pleasure hunters or intriguers, there are hundreds quietly and unobtrusively fulfilling the duties of their station; and in many instances increasing the happiness and relieving the wants of their poorer neighbours in an incredible degree. The absence of

intrigue among the young married women is very striking, and when you consider the temptations, and, above all things, the facilities, it is really wonderful. The girls too, have heads as well as hearts, they are not mere nonentities, like French girls; or household drudges at home, and dancing machines in society, like Germans; or mock modesties, like Americans; there is something in them, one can live with them."

"Bravo," said Hooker, "upon my word they ought to elect you their champion. Which would you prefer, being the champion of the sex in general, or of some one in particular?"

"Steady," interposed Dunlara, as something like a conscious blush appeared upon Waverton's cheek, "you must not make a man criminate himself." For the young lord knew more than he judged it altogether fair to communicate. "There's your servant, Waverton, coming here with a note," and Waverton went hastily into the hall. "You were getting on

ticklish ground, Hooker. Waverton has been coming it devilish strong with my cousin Mary of late, and Lady Loosely declares that he is fairly smitten, and that she expects every day that matters will come to a crisis. I am very much afraid that my father will not like it."

"Why, what is the objection to Waverton?"

"None in the world, quite the contrary, but you know the governor has some odd ideas of his own, and he has a sort of monomania about her marrying a peer; though I cannot, for the life of me, see why she should not be happy enough with a commoner."

"I think it is just possible," gravely replied his companion, "though the contrary is generally supposed, and girls never find it out until they have tried. I believe, however, that there is a merciful dispensation of Providence to that effect."

"What an odd-looking coronet! whose carriage is that?"

"I forget the name," answered Hooker,

"but it is not a coronet, it is a gooseberry bush, or a bunch of feathers, or something of that sort, painted in the shape of a coronet: it answers just as well, all the shop-boys and ostlers say, 'my lady,' to it; wouldn't that do?"

"I should like to show that carriage to my father," exclaimed Lord Dunlara. "I'll be hanged if I don't think that he would apply at Bow-street to have it scratched out, or bring it before the House of Lords; he would be so horrified at the idea."

"Do," answered Hooker, "I should like to see the Peers at work on a breach of privilege; the Commons show rare sport when they get hold of one, the proceedings of the Pickwick Club are a joke to them. Well, I must be off."

As he left the room, he encountered Waverton, his countenance expressive of the deepest disappointment and mortification. Expecting all day a communication from Lord Innismore, he had directed his servant to bring it to the club, when it arrived, and, on going to receive

it, was horror struck at perusing the following specimen of the correspondence of the female aristocracy, whom he had just been so energetically lauding.

“ My dear Mr. Waverton,

“ It grieves me exceedingly to be the writer of a communication that must necessarily give you pain, but I have been requested by Lord Innismore to express his sense of the honour you proposed doing his house, by allying yourself with Miss de Burgh, an honour which, as her guardian, he is sorry to be obliged to decline, having other views as to her disposal in marriage. Miss de Burgh having, though with a natural reluctance, been made sensible of the necessity of not opposing herself to her uncle's decision, begs me to express her deep regret at the unfortunate necessity for discontinuing the intimacy that existed between you and her and I trust that you will see the propriety of holding no farther intercourse with her

beyond what the ordinary courtesies of society demand.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Waverton,

"Ever yours, faithfully,

"SARAH LOOSELY."

This astounding communication came like a thunderbolt upon the dismayed lover. He could hardly believe that in less than four-and-twenty hours, those lips that he had seen quivering with joyful agitation, as they honestly, and without false shame, confessed her love for him, could coldly pronounce her chilling "regret at the unfortunate necessity for discontinuing the intimacy that had hitherto existed between them." It was hardly credible, yet the letter was undeniable; he felt as if the ground were being cut away from under his feet, as if life were valueless; the most crushing of all misfortunes had fallen upon him, the destruction of one we love and trust: still, as when any great calamity happens, we cannot at first

make up our minds to its reality, he doubted yet that he was finally rejected.

"At all events," said he, "I will take no refusal except from her own mouth; I will know the grounds upon which she turns so suddenly round—confound that old tyrant—I'll wait till she's of age—what on earth can Lady Loosely have to say to it,—I'm not bound by what she writes,—I'll go and see Lord Innismore myself. I do not believe she can be so unstable; I never saw anybody else pay her the slightest attention, and I know that it's not Dunlara. By the bye, that Lady Loosely seems to have great influence there: she used to profess herself my friend; she's a good-natured woman too, if she were not so worldly,—if I could enlist her on my side. I must try."—

Here his meditations were interrupted by Mr. Hooker, who was sallying forth, "Why, what's the matter, my dear fellow?" said that gentleman, "you look as black as thunder. Cab smashed, eh?"

Waverton at first made no answer, but, taking him by the arm, descended the steps with him, deep in thought. At last he broke silence with a levity which sprang from desperation :

“ I say, what’s the best way to bribe a woman ? ”

“ Is she married or single ? ”

“ Married.”

“ Give her a black velvet gown.”

“ Oh, she can have a dozen of them, if she likes.”

“ What ! is she such a grandee ? try her with china.”

“ She has such a museum of it, it would be impossible to find anything she has not got better already. There is no overtrumping her crockery ware.”

“ The family of dragons and monsters is a very extensive one ; nevertheless, if that won’t do, keep continually and perpetually sending her flowers : there is a way to the heart through the nose.”

"She has the second best conservatory in London, and God knows how many acres of glass in the country."

"She must be impregnable: some of them like chocolate reptiles, toads and cockchafers—I do not know—pet the children."

"She never will show them,—says they bore people."

"Get a pink and white dog, about as large as a good-sized squirrel, with a pink ribbon round his neck, and give it her."

"She hates pets,—says they are a depraved taste."

"Affect to fall in love with her, yourself; she won't say that's a depraved taste."

"Possibly not, but then there are peculiar circumstances that make that plan inapplicable to my case."

"Well, I really do not know what you can do; jewellery might tell, but it would take a mint of money for the sort of person you describe, and fail probably, too. They stow it

away in those confounded purple cases, and forget it; eatables are good working bribes, but not in such a case as this: it must be something that they cannot get at otherwise. That game bill has done a world of mischief in that way. I've heard of a pretty little bit of business being done in furs; Bohemian glass is getting stale; curious old lace might do something;—they're up to flattery, at least direct flattery—ah, yes—the only thing that I can see for you to do is to ask her advice about something or other, and follow it. Mind you take care that it is a matter of no consequence. Oh, by Jove, I must go, there's Lord Littleisland."

"Lord Littleisland! that's that lout Snooks."

"Yes, they call him Lord Littleisland, for he can talk of nothing but his friend Lord Greatisland. I shall go and ask him whether he has heard lately from Greatisland, and he'll say, 'I received yesterday a most interesting letter from my noble friend; I'll show it you, if

you will give me the pleasure of your company to dinner to day : you'll meet Lord Somebody or other ;' and if that sort of thing suits him, it suits me, so, good by. Oh, by the by," said he, returning, "they have got a new tea from some of our territories in India, or somewhere in Burmah or Thibet, out of China at all events, I think it is called Assam, and some of the men have been trying it on to get round old women with ; steer clear of it, it tastes most infernally like senna, and I should be very sorry to an-
not misbehaving itself."

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight. Man, bird, beast, were at rest : the earth acknowledged, in universal stillness, the silent dominion of night ; the spirit of the hour was repose, yet, at a lonely casement, stood one who watched, to weep. The unhappy Hopewell, heartbroken, weary of his life, looked listlessly out into the night, but he gazed not now as of yore upon the broad streak of quivering silver that the moon cast upon the darkened sea. Gleaming in the pale moonlight, the antique steeple of Ganton church reared itself before his eyes ; yet he saw it not, his thoughts were elsewhere, though to Ganton he had transferred his labours and his sorrows ; for to remain at Kensworth, and witness what

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Exo1

*In the morning watch came a fearful sound,
And Israel trembled and rose from the ground,
Twas the war steed's tramp, and the rolling wheel,
And the trump, and the drum, and the clash of steel,
And the leaders' voices loud.*

*For the heart of Pharaoh was hardened then,
And he said to his princes, his mighty men,
"Israel back for our slaves let us win,
The crags of the desert have shut them in ;
They must be ours again."*

*Of the chariots of war there were thirty score,
And the sound of the host was like ocean's roar,
In the pride of his might did that king rejoice,
But Israel cried with a moaning voice,
As the voice of doomed men :*

*"Why leddest thou us forth from a fertile land ?
Could we find no graves in Egypt's sand ?
Better to live there in slavery,
Than come to the wilderness here to die ;"
So cried they in their fear.*

*"Fear not, my children," the prophet said,
"The Lord this day shall be honoured ;
Look free and bold on yon host on the plain,
No more for ever ye see it again ;
Is not Jehovah here ?"*

And Moses

And

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And the pillar of
For the hand of
And Israel unharmed
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When the leaders
The stars waxed dim
Ere the latest of Is
Where man

For the Lord looked out from the cloud on high,
And he caused that their chariots drave heavily.
The proud heart of Egypt was troubled sore,
But Israel stood on the desert shore ;
God was their trust.

Women, and children, and men, their host,
Safe as on land, had the Red Sea crossed ;
Hundreds of thousands they stood around,
And Moses looked on the sea-girt ground,
With Egypt's children filled.

He stretched o'er the struggling waves his hand,
And the Lord has loosed their viewless band ;
With a mighty roar, and a fearful leap,
They returned to the caverns of the deep ;
To lay thenceforward stilled.

A moment before in that awful way,
Proud Pharaoh was leading his grim array,
Glittered the helm, the spear, the glaive,
And now there is nought save the breaking wave ;
So the God of Jacob willed.

The reading of the verses occupied the sufferer for the moment, and diverted his thoughts from his own sorrows ; he walked moodily backwards and forwards, and then read on :

Six times around proud Jericho since morning's earliest dawn
Hath Israel's host in ceaseless march its deadly circle drawn
Six times each heathen tower hath yelled its peal of savage
 laughter,
Once more to raise its voice of scorn,—and be silent ever after

And once again its path of fate that army tracked anew,
And louder still in conscious power, its sacred trumpets blew ;
And prouder glances, frowns of death, were on the city cast,
As it passed before its mocking foes, the seventh time—
 last !

Rood after rood, all slow and dread—that holy train goes on
No sound breaks on its silence, save the trumpets' bodiless
 tone ;

The torch is lit, the spear is raised, and naked gleams the sword
To smite the doomed city with the vengeance of the Lord.

In stern obedience, motionless, the messengers of death,
The scourge of Heaven, stand and watch their chieftain's gathering
 breath ;

Then Joshua's voice rose proud and high above the trumpet
 tone,

“ Shout, for your God hath given you the city for your own.”

Then thundered a triumphant shout—the accents of the Lord
Were in the sound of Israel's voice in wrath resistless poured ;

All crushed and strewed in shapeless heaps, like corn before the
blast,
Those walls from their foundation rent, as if an earthquake
passed.

And then with God's own vengeance charged, drew Israel's
children nigh,
Might from above, gave to their hands the sword of victory ;
Haroc was there, and fire, and death, and ceased not with the
day,
Till the shades of desolation on the silent city lay.

"The shades of desolation !" repeated he,
"how deep they can lie upon the bursting
heart! Yet have not I deserved all this? In
how many hours, nay days, during the last two
months, have I suffered the thoughts of *her* to
distract my mind from the holy duties I have
undertaken! Alas, how unworthily! And
these vain toys, is it so that the time of a chris-
tian minister should be occupied? The songs
of the Scriptures may be, perhaps, less repre-
hensible, but those sonnets—love sonnets—
were the holy apostles rhymesters? Alas! how
much have I to subdue before I can be a wor-

thy follower of those sainted men. Love—pride—undue anxiety about the affairs of this world, idleness, misapplication of even the scanty abilities that Providence has given me. Eheu ! peccavi, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa !” Mechanically he took up the paper again and read.

JUDGES, chap. x.

Fear does with joy combine,
In the wild triumphant sound,
As the untamed host of the Philistine
Bow at their hideous idol's shrine,
For Samson's blind and bound.

Hark the triumphant cry,
“ Honour to Dagon's name !
He hath freed us now from our enemy,
He hath gotten his children the victory,
Ours is a god of fame.”

There were lords and chieftains there,
There were shepherds of low degree ;
There were men of war, there were women fair,
There were grey old priests with unholy prayer,
There was childhood's harmless glee.

'Twas a high and glittering sight,
And thousands around it stood ;
Their hearts waxed proud, and their eyes waxed bright,
As they gloated on each unholy rite,
In that evil fane of blood.

And they cried with vengeful cries,
“ Let Samson our call obey ;
With his brazen chains and his sightless eyes,
Let our children mock at the mighty prize,
Let him make us sport to-day.”

He comes, the mighty one,
Alas for Israel's pride !
His heart as lead, his eye as stone,
Sight, hope, and strength alike were gone,
There was little left beside.

They put him, that all might see,
’Twixt the pillars that propped the fane ;
And they shouted aloud in their cruel glee,
Till his proud heart swelled in its agony,
And he called on his God again.

“ Hear me, O Lord, I implore,
Avenge my darkened eyes
On these ungodly men ; restore
The strength thou gavedst me, this once more.
Before thy servant dies.”

He shook the pillars tall,
As he grasped them in his prayer ;
And a murmur ran through the crowded hall,
But no man knew that, unseen by all,
The angel of death was there.

The Lord hath heard his moans,
And he bowed his darkened head ;
There were crashing beams, there were falling stones,
There were startled cries, there were stifled groans,
There was silence—of the dead.

He laid down the paper. Dark thoughts flitted over his soul, the terrible question arose in his mind, Wherefore was Samson's strength restored to him ? Was it that he might bring down destruction upon the Philistines,—and upon himself ? Was he, the divinely gifted, the chosen among Israel, strengthened but for his own perdition ? Was he rejected ? was he condemned—lost ? The unhappy man hid his face in his hands. " Out, tempter ! " cried he, starting to his feet ; " unhallowed thought, away. Oh Arabella ! how I could have rejoiced

to devote my life to thy happiness—how I could have risen in the morning, glad that another day was come that I might make bright and sunny for thee—how I could have lain down at night, blessed that it was by thy side—how I could have watched that not the shadow of a sorrow should darken thy soul—how I could have exulted as day upon day heaped proof upon proof of my unspeakable, unchangeable devotion to thee, and showed that the pearl beyond price of thy heart was not thrown away upon one who knew not its value; death should not have divided us. Alas! it is gone, it was a vision of light—of surpassing loveliness—but it is gone, and for ever. My soul must toil in a gloomy, dreary wilderness, aimless, joyless, hopeless, until its appointed time. The hour will come when the mourner shall weep no more, the weary shall be at rest,—*fiat voluntas tua*,—the hand of the Lord is in every event and it is a hand of mercy.”

CHAI

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get out again. Piles of buildings of astonishing loftiness towering over the quays—vessels of all nations,—the unwieldy Dutchman—the graceful American—the well-moulded Frenchman—going out and coming in, in every conceivable variety of rig: little active river steamers buzzing and fizzing about in all directions: and neat and well-kept villas on the shore, announcing that evening brought quiet and country air to many of the merchant princes of Liverpool. Huge bales of cotton, rows of sugar hogsheads, masses of timber, stacks of barrels, packages of every description, crowded the quays; ponderous waggon jolted over the rough pavement with a deafening clang; every where commercial activity was predominant—every where its offspring, the magnificent offspring of a rude and rugged mother, commercial wealth, was to be observed; and the young soldier gazed with no little astonishment at the busy scene around him.

Yet was his mind fully occupied with his own

thoughts; he was in that most perplexing of all situations, a new position, yet it was not an unpleasing one. Not having even been at school, except the village day-school, he now, for the first time in his life, found himself away from all those whom he was in the habit of deferring to and depending upon, and cast upon his own resources for every thing he did; and he sat, as the vessel cleared the harbour, apparently carefully watching the man at the wheel, but really little cognizant of what that keen-eyed personage was doing, for the visions and speculations of fresh eighteen were rising thick and fast in his mind; the independence he was about to enjoy—the gay companions among whom another day would see him enrolled—the clash of arms—the glitter of scarlet and gold, crowded upon his thoughts; if ever a transitory shade of regret obtruded itself, for the home, the parents, and the sisters he was leaving, it was effaced in a moment by the coming glories of the 100th.

*The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
At whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles.*

d plenty of other divinities, neither stern blood-thirsty, smile upon those gay traps, and very sweetly too. Arthur was not idle of the triumphs that awaited him, ball-room darling; then there was the home—a regular officer, who had joined regiment, whose talk was of movements positions—front and flank. Dreams of a yet higher glory, too, would flit across his guine mind, for he had been reading all military books he could lay his hands upon, his head was crammed with the accounts of battles and sieges. He readily conjured up scenes in which he performed a part to suit himself:—brig of war runs into Portsmouth harbour—three cheers from the crew as the admiral, with his arm in a sling, goes down the gangway—lands directly—telegraph works—messenger on foot—post-chaise and four—post boys on horseback—Petersfield—Guildford—the road

alive with the excitement of a victory—Kilston—drive to the War-office—streets crowded—people shouting—extraordinary gazette—"My aid-de-camp, Captain Johnson, whom I beg leave to recommend to your lordship's protection, will afford any further information to the details of the action in which he rendered me the most essential service." Breakey Captain W. E. P. Johnson, 100th foot, to be a major in the army—Colonel Johnson, you carry the bridge directly; but don't go beyond the village. Now, Colonel Johnson, advance across the plain—column at quarter distance—keep a bright look-out in the direction of the hillocks to the right; there are some lances behind them. Here they come, by Jove! reform square on the leading division, sections outwards—prepare for cavalry—ready—fire by files—front and right face. Well done, Johnson, by G—you pounded those fellows properly; re-form column, deploy into line. Colonel Johnson, the general is wounded,

command the brigade; advance in line, steady —(here the vessel gave a fearful lurch)—wait a bit till that battery opens—now go on—line will advance—100th the battalion of direction — prepare to charge — charge — hurrah, hurrah—well done, colonel, keep your fellows in hand now, and the day's our own. Major-General Johnson to be Knight Command. O Lord—oh—"the Mother of Beelzebub" seemed to be going stark mad—trying to jump from the top of one wave to that of another, and always slipping down between; it was very inconsiderate of her, and the embryo victor felt that his triumphs must be confined to the land; the sea would not acknowledge him as a conqueror. "Go to leeward, sir," called out the steersman; he might as well have told him to go to Seringapatam, for anything that the unhappy victim knew what leeward was—"Go to the other side," repeated the man—this was intelligible; another terrific plunge, that sent a sparkling shower of spray high into the air,

gave him an impetus, both internal and external, that brought him to the lee bulwark in an instant—it was a nearish thing, but he was in time—God help him.

“You’ll be easier now, sir,” said a stout gentleman, who was walking up and down the deck as Wellington resumed his seat, and that visionary, the thread of his meditations continually broken by his misfortunes, now turned to look about him, and observe his fellow-passengers. The personage who addressed him was a burly looking man, apparently between sixty and seventy, with a mixed expression of good-humour and cunning in his massive features and quick twinkling eye. He was attired in a green coat, with a white hat and a black crape band round it; and had that indefinable air of being somebody that everybody observes, but nobody can define; but on every occasion, his importance was abundantly manifested by the manifest attention and respect which his two companions treated him.

"You'll be easier now, sir, but if you'd take my advice, you'll go below ; for I see it's but a middling sailor you are. We shall have rough work soon, get a glass of grog and a biscuit, and turn in, my young friend, that's the best thing you can do ;" said he, with a kindly smile, and resumed his conversation with his two fellows.

"I tell you they must register," continued he, "it's no use talking ; the county 'll be lost, if they don't."

"Sure they haven't got the qualification," urged one of the minor luminaries.

"What does that signify, isn't it as easy to swear to ten pounds, as it was to forty shillings ?"

"That's thrue enough, but then, they're not pleased with what you said about the saddler, they're mighty partial to him."

"So they think I was too hard upon him, do they ?"

"Faith they do, he never said it at all."

"Why that fellow from Clonmel, told me e'd swear to it."

"Well, then, if I might make so bould, that honest man from Clonmel is not any way remarkable for always speaking the truth."

"The truth ! faith it's little we'd get for Ireland, if we stuck to the truth ; the truth, let me tell you, is a mighty inconvenient article in the House of Commons ; but, however, if they think I gave it him too hard, we must see what can be done for him. What did I say of him ?"

"Sure you called him 'a black-hearted, white-livered, perjured miscreant ;' those were your own words."

"My own words ? well, if they are my own words, I suppose I may do what I like with them ; and I'll tell you what I'll do with them : I'll eat them ; there, will that do ?"

"Oh, yes, that's all fair," answered the other ; "that's all he can expect ;" and by this time young Johnson had discovered, that whatever regard for truth the stout man in green might have on shore, he was an oracle at sea : it got rougher every instant, so down he went below,

not without some little difficulty. He sat down at a table, where half-a-dozen dark, well whiskered, rather handsome, but vulgar looking men, were talking about the price of cattle, and the English horse dealers, over their whiskey punch; and, addressing himself to the nearest, asked who the stout gentleman in a green coat, upon deck, was. The gentleman he addressed turned round, with an expression of the most unmixed astonishment, and stared at him for a moment, as if wondering how any man could ask such a question.

"You'll be a stranger in these parts, sir?" said he, with a slight smile, and a half perceptible twinkle of the eye.

"I am," returned the youth; "pray who is the gentleman?"

There was something almost comic in the air of mystery with which the other answered, in a loud whisper, "Its Lord Roden."

"Augh! for shame, humbugging the gentleman, and he a stranger," said another; "it

isn't his lordship at all at all, sir; i
Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan."

"Go 'long with you," interrupted a
"when did you ever see a minister in a
coat? I'll tell you who it is, sir, i
Riccorder."

"Divil a one of yez know," screa
fourth, in a convulsion of laughter; "a
making game of you, sir, it's Profess
all the time. Murder alive!—here, s
steward, bring a basin—quick—you'd bet
into your berth, sir; I'm thinking the
doesn't agree with your constitution.
sufferer was speedily stowed away upon
as he called it, and shut in; a tumbler
whiskey and water, forced down his th
the good-natured officiousness of h
friends, to whom his innocence had a
so much amusement, certainly conduce
comfort, for it put him to sleep. The
decreased as morning drew near. "
running into the bay, sir," said the s

and the young officer arose, and went upon deck.

On his right a large mountain, connected with the mainland by a strip of country thickly covered with villas, reared its head. "That's the Hill of Howth, sir," said one of his friends of the night before; "on the other side is the town and the water-proof harbour." In front were the confused buildings and rising smoke of a great city; on his left a range of mountains died away in the horizon; and at their foot lay the white houses and whiter blocks of granite, of gigantic size, which composed the town towards which their course was directed. Towards this wilderness of stone the steamer perseveringly paddled through a fleet of fishing-boats, and at last the preparatory—"ease her," and the welcome—"stop her," announced that "the Mother of Beelzebub" was alongside the pier of Kingstown.

"Well, sir, how have you slept?" asked the mysterious stranger as they quitted the vessel;

young stranger was
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himself; "What a
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ag his baggage,—
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starts,—bad cess to
ngs, your honour, le
But I want to go
s," remonstrated V
was piled upon w

captain,—there, that side ; cup, you lazy garron, is it praching a sermon to yourself you are this fine morning ;” and away they went at a gallop, leaving behind alike the confusion of the disembarkation, and the shouting of the multitude, of which all that the young Sassenach could distinguish was something that sounded like “ Long life to the Liberathur ! O’Connell for ever !” or something of that sort.

Suddenly it struck him that in discovering his profession at a glance, his charioteer had displayed an intuitive perception which was very remarkable, not to say mysterious, and, turning to the ragged figure that balanced him on the other side of the car, with a short black pipe in his mouth, he asked the not unnatural question, “ How did you know that I was an officer ?”

“ Och, let me alone for that,” answered Pat, with a wink of indescribable significance, “ sure I’m the boy to know an officer when I see him, long life to their honours all the world over.”

"What an intelligent people!" thought Mr. Johnson, not quite aware that his driver's intelligence went precisely so far as to assure him that all young gentlemen of eighteen like being called captain and no farther, and they continued their journey, which, as they entered Dublin, was suddenly impeded by a long string of jaunting cars, moving at a foot's pace.

"What is this?" asked he.

"Micky Dooley's funeral, your honour."

"Who was Micky Dooley?"

"Sure he kept a public-house in Thomas-street, captain."

"Was he a very rich man, or what, that he has such a funeral?"

"Divil a bit, your honour, he was broke before he died."

"What then, are these his friends burying him at their own expense?"

"Faith it's little they'll spend upon his funeral,—not a rap in money, only their time, captain; but an illigint dinner the widdy 'll give

them—lashings of whiskey and tobacco ; sorrow the haporth of work one of them 'll do the day, or the morrow either, by the same token ; they'll be ating and drinking till ten o'clock this blessed night, more power to them. Och, Tim, honey, let me through. Now, your honour, we'll make up the lost time in a minnit ;" and, breaking the line with the connivance of Tim, he succeeded in getting under weigh again. Turning sharply the corner of Thomas-street, they came suddenly upon half-a-dozen hack jaunting cars, just at the moment that Wellington's driver was describing to his fare the dispute in Thomas-street, as those gentry term Emmett's Rebellion in 1803. The advancing vehicles, as is their custom when proceeding in any numbers through the streets of Dublin, were in echellon ; that is, each not exactly following its predecessors, but keeping a little on one side : the driver of the first car, having nobody *before* him to talk to, of course, looking back, and carrying on an animated

conversation with his next follower. This order, obliquely occupying the entire breadth of the road, is exceedingly favourable to collisions, and, upon this occasion, the leading car was on its wrong side.

"Keep your own side of the sthreet, you blackguard," howled out Arthur's carman, in an agony,—*"hell to your soul, keep your own side of the street, and my blessing go wid ye."*

"My own side of the street!" shouted the other, jumping up on his box to avoid the impending crash, *"my own side of the street! By Jasus, if the quarther of it was my own, it wouldn't be dhriving a dirty car, I'd be."*

"It's nothing at all, your honour; never fear, captain," observed Wellington's driver, as the smash came, and terminated in his favour, *"we've carried away his paddle box; the devil mend him; tache him better manners next time, I'll engage. That's Kilmainham, your honour; great hanging they used to have there in the old time,"* and a few minutes more beheld the

young officer deposited in safety at the Richmond Barracks. A stray corporal conducted him to the colonel, who turned him over to the adjutant, who, having shown him to the paymaster, turned him over to the quartermaster, who turned him into a square, bare, whitewashed room, containing a table, two chairs, fire-irons, fender, a pair of bellows, an iron candlestick, and nothing else, except indeed a list of those valuable articles ; there he was left alone in his glory, with the satisfactory reflection that he was returned "present" in the muster rolls of the 100th Regiment of Foot.

CHAPTER VI.

Few of those who saw Mary de Burgh mingling, apparently, among the gayest of the gay, in the brilliant festivities of the London season, could have dreamed of the struggle that was

tensions could compete, even with his titles and his fortune to boot, in such a heart as Mary's, with those of the gifted, high-minded Waverton; yet she had suffered herself to refuse the man of her heart. The motive was sisterly, but was it wise? She shuddered at the thought of the step she was taking, and every day doubted more and more whether she should be able to make up her mind to accept her new lover. His lordship, however, did not relax in his suit. He even went the unusual length of asking her to dance occasionally.

"There, they'll be our vis-a-vis," said she, one night, about a week or ten days after her rejection of Waverton, as a telegraphic interchange of nods furnished her with that indispensable article for a quadrille: "let us stay here."

"Now to my mind," returned the young nobleman who enacted the part of her partner temporarily, until his appointment for life should be confirmed, "I hate that foreigner-

ing jaw. I do not see why they should not be called our opposite : I like honest English and no mistake ; that's your sort."

" But," said Mary, " French is used in every thing about a quadrille. I think English translations of the figures would sound very odd ; you would stare if you were told to dance the ben, or the summer."

" I wish with all my heart they had been left in France then," returned his lordship, civilly, " such plagues as they are ! it is like being on the treadmill. Now I should like to have a

that is to supplant Walter ! I am really afraid I shall not be able to endure him."

"Now then," said the young savage, as he commenced a somewhat boisterous avancez, "first turn out,—what can't be cured must be endured," and he went through the figure with as much regularity as could be expected. Little more conversation followed between them, for Mary was pondering whether, richly as the pill was gilded, she could swallow it, and his lordship was not exactly the sort of person to make conversation in a ball-room.

"Thank God, I've polished off that job!" was his lordship's polished remark, as the dance terminated: and he seemed to be in such a hurry to get rid of her, that the young lady immediately sought her chaperon, leaving the gentleman to the consolations of Roman punch and lobster salad. Lady Loosely, upon her approach, saw that every thing was not right, and commenced endeavouring to remove any unfavourable impression the young nobleman

might have been so unfortunate as to have made upon the mind of his intended.

"He is very eccentric, certainly," said she; "and really, Mary, you must teach him to talk some other language than that of horses: but he is very clever and good-natured, and so charitable—he allows thirty pounds a-year each to the widows of those men that he drove over and killed at different times. Dear me, there is that odious Mrs. Pelican, with that everlasting crimson velvet gown of hers. I am tired to death of it. Lord Dunlara, do take that chair there, and offer it to Mrs. Pelican."

The innocent cat's-paw obeyed. The lady looked first wistfully at the chair, then as black as thunder at the offerer, and stiffly declined. Lady Loosely smiled mischievously. It was a cane bottom.

"The bird was too old to be caught with chaff," observed Lord Cubtown, who came up at the moment, having laid in half-an-hour's stock of Roman punch and champagne; and

little as he was an authority upon matters of ladies' dress, had already acquired some insight into the impressible character of velvet, from a curious old shooting jacket he spent much of his time in. "You must get up early in the morning, Dunlara, if you want to catch her napping."

"I think you might take your cousin down to supper," said Lady Loosely to Dunlara, feeling that Lord Cubtown's elegances of language were producing an unfavourable effect upon Mary's mind, dreading extremely her relapsing into the Waverton heresy; and proposing, if possible, during their absence, to drive into the young and sporting nobleman's head, that some little improvement might be effected, without much trouble or expense in his phraseology, which, emphatic and often figurative as it was, almost approaching to Orientalism, could hardly be considered suitable to a drawing-room: if it was eloquence, it was misapplied; at least, if eloquence consists in

putting apt words into apt places. Dunlara felt his cousin's arm tremble as she took his; he looked in her face, which was rather more flushed than usual, which, however, he attributed to the scapegoat that bears the blame of all the untoward events in ball-rooms, the heat of the room; and they went down, and were soon, in the regular course of things, wedged in close to the supper table, so that it was almost impossible to stir. Two young men were occupied with the dissection of a fowl close to Mary.

"Are you not going to Mrs. Eligible's to-morrow night?" asked the one.

"No," answered the other; "I found that I had ridden into favour in that house upon Heavitree's horses, that I had the use of for a couple of months—you know they are very fine ones, particularly the groom's—and she thought they were mine, and drew her inferences accordingly; and some one or other, seeing her mistake, humoured it, and told her I had a

large fortune; and when he came back, and I was dismounted again, she found out that I was the youngest of seven, and knocked me off her good books directly—that was not bad, was it?”

“No, it was capital. How I enjoy seeing those sort of people caught! Here comes Delaval. When I left him to-day, he was going to see— Well, Delaval, did you see him?”

“Yes; poor fellow, he is dreadfully pulled down; I never saw such a change in so short a time; he looks more like a corpse than a living man—that dead greyish colour; his cheeks are fallen in shockingly, and he was in very low spirits—did not seem to care a pin whether he lived or died.”

“But is he out of danger?”

“Why yes; that is to say, the immediate danger is passed. The first medical man that was called in, said, that his life was not worth five hours’ purchase—he was raving. That affair of poor Lord Napier’s with the Chinese,

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day; and though he read a *good deal* and attended the house very regularly, I hardly think he over-studied. What a pity it would be if any thing should happen to him—he will be one of our best men if he lives.

“Yes; and such a capital fellow as he is too,” rejoined Lord John. “It came on so suddenly—gave no warning; somebody told me that that sort of illness was often brought on by anxiety of mind, great grief, or disappointment, but that could not have been his case; I should think he could have nothing on his mind.”

“No; he seemed one of the most *pragmatic* men in London.”

“Who are you speaking of, DeLaval?” asked Dunlara. “Who is it that you are killing off so coolly?”

“Walter Waverton.”

No shriek burst from Mary's lips—she *compressed* them with a convulsive effort; the agony of that moment was more than the human frame could bear; a mist came over her

re fell by her cousin.



CHAPTER VII.

"CAN I see Mr. Waverton?" asked Lord Dunlara, calling at the sick man's lodgings at the (after a ball) unusually early hour of twelve, for he was really very much affected at the melancholy news he had heard for the first time the night before; and not having been privy to the family transactions of the past week, might reasonably be supposed to feel some little curiosity as to the connexion between his friend's illness and his cousin's fainting fit, which had entirely taken him by surprise.

"Nobody has been allowed to see him yet, sir," replied the servant who answered the door, "except Lord John Delaval; but I dare say

he'll see you—the doctor is with him now—I'll go and inquire." As he went up the stairs for that purpose, he encountered the Esculapius, and a whispering consultation took place between them.

"Oh, in that case show him up," said the doctor, "but take care to admit nobody that your master might not wish to see; he must not be worried or irritated. Your lordship will find Mr. Waverton very weak and pulled down, but I hope in an improving state; he has had a hard bout of it, but I trust will yet get through; a little cheerful conversation with an old friend will do him good: but I must beg that you will remember, that the moment you observe the least symptoms of weariness on his part, you will take your leave. In his condition of mind and body—you understand, my lord—even the company of an old friend may, after a time, prove exhausting."

A painful contrast met Lord Dunlara's eye when he entered the bed-room, for the invalid

had not as yet attempted to leave his bed. Waverton, always a man of luxurious habits, had furnished his sleeping-room, a spacious and airy apartment, from which all tokens of illness, such as phials, spoons, &c., had been carefully removed, with more expense even than is usually bestowed upon sitting-rooms: china that came from the impenetrable empire of Japan; glass bright with the vivid hues of Bohemia; richly carved wardrobes, apparently of Flemish manufacture, that looked as if they might have witnessed the butcheries of Alva; a looking-glass that a cameleopard might have admired his full length in; a dressing-table, glittering like a jeweller's window; a rich heavy carpet that the footsteps died in; and a bright sun gleaming over all—for Waverton had a peculiar fancy for a glare of light—gave an air of splendour and even cheerfulness that accorded little with the pallid dweller in this chamber of light. He lay listlessly in the bed, just in the state that Lord John had described him

the night before, his hair neglected, his complexion of one sad, uniform, greyish tinge, a ghastly hollow was clearly perceptible between his jaws and cheek-bones, his eye was heavy and languid, and a beard of some days' growth added to the haggardness of his appearance, for the want of energy peculiar to his disorder had prevented his shaving; a table stood at the head of the bed, with a few books and pamphlets, whose undisturbed order however showed that they had not been resorted to by the sufferer; and he received Dunlara gladly indeed, and with apparent gratitude, but with an air of hopeless depression that it was saddening to look at.

"Have they got a pair for me?" was his first question, "Delaval did not know."

"No more do I," answered Dunlara, "I only heard last night by accident that you were ill, or I should have been here long ago. What has been the matter with you?"

"Something by way of a fever, I fancy; it

was very bad while it lasted ; it was a dreadful infliction at night. When my eyes shut, and the body went to sleep, the mind would not. I used to have such strange fancies : I thought at one time that I was the downs at Brighton, and that I suddenly took to rolling forwards like the waves of the sea ; I used to be tired to death of being awake, and yet used to dread going to sleep, it was so horrible a sensation."

" Well, old fellow, cheer up, however : the worst is over, you are better now."

" So the doctors say, but I do not feel it ; my strength is quite gone—I feel that I *can* not get better, thank God."

" Well, upon my soul I never should have thought of thanking God for that : you must not despond in that manner. We'll have you off with us in the Emerald for sea air in August. Willy and I are going to visit the governor's estates in the far west ; we'll show you a stag, my boy ; you shall have a shot at a regular red deer—*wild* : you'll like the country, it is so

extraordinary, so desert ; I'm told that there are places there where you may stand upon the top of a high hill, and see round you for miles and miles, and yet not see a single man, beast, house, fence, road, or tree ; not a living thing but an eagle or two, who seem to wonder how the devil you got there, and to be somewhat inclined to commence an action of trespass, according to the manner of eagles. But I say, why did not you write to let us know that you were so ill ?”

Waverton looked inquiringly at the querist, as much as to say, “ How can you ask such a question ?” but there was nothing in the expression of the young lord's face to show that he knew anything of the events of the last few days, which the sick man was well aware had led directly to his illness. After a moment's hesitation, he asked,

“ Have you heard nothing of what has passed within the last week, between your family and me ?”

“Not a word.”

“Then I suppose I must tell you: just give me that paper cutter, my fingers are getting fidgetty. You must know, Dunlara, that—to cut matters short, I proposed to Miss de Burgh, and was accepted. I went home in the highest spirits, thinking all was right, and I was to wait upon Lord Innismore when he returned to town. You may recollect the other day my leaving you and Hooker, to get a note from my servant, which I supposed was a summons from your father; to my horror I found that it was a letter from Lady Loosely, telling me that Lord Innismore would not suffer the match, and, what was worse, that Miss de Burgh had agreed to the breaking it off. This I could not believe; I went to Grosvenor-square, but could not see her,—I went to Lady Loosely, who merely said, that she had no influence with Lord Innismore; she had only written what he had told her; she was very sorry for my disappointment, but had nothing whatever to say to

it. I then wrote to Miss de Burgh, entreating that she would see me, or at all events give me an assurance under her own hand that her feelings towards me had undergone the change that was represented, for I could not help fancying that she was in some way or other under compulsion, and received an answer from her, giving me my final dismissal, that was so manifestly dictated by Lady Loosely, that I threw it into the fire in a passion. And now I ask you, Dunlara, do you wonder that I do thank God most sincerely that I feel myself rapidly sinking into the grave?"

Dunlara jumped up, and hastily paced up and down the room. "I expected something of this sort from the old earl," thought he, "but that Mary should accept him one day, and refuse him the next, is too bad. I had a better opinion of her,—that fainting fit, too, last night, when she heard he was dangerously ill! I should like to know what it meant: my father has bullied her into it, and Lady Loosely

has got round her in some manner,—that she devil! she is always after some intrigue or manœuvre. I had better not tell Waverton about it, however. My dear Walter,” said he, aloud, “depend upon it matters are not so bad as you think; that Mary has been bullied into this extraordinary conduct I have no doubt; it is quite contrary to her nature and her disposition; and of course when once they have got the upper hand of her, they have no difficulty in making her write whatever they please. I must see about it; I may yet have good news to bring, and right glad I shall be.” He took Waverton’s hand, and shuddered at the fearful distinctness with which he felt the bones through the skin of his attenuated fingers.

“No,” returned the other, “my career is drawing fast to a close. Even if I did recover, and that Lord Innismore did change his mind, I could not, after what has happened, look for happiness from Miss de Burgh. My heart is crushed, Dunlara, my confidence in human na-

ture, in woman's nature, which I believed to be far the best of the two, is shattered ; the springs of life are broken within me, and the sooner the machine stops the better. And what is death?" Here his countenance changed, the expression of hopeless despondency disappeared, and its place was occupied by a ghastly smile, the bitter levity of desperation, that laughs because earth holds nought more it can weep for. "The vulgar form their idea of death as an apothecary compounds his medicine from a receipt ; they take a sufficient quantity of plumes, and hearses, and mourners, and a grave, and a coffin, and the rattle of the clods upon its lid, and cold, and darkness, and oblivion, and they say that is death. That is not death—the dead know it not, heed it not, want it not, fear it not. The ponderous mass of black velvet and brass nails that you will see, in a few weeks hence, placed upon a black platform in one of the cemeteries, lowered down by machinery with a clanking noise, dismissed with three

handfuls of dust, and safely deposited in a recess like the bin of a cellar, there to abide decay, will not contain Walter Waverton; it will contain flesh, clay, grass, dust, ashes, what you will, a mere wrapping—cast-off—rejected—inanimate—unlamented. Walter Waverton then will care no more for it than you do for the hair that falls from your head upon the floor, under the hand of the hairdresser, and is swept away by the housemaid; than you care for the parings of your nails. No, Dunlara, to those who are sick at heart, death is not an imprisonment, it is a release! the soul disencumbered is at liberty and at rest. We feel no more the clogs of the flesh, the shame of our weaknesses, our littlenesses, the bending of the soul to the body, the isolating curse of selfishness, the pitiful helplessness that leaves our happiness, our self-respect, our very existence, at the caprice of a fickle girl, or a manœuvring woman, or an ambitious guardian. We revolt no more at the grimed and defiled steps of the

ladder of ambition. We are saddened no more by the depressing conviction of experience, that the pleasures, the objects we so eagerly pursue, are valueless when they are grasped. We were slaves—we are free. It was darkness—it is light. Is it nothing to be element? no longer matter—to be spirit; bodiless, fetterless spirit—to be in the air, and mark the lightning forming in the cloud, and know why it forms, and where its pitiless flash will strike—to watch the tempest afar off, and know why it comes—why it boils, and foams, and smites, and desolates, that it may fulfil its appointed task in the unpausing working of the universe. Is it nothing to read the hearts of men, and trace every separate action to its real motive? To be in the earth, and observe the strata piled in its due order, rank upon rank for ever, the pent-up elementary fire struggling in its everlasting bondage,—the diamond hardening,—the dark workings of the mine,—the strange vivifying principle that clothes the surface in verdure,—to scan at last

and understand that mysterious principle of reproduction, of generation, that the wise men of the olden time, the sages of Egypt and Assyria, gazed on in wonder, till its incomprehensible powers and beauty dazzled them, and they fell down and worshipped it? Alas, that a coarser age should have forgotten its beauties! Is it nothing to be on the sea, and say, 'For this reason do the tides flow?' To scan the growth of its coral islands; to examine its dark bottom rich with the wrecks of ages,—to be in the heavens and feel the gigantic bonds, the elemental chains that keep millions upon millions of colossal bodies moving with almost illimitable impulse, at immeasurable distance, with inconceivable rapidity, each in its allotted place, that it cannot leave,—to exchange the world where the governing principle is the love of self, for the universe where the eternal law is the love of all? And to see, to feel, to understand all these things, what is the cost?—the price we pay to range space, the toll at the gate

of eternity,—a little pain, perhaps,—a little fear that we are ashamed of,—a little sorrow for our friends' distress,—a little gasping for breath,—a little rattle in the throat,—and then" ——

During this rhapsody Dunlara had sat perfectly still, utterly unable to offer either observation or reproof, so overwhelming was the energy with which the sick man had launched forth into his dreamy speculations: but now that it was over, he of course proceeded to stop it.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you must not talk in that way; the doctor gave strict orders that you should be kept quiet — you quite frighten me; here you have been moving heaven and earth for the last ten minutes, till my brain's whirling. I shall not be able to recollect a card for the next fortnight, and all this because Mary does not know her own mind, and my governor likes peers better than commoners. Now lie still, for God's sake;" for a second burst seemed to be on the point of breaking forth; "upon my honour if you begin

again, I'll leave you. Now just listen to reason, will you? In the first place, it is not clear to me, as I told you before, that Mary has been fairly treated by the elders; that I must make my business to inquire about; in the second, I do not know that my father is inexorable, once he is made acquainted with the true state of the case; in the third, I dare say that Lady Loosely may be got to interfere, and I know that her influence over the earl is much greater than he would like to have described; and in the fourth, Mary will in all human probability, that is, if all those gigantic bonds that you are so anxious to be speculating in, hold fast—are good securities—and keep old Father Time up to his work properly, at some not very distant period come of age, when her guardian's authority will cease; and then instead of burrowing, or diving, or swimming, or flying, as you propose, you may marry an uncommonly nice girl, which I should consider much better fun."

Waverton shook his head; he was evidently

exhausted by having imprudently given way to his excited imagination, an effort which his impaired strength was little able to support. "God bless you, Dunlara," he said in a feeble voice; "you know I told you I was delirious a few days ago; I suppose you think I am raving still. Leave me now, for I think that I could sleep; but whenever you have an hour to spare, come and see me: but, by the bye, you must not say or do anything more about — the matter I was telling you of. I really cannot appear as a suppliant, and my feelings, after having been used as I have been, are not what they were."

"That will do for the marines," observed the Viscount to himself, as he closed the door after him, which formula for expressing disbelief he had picked up at a ball on board a three-decker at the Nore; "but upon my honour I do not think it safe leaving him alone; he might try and find a short cut to those incomprehensible things that he admires so much. Thomas, as your master does not shave regularly now,

I think you might take the opportunity of getting his razors sharpened; and, do you hear, you need not leave them back again till the doctor tells you. Is he coming back to-day?"

"Yes, sir, at six this evening."

"Well, then, tell him that Mr. Waverton was talking very wildly;—I could not stop him—it was no fault of mine—but he was very much excited."

"Very well, sir," returned the man, "I'll attend to it."

"He must be a clever fellow, that Waverton," thought the Viscount; "I wonder what the devil it was all about!"

ER VIII.

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Lady Loosely, as she
, the morning after her
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Waverton was exceedingly ill: ignorant of the principal motive that governed Mary's actions, she was, it must be admitted, somewhat astonished at the readiness with which she had surrendered such a man as Waverton for his unworthy competitor. One of the only friends she had really loved, was Mary's mother; in the daughter she took an interest almost maternal; and worldly-minded as she was, she was not a mere vulgar match-maker. Mary's real substantial happiness would, in her mind, have far out-weighed any considerations of rank or wealth; and ready as she was to support Lord Cubtown's pretensions against Waverton, when it appeared that he was the more eligible match of the two, she would have been just as ready to exert her influence in favour of the latter, had she once been satisfied that Mary's feelings were really deeply interested in the question. This her own experience of the world led her to doubt; the young lady would not acknowledge that she had thrown over the man

she really loved and respected, partly dazzled by rank and wealth—partly actuated by the wish to assist her brother; she could not make up her mind to confess that it was her conscience smiting her at the part she was acting, that occasioned her illness; and as people generally do when they are in perplexity, declined adopting the suggestion thrown in her way, and, in the innocence of her heart, laid the blame upon some strawberries she had eaten.

"Nevertheless," said Lady Loosely, "we'll call it the heat of the room; that is much prettier than eating yourself sick; besides which, it is a stock phrase that does duty for all *contre-temps*; if you are ill, or cross, or jealous, or partnerless, or sleepy, or deserted, the heat of the room covers every thing; it passes for the root of all evil, as idleness did when I learned to write—but I should really like to know, Mary, what you think about Lord Cubtown. You know that your uncle and Lord Mudacre have already come to a sort of agreement about

you and him, that only awaits your decision, and that you may be called upon to give that decision at any moment that he can screw up his courage to the point. I positively thought at one time last night, that he was going to ask me to do it for him; now, your letter, you know, broke off definitively with Mr. Waverton, and you really should be prepared how to act."

Poor Mary was about as little prepared how to act as ever was young lady, blessed with two strings to her bow, a perilous state of superfluity, apt to produce unpleasant results, or rather, non-results; as many a disappointed fair one knows well, though they rarely unbosom themselves on the subject. Her mind was passion-tossed by varied and contradictory emotions; she had deliberately, and for a specific purpose of her own, rejected Waverton, and yet she was nettled at the little exertion he made to re-establish himself in her good graces. She was not altogether pleased at being taken

so unexpectedly at her word, for she was ignorant that what she considered his hasty abandonment of his suit was occasioned by his sudden and violent illness. She had half resolved upon accepting Cubtown, yet whenever he approached her, her repugnance to him revived. She had no particular decision of her own to give in the question, and so borrowed an observation of Lady Loosely's for the occasion. "You know," she said, "how obstinate my uncle is, and how difficult it is to resist his will."

"Well, but have you made up your mind to have Lord Cubtown?"

"I really have not had time to make up my mind at all; besides, you know he has not asked me yet. He is very odd, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, we expect you to cure him of all that sort of thing; you must persuade him that he is not to come into society, in the coat he smokes in; and to talk a little more English, and a little less Sporting Magazine

he might sometimes manage, too, to do with a little less claret."

"We could assist Henry," said Mary, and a proud smile lighted her countenance; "my uncle might be as angry with him as he pleased, then."

The doubts on Lady Loosely's mind cleared away in an instant before these words. There was a high and haughty expression in Mary's eye, and the conviction came like the flashing of light, that it was not a mere sordid preference of rank and wealth, that had occasioned the young lady's half acceptance of Lord Cubtown; she looked again at the fair girl's face, melancholy had reassumed its sway—the sacrifice was something fearful to contemplate.

"Get on your things, my love," said she kindly, and almost compassionately; "we will take a stroll in Kensington Gardens, to clear your little head. I shall go down to the drawing-room, and amuse myself while you are dressing, trying if I can find any likenesses in the Book of Beauty."

Her ladyship was too well aware how hopeless such a search would be, to attempt any thing of the sort: she proceeded at once to Lord Innismore's study; determined to make an effort to persuade him to be reasonable, if he could not be charitable, about Henry. She found him unhappily more enraged against him than ever,—a gossiping letter that the worthy doctor, whom she found closeted with the earl, had just received, and communicated to his patron, having given such a character to the circumstances of Henry's marriage, as to make it appear that poor Henry had in the first place with dishonourable intentions treacherously supplanted Mr. Hopewell in Arabella's affections; and, in the second, that so far from having voluntarily married, he had been forced into the match against his will, upon the discovery of his designs. That this report was set about by Mr. Hopewell, was not for an instant to be supposed; but the good people of Ganton had got hold of the three unde-

niable facts, in the first place, that Mr. Hopewell had been an admirer of Arabella ; in the second, that there had been a difficulty of some sort or kind, about Henry's marriage with her ; and, in the third, that Mr. Hopewell had left **Kensworth** in consequence of his disappointment ; facts, which, as the adepts in the Composite order of architecture, after which the Temple of Rumour is constructed, well know, would form a foundation abundantly sufficient to support any superstructure of lies, that might be raised upon it.

"Then you see," said he, as he completed the narration of poor Henry's atrocities to lady Loosely, "scarcely a day passes without my hearing of some fresh blackguardism of his ; and what's worse, I'm told now, that an uncle of his,—O my God, an uncle !—has just died and left them some money, that he made by opium smuggling, and cheating the native princes in India. I wish to heaven he were in the Fleet ! However, ill-gotten gains never

prosper: thank God, I shall see him a beggar yet."

Lady Loosely felt that this was no occasion to intrude the subject of forgiveness. "When do you think of going abroad, Lord Innismore?" asked she.

"Oh, by the bye, doctor," said the earl, "have you made out what spa I ought to go to? I have been reading about Schwalbach and Schlangenbad."

"Is it where the snakes do be swimming about in the water, mylord? Sure your lordship wouldn't like to have the poisonous varmin twisting about you in the bath, like the old story of Laocoön, I read of at college?"

"Or Wiesbaden."

"Well, my lord, that's the gouty spa; but, indeed, I don't think it's a good place for a member of the Church of England; sure the Quarter Sessions hotel is full of the Jews that come to wash themselves from Frankfurt."

“What sort of a place is Ems?”

“Ems!” said the doctor, casting a hesitating glance at Lady Loosely, “I don’t think Ems would suit your Lordship’s complaint; its a female spa, my lord, there’s where the ladies go when they have been some time married, and haven’t as many children as they think they ought to have.”

“Oh, that does not concern me,” said Lord Innismore hastily; “what are the qualities of the Baden waters?”

“Mighty bad qualities, my lord, they collect all the blacklegs in Europe; such gambling, such flirting, such fighting as goes on; sure they have christened one of the springs the Hell Spring, and one of the rocks the Devil’s Pulpit. Fishing in troubled waters, sure enough, for them that go to Baden. It’s a great place for shower baths though; they’ve got a new sort with squirts, I’m told; for they call the house it’s in, ‘The Syringer Hotel.’”

“Is Franzensbad likely to do me any good?”

"Sure they smother you in the mud there, my lord; they put you sitting up to your neck in a bog like a snipe: mighty likely place for a frog to recover its health in, I dare say; but I should think a queer sort of treatment for a Christian,—a British peer I mean."

"What's the name of that place the King of Bavaria goes to?"

"Bruckenaui; oh yes, that's the Parterre spa. I don't think that's the sort of water your lordship requires; sure it works popish miracles; it cured Prince Hohenlohe after he had failed to cure himself. I'm thinking the using them would be a premunire." The doctor had an idea that the word "Parterre" meant some peculiar sort of mineral water; what its nature was he had not the slightest conception, but his valiant and almost unprecedented resistance to his patron's suggestions had arisen from his having made up his mind that there was only one place whither he could venture to send his noble patient. He had read that Carlsbad was the "Hôpital de

urope ; that its waters cured all complaints. He had not the slightest idea in what class of invalids he should place Lord Innismore, and supposing that the comprehensive qualities of the Carlsbad would include his patron's case, (he was not wrong, for the earl had nothing the matter with him,) he resolved that Carlsbad should be the resort. He had better have left well alone.

"Do you know anything about Carlsbad?" asked the earl.

"That's the place I was thinking of recommending your lordship to go to : it's an aristocratic spring, the Carlsbad. All the nobility and the celebrities and the princes of the continent go there ; it's just the place for a nobleman when he is indisposed. I should think it would suit your lordship's constitution."

"Well, in a fortnight or three weeks we must see about going ; I shall want you, doctor, you know,—cannot get on without you. There's one comfort, the Channel will roll between me and that scapegrace nephew of mine."

"He is perfectly demoniac about Henry," said Lady Loosely to herself as she left the room. She found her young charge in very improved humour ; she had just received a gigantic bouquet with Lord Cubtown's compliments ; Lady Loosely was not less pleased at this indication of dawning civilization. There was positively some hope of reclaiming him, and they started on their drive in much better spirits than was at all to be expected under the circumstances.

It was a brilliant spectacle, the assemblage in the Gardens. The band of one of the regiments of household cavalry was playing under the trees ; the green turf seemed covered with a variegated assemblage of colours run mad ; every conceivable variety of tint was glittering and fluttering in the sunshine ; the gay world was there under pretence of listening to the music ; the scene altogether was exhilarating, and Mary felt herself growing more and more disposed to be pleased with every thing, herself

cluded, when Lord Cubtown approached the broken fence upon an uncommonly handsome rab, which she thought she should like to ride mazingly. Much to her astonishment, and not less to that of Lady Loosely, his lordship upon seeing them forthwith cantered round to the door, consigned his steed to the charge of his groom, and joined them.

"Good morning, Miss de Burgh," said he. 'How do you get on now? you were properly bloated last night.'

"Thank you, I am a great deal better now. I was rather unwell last night, but I have quite got over it."

"That's right, stick to that, there's nothing like condition. I hope you have got the nose-gay I made bold to send you."

"Oh yes. I am so much obliged to you,—they are the most delicious flowers."

"Yes, trust me for that, I told them to go the whole hog: d—n the expense. What's the

odds as long as you're happy? they said they were tip-top ones, and no mistake."

"They are really very beautiful. I shall wear them at Lady Daventry's, this evening."

"Eh! where did you say you're going?"

"To Lady Daventry's; do not you know her?"

"No," said his lordship, looking for the very first time in his life, exceedingly blank at not being asked to a ball; "does she give a hop? confound it! it's too late now. I shall not be able to come an invitation by no manner of means. What shall I do?" as if Mary could have told him.

Lady Loosely could help him in his distress.

"I'll get you an invitation with great pleasure," said she, exceedingly amused at his lordship's new-born fancy for balls. "Lady Daventry is an old friend of mine; I'll call and ask her for one as we are going home."

"Oh, thank you, my lady, 'a friend in need is a friend indeed:' we'll do a bit of light fan-

tastic, Miss de Burgh," returned he, with a singular, sprawling motion, intended to represent some step or other. "What do you think I've been doing, Lady Loosely? I've just been to Storr and Mortimer's, ordering a diamond necklace, and things for the ears and forehead: such a set! all brilliants, every one of them; beat Frost and Norton all to chalk."

"Why, what in the world do you want with a diamond necklace?" inquired her ladyship, still more delighted with the noble youth's spasmodic attempt at courtship.

"Oh, we shall see; wait till you see a certain young lady that shall be nameless, with her head tied up in diamonds.

" ' Oh, my love is like the red red rose,
That sweetly blows in June.' "

There's sentiment for you!"

Mary was something like the red red rose at the moment; for the evident destination of the diamonds and the coarseness of her noble

suitors' allusion to them, had made her blush like fire.

"You must have some very, very deep plot that you will not let us into, Lord Cubtown," said Lady Loosely, laughing heartily. "I never knew that you were so very gallant a personage as you appear to be now."

"Oh, you'll be up to the whole thing soon enough," rejoined the youth, "'the more haste the worst speed.' Holloa, there's Tom Hooton; I'm off, as the ball said to the cannon. Good bye, ladies;" and he departed to make tender inquiries touching a certain bull-dog, that at that moment divided his thoughts with Mary de Burgh.

"Really, my love, this is something astonishing," said Lady Loosely, as he cantered off; "positively Bruin is tamed." Mary made no answer. "He certainly is very eccentric," thought she, "but then he is so clever and so generous;" and she drove home better reconciled to his lordship than she had hitherto been.

"By the Lord Harry," ran the young gentleman's reflections, "if I get on at this rate, I shall do. I never knew what a clever fellow I was at making love before; she was laughing and smiling as civil as a barmaid all the time; if the pace lasts, I shall win with a fortnight to spare."

The fact was, that his lordship, at about three o'clock that morning, had adjourned to Crockford's, and two or three other men having come in from the ball where Mary de Burgh fainted, her sudden illness had been the topic of conversation; and Lord Cubtown, nettled at Lord John Delaval, who it will be remembered was close to her at the time, and was well acquainted with all the parties, having made some remarks upon its having taken place at the precise moment that she heard of Waverton's being dangerously ill, had backed himself fifteen hundred to twelve, to produce her as Lady Cubtown, on the course on the Leger day.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY and Arabella had now been some time married ; the first week they were of course delirious, but latterly the lucid intervals had become more frequent, and of longer duration. The bridegroom had got back to his work,—the unravelling of the most curiously compounded of polysyllabic words and simplifying the most elaborately incomprehensible of speculative ideas, reducing mysticism to English, which plain practical language received its soaring sister from the banks of the Elster with much the sort of welcome a cat accords to a terrier ; and the bride had returned to her labours of lambswool, out of which gentle material she was employed in delineating upon canvas, the

very type of ferocity, a Turk on horseback, with a drawn sabre, after one of those Berlin patterns, the opprobrium of English industry, that has left the industrious among ladies so long dependent upon a foreign capital for their patterns. Thus employed, her frame touching his table, they sat together, in the cheerful little drawing-room, sharing about as reasonable a degree of felicity as is to be looked for on this side of the grave, for each was occupied ; and yet a single glance of the eye enabled either to enjoy the sight of the object most beloved on earth. The arrival of the letters roused them from their tasks, and the following curious specimen of correspondence fell to Henry's share :

“ My dear Mr. Henry,

“ I have been directed by the Right Honble. Lord your uncle, to inform you that you are no longer his nephew or blood relation at all, any longer ; and that you are not to expect any support from him, especially to see his lord-

ship's face. And I am sorry to say that he is as mad as a hatter with you, for demeaning yourself, and him, and Miss Mary, and Lord Dunlara, and Mr. William, by your marriage; and he is going to the German spa. I beg leave to add my congratulations on your wedding, and with respects to your lady, am,

"Honoured Sir,

"Yours to command,

"J. HIGGINS."

He then lunched content at this novelist com-

"He never cared a pin about me," replied Henry, "and I'm sure I've little reason to care much about him. He got me my promotions to be sure; but that was nothing but family pride, and he was so enraged at my selling my commission, that I doubt whether he ever would see me again, under any circumstances. I know he wanted to ship me off to the South Seas, to some island or other that nobody ever heard of before, that was on none of the maps, so that I never should be heard of again. However, I'm content, I'm twice as happy as I ever was before, and ten times as happy as I deserve to be; so Lord Innismore may go to the devil, and probably will."

"For shame, Henry, you must not talk that way. Here's a letter from Juliana." This epistle had occupied that young lady some part of the previous morning, and though it may be considered unreasonably and unnaturally short for a young lady's letter, nevertheless it will be

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hour before luncheon time, to teach me to waltz, which is absolutely indispensable in London high life; and he says, that it is a sin in me not waltzing, for it would show off my figure to such advantage. However, we have got no more balls in prospect, though the fashionable papers are full of them, and mamma is beginning to get a little fidgetty at having made so few acquaintances. She has written to Mrs. Hampden Smith to present her at court, as the county member's wife ought, and we are to be presented in the course of three weeks. How I long to see the Queen and the court! I am sure I shall be dreadfully frightened, though, when it does come. Papa has taken to scientific pursuits; he has been elected a fellow of the Zoological Society, and we spend our Sunday evenings delightfully at their gardens, among the birds, and beasts, and aristocracy; and he is a member of the Polytechnic Institution, as they call it—a beautiful place, where they make ribbons, and little glass dogs,

and have a diving bell in a cistern, and toy steam engines. Arthur is become quite a military hero, and reads nothing all day but books about battles and soldiers. He was very busy being drilled, for he said he did not wish to join his regiment knowing nothing of his profession; he felt that the eyes of the whole army would be upon him: and he was learning to drive, and rode every day in the park, and had made acquaintance with an officer of the guards, of which he was very proud—but he is gone now on service to Dublin. We have got a new carriage, a britschka they call it, in which we drive about shopping and in the park; but there are such thousands of others, that nobody takes any notice of us. Good bye, dear Arabella.

“Your affectionate sister,

“JULIANA JOHNSON.”

Having completed this epistle, upon glazed paper, that positively screeched as each stroke of the pen was inflicted on it, the fair Juliana

proceeded, in a violent hurry, for she was already late, to prepare for her waltzing lesson, a self-regulating sort of exercise, seeing that it was timed to the count's humming. That personage had by this time established himself securely in the Johnsons' house; and though not a dancing-master by profession, nevertheless found it both agreeable and profitable to instruct Miss Juliana in the mysteries of the waltz; inasmuch as being a first-rate timeist, he accurately timed his visits by luncheon, which stored him for the day. His title of count stood him in good stead. "He is a lord in his own country," said Mrs. Johnson, which was corroborated by a seal with a coronet on it, which had sealed a note in reply to an invitation to dinner, couched by the accomplished Juliana in the following terms—

"Mons.

"Mons. le Compte,

"Ma père m'a dit à vous écrire vous demander, si vous avez rien meilleur à faire, à

venir prendre la fortune du pôt avec nous aujourd'hui, si vous pouvez manger brebis rôti.

"Votre vraiment,

"JULIENNE JOHNSONNE."

It was an unnecessary display of erudition in the young lady, for the count did speak a kind of English—not the king's: he was a sort of an alien in language, for it was observed, that whatever his native tongue was, among all the languages that the double-headed eagle keeps watch over, he never attempted to speak any thing else than indifferent French, or vagrant English that would have been uncommonly puzzled to give an account of itself: nevertheless it answered very well among his fair friends, for every second sentence was flattery, and flattery is like a line of battle ship, speaks all languages. The count was one of those personages who do so much honour to English society; a foreigner, quite unknown, but nevertheless eagerly received by a certain class, on account, first, of his title, which really

did him great credit, being entirely the creation of his own mind; and secondly, because he was a foreigner, and consequently, in their estimation, much better bred than any Englishman could be.

How ladies of that way of thinking would stare if they saw at the balls at the Tuilleries, the gentlemen excluded from supper until the ladies had demolished theirs, and knew that the separate system was established in those royal entertainments, *because* there, in the palace of the King of the French—the temple of politeness—the head-quarters of good manners—it was impossible to allow the ladies and gentlemen to go into supper together, inasmuch as in that case the latter instantly occupied every table, and the former had not a chance of a morsel. So much for the boasted politeness of the continent ! Brother Jonathan is really the best-bred man in the world towards women.

The Count Alphonso Anatoli was emphatically a gentleman, according to Gully's defi-

dition, viz., a man who has no visible means of earning his livelihood. Anybody who had seen him at luncheon in Baker-street would, however, have sworn that he had some invisible mode of securing his subsistence, for the quantity that he managed to take on board at that meal was tremendous: he seemed to have a capacity for stowage that set the laws of space at defiance, and took no slight liberties with those of time, for it looked as if he had drawn a fortnight's allowance of gastric juice in advance. It is wonderful how foreigners do eat sometimes; it is not uncommon to hear them say, *j'ai mangé comme un Anglais*, which is the continental formula for expressing, being gorged to the throat, without unnecessarily alarming their friends by too direct an allusion to the civic catastrophe, the possibility of a fit of apoplexy; the sword that hangs suspended by a single hair over the head of an alderman. God help them, if they were compelled to "*manger comme un Anglais!*" they would rise

from table with tears in their eyes, suffering the most intense pangs of hunger; a general encore would be the consequence, and after having "*mangé comme un Anglais*" three or four times, they would arrive at the desired conclusion, *nous avons dinés*.

But it is not to be supposed that so vulgar a consideration as the day's food contented the aspiring mind of the count; he had studied enough of the history of the country he professed to belong to, to know by what gentle conquests the "*Felix Austria nube*" had spread out from a simple archduchy, to a mighty empire stretching from the Elbe to the Po, from the Rhine to the Dniester; and he judged that he might, as a dutiful subject, do a little bit of business in the same way for himself; in short, he proposed appropriating the fair Juliana, whom he had instinctively set down as fortune, to his own particular benefit, and seemed in a fair way of succeeding.

It was far the best thing he could do. The

only wonder, when the enormous number of English girls with fortunes, that would be held very large on the continent, is considered, and the little repugnance a great proportion of them show to the whiskered vagabonds that come over here, is, that there is not fifty times the number of fortune hunters from abroad : it may arise from the very imperfect idea the greater proportion of those gentlemen form of the wealth of England ; they cannot believe that the fortunes actually exist ; or there would be as regular an irruption of them into the country, as of boys with white mice, or Bavarian broom girls. There is another reason too ; it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that makes the hotels in London so dear.

"You make so much progress, *mecse*," said the teacher to his pupil ; "you will soon be at the action."

"You don't say what action, Count?" asked Juliana.

"The act, the deed," gravely repeated the foreign nobleman.

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," returned the young lady, somewhat fluttered for her knowledge of French was too limited to give her the key to his meaning. The count applied to a pocket dictionary, that experience had taught him it was not safe to be without. "Vous y serai bientôt au fait,—you will be acquainted with it, you will be perfect at the waltz. Ah, meese, you are perfect at every thing else, already." As the gentleman eyed her like a lynx, while he made this declaration, the lady felt a tendency to blushing, and shaking her ringlets.

"You foreign gentlemen are so polite, but one never ought to mind what you say," answered she. "I suppose on the continent it is not considered good manners to speak to a lady without paying her a compliment."

"Ah, meese, on the continent we understand the devotion that is due to the beautiful sex. In this country the men are too much occupied with their politique, their roast beef, their chase, and their wine of Oporto, to be the humble

servitors of the ladies: they are so beasts; they are not worthy of a smile from such angels. Allons dansons."

At this moment, Mr. Johnson entered, evidently in a state of something like excitement. He held a newspaper in his hand. "Count," said he, "you live in the gay world; do you know anything about the truth of this paragraph? We understand that a certain banker well known in the sporting circle, has suffered a loss of 30,000*l.* on the late Derby; the party alluded to, is a partner in the firm of S. and B.'"

"Ma foi," said the Count, "this will be Buckingham: he has lost seven thousand pounds at Crockford's the night before last, he bets very high.

"I do not like a gambling banker," said Mr. Johnson, musingly.

"Is he your banker?" asked the count: "ah, I counsel you not to trust yourself too much to him. I know what cards and dice are: the players do not make fortunes, they often lose them. Gar a vous, Mr. Johnson."

CHAPTER X.

It was with no little satisfaction that Henry received, towards the middle of July, a letter from Waverton, announcing that, having been recommended sea bathing and country air for a fortnight, before proceeding abroad, he wished to combine those means and appliances to health, with a visit to him. He was delighted at the prospect of seeing his friend again, and was not altogether insensible to the triumph of showing him what sort of a wife he had provided himself with; though his joy upon this subject was somewhat moderated by the reflection that Waverton's feelings could hardly be expected to be unmoved at the sight of that happiness.

the full enjoyment of which he would find a friend, but which had been so cruelly denied

A few days more, and the invalid arrived being wretchedly ill and weak; but still the loss had left him, he was manifestly picking up fresh strength, and much might be expected of the society of his old associate, and change of air and place.

Still his spirits were depressed: it is a sad struggle to a proud man to feel that she upon whom he had set his affection, has cast it from as a thing of no value; and that, not from dislike to his person, that might in time become; not from any indifference that an intimate knowledge of him might remove; even from the contingency that may happen to one, of her becoming attached to a rival; from mere unstableness of disposition, inability of continuing fixed, such as he, in his temper of mind, attributed, whether justly or unjustly, to Mary, a character which gave no hope for the lover, whose reason told

him that however his passion might blind him at the moment, yet even success would only expose him to farther disappointment and torment, from such a disposition in the object of his attachment. Nevertheless, a man who tries to reason himself out of love, depends upon a rope of sand ; a word, a look, a passing idea, brings on the fit again,—again the little urchin's shaft flies to its mark, pitiless, unerring, resistless, and down goes reason before it.

Such, at that time, was Waverton's state of mind : he was yet uncured, yet hardly persuaded of the fickle levity that had rejected such a prize as his heart, for such a coronet as Cubtown's ; he doubted, and desponded, and mused upon the inconstancy of women, and was very unhappy, very desperate he had been, for the evening after his arrival, he and Henry were strolling upon the green before the house, and talking over their prospects. "Do you know," said Waverton, "that notwithstanding the good advice I gave you upon the subject, I had

serious thoughts of taking service in the Spanish legion myself, just before I was taken ill?"

"Why, you must have been mad," returned Henry,—“what on earth could you have to say to the Spanish legion?"

"Well, I certainly had no very particular interest in it, but I wanted something to do. I asked General St. George what he thought about it; he said he approved of it highly in a suicidal point of view. 'There is no credit to be got there,' said the old campaigner; 'depend upon it, that army is sent out to be beaten. Its object is merely to keep the Carlists busy in the north, until the queen's people have managed to get them under in the other provinces; and, if they can contrive to do that much, it is all that ministers expect of them. The expedition is not for the purpose of winning battles, it is a mere political diversion, and the officers will get no credit: the whole thing is a job, and I'll tell you what is more, if it was successful, it would not be satisfactory; there is no light

to be seen through the troubles of Spain. God knows when that country will ever be got into shape again. A nation in that convulsed state is like a regiment broken in action; it re-forms upon its officers and its colours, and upon nothing else; the nation re-forms upon some great principle, embodied generally in some powerful class. So, in this country, whatever change or popular tumult takes place, the nation always re-forms upon the aristocracy. It did so in 1660 and 1688, as it is doing at this very moment after the reform mania. In France, in the first revolution, church, monarchy, aristocracy, were all swept away. Nobody knew how the French were ever to get out of the mire; but their enormous and amazing foreign conquests created a new class and a new principle. Napoleon saw that, seized on it, and re-formed the country upon the arm. The military principle is, however, a false one, at least in Europe; it broke down with its own weight, the land could not support it, and the struggle that is now going on between it and

the commercial principle, will terminate in favour of the latter. France is becoming the nation of shopkeepers; the last revolution was a counter-jumping one; the manufacturers were jealous, and turned off their hands, when they found the government engaged in an unpopular contest with the press: the troops were sent out in bad humour, insufficiently supported and half starved, and French troops, it is notorious, will do nothing unless they are regularly fed, and kept in good humour. At that time the mercantile spirit patted the military spirit on the back, to get out the monarchical government; it now wants to tread it down; and so we shall see Paris soon surrounded with forts with the guns pointing inwards,—that will be the work of the shopkeepers; the next governing principle in France will be mercantile. Washington held America together upon republican principles. They did very well as long as he had the expounding of them, however; and before they had time to root out the monarchical and aris-

tocratical principles we left there ; but they have no vitality in them, and in fact are breaking down visibly already. They kept matters right though, at the time,—kept the country from the state of anarchy Spanish America went into, which was as much as could be expected of them. In the east, whatever may happen, every thing ultimately steadies itself upon religion or monarchy. Look what their religious principle enables the Mahometans to do ! Whilst it was fresh, they bid fair to conquer Europe ; it took a man like Charlemagne to stop them at the Pyrenees. It took eight hundred years to hustle them out of Spain, and they were in force in the Danube even in the last century. Now it is decaying, and they are in consequence getting weaker and weaker ; but even now it is beating French bayonets in Algeria, and I can tell you that French bayonets are uncommonly ugly customers. The great eastern empires have commonly been founded by conquerors upon rigid monarchical principles.

We will have a king over us, is the cry now as it was in Samuel's time: nobody cares much who it is. John Company does very well. Now in Spain, they have no principle to guide them, and no class to enforce it if they had: they have not even a great man to announce it. Nobody among them knows what they want, and their troubles are not half over yet: it is like the negroes, they have no power of recognizing a principle, and the consequence is, that they always remain savage and barbarous tribes. They are incapable of forming a great nation: look what a hand they have made of Hayti. Take my word for it, said the old soldier as he concluded his harangue, 'it is little that unhappy legion knows of what its real object and intent is, or what it will have to undergo.' "

"Well, but you have given up all thoughts of it now?"

"Yes, I have, indeed; I have not strength to attempt any thing of the sort. After I have had my course of waters, I shall come home, I

the half savage tribes that threaten daily to cut our communication with India : in short, after near eighteen centuries of dispersion, every thing seems tending to the fulfilment of that extraordinary prophecy."

"I wonder will they want an auxiliary legion?" said Henry, who did not altogether share in his friend's view of prophecy. "I should like that service better than the Queen of Spain's : one would get something like pay from them."

"I should imagine," returned the other, "that they would prefer doing the business themselves—it would be a holy war. I should think that Jews would fight like devils in a case of that sort. They stood like rocks against the Romans, astonished Titus uncommonly: it was a terrible siege."

"But where are fellows to get money?" asked Henry, with a considerate recollection of his former companions in gaiety ; "that ought to be settled before they go. I do not think it would answer at all, letting the Jews go back to the Holy Land."

"I suppose there will be some provision made for that by Providence," returned the other, smiling; "perhaps men may take to living within their income."

"Men live within their income! upon my soul, Waverton, I think your illness has affected your head, not to say impaired your intellect; three-fourths of them would not be bothered with life upon those terms; of course they never will do any such thing. I suppose, in fact, the bank of Jerusalem will have a branch at London. And what's to become of all the old clothes, and the old epaulettes and lace? It will be the ruin of the British army."

"The officers will have to follow your example, get their silver things made into a cup; it is a much more respectable way of disposing of them than higgling with a Jew."

"Well, as far as I am concerned, I do not care whether they go back or not. I am a family man, you know—a grave, reformed character. I shall do very well without them—but

I really do not know how they are to get on in London; Delaval, for instance, how is he to make it out? Oh, by the bye, he may ride off upon his Lord Johnship, and marry an heiress, but the men that have not titles, will be regularly floored: confound them, they'll all take to writing, too—they'll take the bread out of my mouth: no, no, Waverton, it will never do—the Jews are very well as they are—it would not be convenient to part with them just now; in fact, I think the government ought to take steps to keep them in the country: let them be lord mayors and members of parliament, their being in the House of Commons would be a great improvement, it would give the house an air of solvency. By Jove, it is half-past eight,—come in to tea. I hope you have observed how respectable I have become in my habits. Arabella has taught me to drink tea, and to eat fruit and gooseberry tart, and to read after dinner, and to get on with a glass or two of port, and to do all sort of lady-like things—that's matrimony."

CHAPTER XI.

THREE o'clock struck, and the western extremity of London yawned—shook itself—rubbed its eyes, and awoke. Carriage after carriage rolled lazily out of the mews, and took up its proper station at its proper door; a few grooms might be observed leading hacks about; young ladies hurried home—it was too late to be seen walking in the streets; old gentlemen solemnly bent their steps towards their clubs—those fruitful nurseries of that emasculated animal, a male gossip—there to hear stories of what does not concern them, from the lips of those who know nothing of what they are talking about. Some hundreds of the younger

lords of the creation exchanged their many-coloured dressing-gowns and luxurious slippers for coats, faultless in cut; waistcoats, praiseworthy in pattern; trowsers, orthodox in material; boots that made the most of the wearer, by making the least of his foot—in short, became men: and proceeded to show that they did not care if the world knew it, by exhibiting their precious persons in the streets. A few minutes more, and the rolling of wheels announce that the minor veins are pouring their stream of life into the mightier arteries: a sharp clatter arises in St. James's-street—Piccadilly sounds as if the grandfather of all the rattles were calling to all his children, and they were all answering—Regent-street has begun to roar fearfully—Bond-street is choked—and the day is begun.

At this critical period of the day, Mrs. Johnson and the fair Juliana sat in their drawing-room in Baker-street, musing upon the alarming fact which had been forced upon their

conviction, that the people of London were not aware of their importance. The comprehensive measure adopted by Mrs. Johnson upon the insidious suggestion of the mischief-loving Rock, had not produced the desired effect. Her distribution of cards throughout the length and breadth of Baker-street, had not been met by a corresponding return; three families had responded to the call, and with the lady of the whig county member, constituted the stock in trade of pasteboard, with which Mrs. Johnson, of Daffodil Lodge, was to set up for a lady of fashion—a member of the great world. The means were lamentably small—the end afar off—what was to be done? nobody knew. The old story of giving a ball, and letting somebody or other ask her company for her, was a sublimity of humiliation that never once entered into her head, nor indeed could she have carried it into effect if it had, for she did not know a soul who could have done it for her. Mrs. Hampden Smith stood upon too slippery

ground herself to attempt to lug anybody else up the steep ascent of London society; and boundlessly as the access to the great whig houses is sometimes used where a political purpose is to be gained, the Johnson family was so little presentable—of such trifling importance—that it was impossible to do any thing for them in that respect. Under these circumstances it may readily be imagined, that Mrs. Johnson hailed the thundering double-rap, that almost made her jump up from her seat, as if it heralded an angel's visit.

It did not, but a mortal came instead, with a most welcome proposition. It was Mrs. Hitchings, the lady at whose ball they had made their *début* in the fashionable world; and she came to propose an expedition to the Beulah Spa. Of course, the Johnsons were delighted: what was a beefsteak-pie, and a quarter of cold lamb to them? dust in the balance compared with the coming glories of genteel company; and they agreed also to transport to the scene

of action, the Count Anatoli, being instigated thereto by Mrs. Hitchings, who described him as a delightful person, a foreign nobleman whom she had met at the Queen's Ball; an innocent rhetorical artifice, whereby she conveyed to Mrs. Johnson's mind, that she had become acquainted with the Count at the Palace; the fact being, that he had, by efficient assistance in a crowd at the entrance, wormed himself into an acquaintance with them at a ball for the benefit of the Spitalfields Weavers, patronised by her Majesty, five duchesses, four marchionesses, seven countesses, twelve ladies, and carefully eschewed by all and several the lady patronesses. The elder lady resolved that she would not let the occasion of this pic-nic slip, as she had done the ball, without making a few more acquaintances, and communicated this her discreet resolution to her daughter, who highly commended it, lamenting, in her own mind, that the customs of society did not admit of her increasing her acquaintance among the

gentlemen by her own exertions, instead of depending upon their caprice—taste it could not be, or bitter, bad taste at least it was in her eyes that prevented them swarming eagerly around her, as she expected they would have done, upon her first appearance in the gay world.

The appointed day arrived in due course of time, and, contrary to the usual practice upon the like occasions, was a fine one. Mrs. Johnson, attired in a splendid silk gown that was brown one moment, and purple another, looked like a gigantic chameleon upon two legs, a green hat with a red feather, a magnificent shawl, and a pink parasol, completed her costume. Juliana thought her mother's attire somewhat heterodox: she was determined she would be correct, and adopted a standard that *could* not err; she took the "*Petit Courrier des Dames*," and copied one of the figures so exactly, that one would have sworn that the honoured sketch was nothing but a pattern of Miss Juliana Johnson. The elder Mr. Johnson did not take any very

great interest either in the Surrey Baden, or the gaieties of the season, but, nevertheless, accompanied his family; and the fourth place in the britschka was occupied by the Count Anatoli, in a clean shirt. The lady,

“ On hospitable thoughts intent—

What choice to choose, for delicacy best,

What order so contrived as not to mix

Tastes not well joined, unelegant, but bring

Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change,

Bestirs her”—

that is to say, she had taken care that there was mint-sauce for the lamb, a tongue for the fowls, mustard, plenty of salad, and a cork-screw. Thus supplied with both personel and materiel, the carriage set its head south, and an hour's drive introduced it to the sylvan beauties of Norwood.

Leaving the servants in charge of the stores, Mrs. Johnson entered the pic-nic paradise, and, descending the steep path, at last found herself in the open space at the bottom of the

flow. Round a little thatched hut before
 her, she observed a party assembled who ap-
 peared to be exceedingly solicitous about one
 another's health, for every body wanted his or her
 neighbour to drink some of the water; and the
 fair sex exhibited most strikingly their character-
 istic benevolence by almost forcing it down their
 friends' throats, they were so pressing. Ten or
 twelve young men, of decidedly marked appear-
 ance, who could not be mistaken for any other
 than gentlemen, gentlemen among gentlemen,
 were mixed with the group, and seemed to be in
 different stages of hydrophobia, though not in
 very great suffering; and Mrs. Johnson, nothing
 doubting that it was her party, approached,
 looking somewhat anxiously for Mr. Hitchings.
 "What nice beaux!" thought Juliana, "and
 plenty of them; I'm so glad we are to have
 dancing."

"People are beginning to know us now; I ~~we~~
 we attract some attention," thought Mrs. John-
 son, as suddenly the proceedings of the ~~evening~~

party were arrested, as if by magic; the hydraulic pressure ceased, the gentlemen's property in their own throats (to say the least) was once more recognised, and every glittering eye in that gay throng was riveted upon the party from Baker-street.

The Count alone had some misgivings; his longer experience in London life had formed his eye, and a strong suspicion took possession of his mind, that the party before him did not come from the north of Oxford-street.

"Attend an instant," said he, cautiously, "I think not that those ladies and gentlemen are of our society." It appeared not; for at that moment the whole party, as Mr. Wellington Johnson would have expressed it, faced to the right about, and a certain tremulous motion about the shoulders of the ladies, seemed to indicate that they had found out something that amused them amazingly. Shoulders *will* laugh sometimes.

"There is Mrs. Hitchings," said Juliana, as

that lady emerged from an edifice curiously constructed of the roots of trees, which she had been exploring in the hopes of finding a looking-glass whereby to restore the order of her ringlets, which had become somewhat deranged under the joint influence of the drive down, and the most superhuman and unnecessary exertions in the arrangement of the feast; interfering with the servants, all of whom would of course go no way but their own; in unpapering chickens, discovering pepper and salt, unravelling gooseberry tarts, unfolding knives and forks, in short, taking all sorts of useless trouble.

"My dear Mrs. Johnson, I am so glad to see you at last," said she; "I thought you would never come; are your servants bringing down the things?"

"They are," replied the lady, "they will be here in no time; now I must beg you to introduce me to the rest of our party, for I do not see any one I know there."

"There," almost shrieked Mrs. Hitchings,

"why Lord bless you, that is not our party; such great and grand folks as those would not condescend to speak to us; that is the fine Lady Loosely's party,—that is her over there in the laylock, (as she was pleased to call it); that's Lord John Delaval speaking to her, and that's Lady Harriet de Vere and Lord Dunlara, and there's Miss de Burgh the great beauty, and Lord Cubtown, that's going to be married to her. Our party is down in the archery ground;" and thither she led the way, leaving the aristocrats in quiet possession of the fountain of health.

"What very odd-looking people those are!" said Lady Loosely to Delaval, "what can they be?"

"Sugar-boilers, I should apprehend; people from the Borough or the City," returned he. "You know this place is a perfect menagerie; they are going to feed down below there; I saw a whole litter of pages carrying their food. We shall hear by and by, the 'Roast beef of

old England,' and then they will show their whole force."

"Well, they do us no harm," said Mary, "there is room for us all in the world."

"There is, indeed, Miss de Burgh," answered his lordship, "that is very sound philosophy."

"I should like to hook on to their party," said Cubtown; "they have lashings of bottled porter and ale, and we have nothing but that washy champagne."

"But, my dear fellow, ale and porter put one to sleep so after dinner," remonstrated Delaval, "particularly in the early part of the day."

"Well, that's the most sensible thing a man can do; a cigar and a snooze is the ticket for digestion."

"I wonder does he always smoke and go to sleep after dinner," thought Mary; "it must be very disagreeable."

At this moment, the appearance of the other party, led by Mrs. Hitchings, suspended for a time the conversation with respect to digestion:

there were two or three elderly ladies, with peculiarities of dress and appearance that instantly attracted the sharp eyes of Lady Loosely's friends, and were the cause of divers as sharp remarks ; there were some young ones looking as amiable as circumstances admitted of ; three Miss Hitchings, all attitude and grace, Miss Smithson, who was by way of being a beauty, and Miss Brooks, who was by way of being a wit ; there was young Mr. Smithson, a facetious young gentleman, a joker of small jokes ; and young Mr. Hopkins, an intellectual young gentleman, a retailer of sickly sentimentalities ; and there was Mr. Wilkinson, a fine young gentleman, who ought to have had a martingale clapped on him, he carried his head so high in the air ; and there were various other anonymous nonentities, that completed the number to about a score. There was one embarrassing circumstance, which all felt more or less, though none would acknowledge it, and that was, that, inasmuch as the greater part of

personages who composed the party, which been got up by the joint efforts of Mrs. Jings and Mrs. Smithson, did not go into any above two or three times in the season, and consequently little opportunity of making acquaintances, hardly any of the party knew more than two or three others. This was, however, a thing that was to be amended by dinner, for people are never so accessible, so oblivious of necessary and unreasonable formalities, as when they are sprawling on the turf, and eating out of their laps, which was the footing upon which this expedition was placed, Mrs. Hitchcock protesting loudly and successfully against it, she called the stiffness of the tent, and a rickety table; one could dine at such a one in any street any day in the year.

Whilst their patience displayed itself in the expectation with which they waited till the much-dreaded "Roast Beef of Old England," should come down upon them to the heaven of cold lamb and apple pie, their virtue was rewarded, by a nasty

looking object, in a green fancy dress, with a guitar, who, emerging from the shrubbery, commenced warbling in a rather unpleasant tone, for their gratification. As the party assembled round this creature, their various peculiarities were duly noted by those who were about Mary.

"Look at those three girls putting themselves into attitudes!" said Lady Loosely, as the three Miss Hitchings, according to their custom when a favourable opportunity occurred, placed their arms round one another's waists, and their elbows upon one another's shoulders. "Look how delighted they are with that sickly looking boy, with that huge bouquet; what do you suppose he is saying to them, Lord John?"

"Telling them that they are the three Graces, of course," replied Delaval: "very hard they beg for it, too."

"It is not a bad group," said Mary, "the tallest of the three is really pretty."

"Yes, the tableau is good, not quite complete certainly; the costume is hardly classical, not

altogether sculptural ; but I suppose one must imagine it, make allowances for the different habits of the present and the mythological times."

" You must not expect too much, Lord John," said Lady Loosely, laughing : " there you see, the spell is dissolved ; they have had their compliment, and are sinking into mortals again.—I should like to know something of the private history of that little old woman in the brown silk and those extraordinary colours."

" Odd little wizzened creature she is," said Mary, " I'm sure she is a schoolmistress."

" She seems to me like a gigantic personification of a duck's neck," said Lord John Delaval, " her colours change so. I'll bet six to four that that woman lives within a mile of a straight line to be drawn between London-bridge and Blackwall."

" I'll bet you, Lord John," cried Lady Harriet de Vere, eagerly : " in gloves : I am convinced she lives in Paddington."

"Done!" said his lordship, "I'll set my tiger to ferret it out."

"I think you will lose, Lord John," said Lady Loosely. "That dress of hers is not badly made, though she does not know how to put it on. I do not imagine they have made such advances in the science of millinery in the far east; I should be inclined to place her in Gower-street, or, perhaps, the Regent's-park."

"She's the landlady of the Horns at Kensington, or the Elephant and Castle," said Lord Calhoun. "as also she keeps a gin palace; she

commonly sheepish, had parted from her friends, and was approaching the spot where Mary stood. The young lady was more than half inclined to make a bolt at once, for she had heard that Henry's new family were in town; she knew that they were very vulgar people, and she had an instinctive foreboding that she was about to be claimed by them.

However, there was no escape: Mrs. Johnson's advance was conducted with undaunted resolution: on she came, her gown gleaming in the sun, as if she were clad in brazen mail, her face reddening as with the consciousness that all eyes were fixed upon her, and with a strong inward desire to turn about and scold Juliana for something, or anything, or nothing, so much did she suffer from the nervousness of her position. In a short time she reached the spot where Mary, who had retreated, with a look of piteous helplessness, to Lady Loosely's side, stood, and commenced her attack.

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Mary de Burgh."

" I am Miss de Burgh," returned the young lady, with a slight inclination of her head.

" Then," said Mrs. Johnson, " I must make bold to introduce myself to you, as your brother's mother-in-law."

Mary, though she had almost foreseen the blow, was yet horrified when it came ; she hesitated for a moment, not knowing what to say or do ; but her better feelings at once prevailed ; she is the mother of Henry's wife, thought she, whatever she may be herself ; and moving gracefully forward, she extended her hand to Mrs. Johnson, who received this somewhat unexpected condescension with tokens of the most lively gratitude.

" I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Johnson," said she. " Henry never told me of your direction in town, or I should have called upon you ;" and she looked, nerved for the worst that might happen, at the rest of the group.

" This," said Mrs. Johnson, " is my elde

daughter, Juliana. Miss de Burgh, my love, Henry's sister:" and Miss de Burgh went through the appalling operation of having her hand squeezed by each, with an heroic disregard of her friends' opinions and sneers.

Juliana giggled fearfully, and meditated whether she could not at once establish a system of calling her by her Christian name, but she was cowed by the assemblage of magnates in whose awful presence she for the first time in her life found herself; she blushed and muttered some inarticulate sounds. Mary felt a load off her mind, when it appeared that the count was not to be inflicted upon her; and after answering a few observations with the most winning civility, was at last released by the worthy lady's finding that she had nothing more to say, informing her of her address, and returning to her own party, highly delighted with her success, and doubting not that her entrée into the world of fashion was now secured.

"Come with me, Mary, and see how dinner's

getting on," said Lady Loosely, wishing to give the party an opportunity to make their remarks upon the event, and have done with them; and the two proceeded towards the tent.

"Baker-street, Lord John," said Lady Harriet, "six pair,—it will keep me next week. Poor girl, I give her great credit for the way she received that dreadful woman; I could not have done it half so graciously—I should have cried."

"I wonder is Harry's bride like that girl with ringlets?" said Dunlara; "Mary did behave well, certainly."

"It is not very wonderful, after all," said Delaval, "if she's bred up as a lady, she is likely to behave like one."

"Now you're cross about losing your gloves, Lord John; that was meant for a cut at me," said Lady Harriet.

"No, indeed, Lady Harriet, it was merely a plagiarism upon Pope:

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

I wanted to get credit for an original observation."

"I recollect Hooker's giving me some sound advice upon that sort of thing," said Dunlara: "he said, 'If any very tigrish or snobbish friend or relation comes up to speak to you, and you cannot avoid them, never attempt to shirk them, that is fatal—you are convicted at once; the way to get out of the scrape is the other tack, always be outrageously civil to them—overwhelm them with kindness—every body will then think that you owe them money, or that you have some election jobbing with them, or that they have a pretty wife, or something of that sort, and so it will not matter.'"

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. JOHNSON's successful attack upon the dignitaries, which had been closely and somewhat enviously watched by her own party, of course proportionately increased her importance upon her return to them; and Mrs. Hitchings seeing the turn affairs were taking, took the tide at the flood, and circulated the history of their having recently been left six thousand a year, (she made it ten, but that was all for the best); and in consequence, Mrs. Johnson was suddenly elevated to the rank of a leader among the ladies, the rest of whom begged to be presented to her, whilst the younger ones manifested a similar affection for

Juliana. So far so good; she was entering now upon the joys of London life, and was in high spirits, and exceedingly gracious; the stiffness of the party was broken by the commencement of a system of introductions, which went on till all could address their neighbours without the fear of black looks before their eyes. The green minstrel ceased his song and returned to his den; the party approached the spa, and a successful attempt to induce the sentimental young gentleman to taste the waters, thereby causing him to commence a series of horrible grimaces—started every body laughing—and the enjoyment of the day commenced. Some toiled up the hill to the gipsey, and were promised husbands—generally speaking, accurate verbal descriptions of the gentlemen who stood next them at the moment: some went and lost themselves in the labyrinth—others proceeded to the practice of archery, to the great dismay of the beaux who had to run after the arrows;

and the chaperons being thus summarily disposed of, proceeded to organize the dinner.

Legions of chickens, pigeon-pies, cold lamb, tongue, salad, and the other component parts of a *pâté*, were carefully placed in the order best suited for ladies and gentlemen to set down among them ; an equitable arrangement of knives and forks, and plates and glasses, was effected ; divers bottles were subjected to the action of the corkscrew, which Mrs. Johnson's foresight, and hers alone, had provided ; the young ladies, as they appeared, were taken in charge and confined among the cold meat ; foraging parties—steady old stagers that could be trusted, were sent out to bring in the outlying birds : the band struck up "The Roast Beef of Old England," as the last stragglers wandered towards the centre of attraction ; and by half-past five they were at their dinner, as merry as heart could desire.

"Let me give you some chicken, Miss

Hitchings," said Mr. Hopkins, "a wing and a bit of the breast?"

"Give Miss H. the merry-thought," interrupted Mr. Smithson, "she looks so pensive."

"They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn,"

observed the poetical Hopkins; "nothing is more winning than a melancholy smile."

"Miss Brooks, shall I give you some tongue?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson; papa says I have a great deal too much already."

"Hopkins, will you anatomise that lamb?"

"Poor innocent creature!" said the feeling youth, "to think that it was ba-a-a-ing about its beloved mother but a few days ago."

"Dear me, you are so pathetic, Mr. Hopkins," said the eldest Miss Hitchings; "I am sure you must have written a great deal of poetry."

The youth blushed and simpered; it is a charge rarely confessed, but still more rarely denied, by nice young men for small tea parties.

"Miss Brooks, I looks tow-wards you."

"Mr. Smithson, I has you in my heye."

"How dreadfully vulgar these people are!"

thought the fine young gentleman, who had sulked by this time, not having been, as he considered, treated with sufficient respect by the young ladies, who of course detested him cordially, as they generally do those sort of personages. "Positively I should not be astonished if they began pestering me with their insufferable impertinences."

"Wilkinson, give us that black bottle, and don't look so blue," said Smithson to the horrified exquisite, and the fair ones laughed outright.

"You seem out of spirits, Mr. Wilkinson," said Miss Brooks; "try and make wine do instead."

"Have a glass of champagne, man," pursued the undaunted Smithson, "it is the best remedy for real pain."

"What ails you, Mr. Wilkinson?" continued

the female tormentor, "let me recommend some bottled porter."

The unhappy victim glared upon his persecutors, looking from one to the other as if he could tear them to pieces; but unfortunately for himself, lacked the means—he had not such a thing as a retort that might stop them, or a joke that might disarm them, to offer, if his life depended upon it, being, like most of his race, an incurable blockhead.

"Why are we all like cattle?" propounded Smithson, "Do you give it up?"

"Because we are feeding on the grass," said the female wit.

"How sharp you are, Miss Brooks!"

"Well, if I'm a sharp one, you're a sharper; so gentlemen, mind your pockets!"

With such conversation was their sylvan repast enlivened; it is unquestionably a "kindly law" of nature that tickles children with a straw. The talkers considered themselves exceedingly witty and clever; it was well for them

that they did so—they were amused, and the dinner went off with great éclat : the Lord deliver us from the like !

All this time, however, whilst the wits were making jokes, the Count Anatoli was making what was no joke—he was making love, and had indeed made no little progress.

“If a loafer did sigh to your feet, Meese Johnson, could you be so unpitiable as to despise his passion?”

“Really, count,” returned the young lady with a nervous flutter, “that is a question I cannot answer. I do not know—I never tried ; I am sure nobody will ever sigh at my feet.”

“Ah, Meese,” whined the adorer, with an insinuating glance ; “those shining eyes have already, without doubt, penetrated millions of hearts ; what loafable humiliation it is in you that you renounce your power !”

“I have no power, Count,” returned the young lady ; “you foreign gentlemen are so much given to compliments, that there is no

believing a word of what you say; one never knows what you mean;" and having by this time satisfied herself that the Count was smitten, proceeded, after the custom of young ladies in like cases, to establish a violent counter-flirtation with somebody else; the wit was the happy man.

"What a beautiful pin that is of yours, Mr. Smithson," she began; "what is it made of?"

"Happy to hear your good o-pin-ion of it, Miss Johnson," returned he; "the heart is cornelian, and the arrow studded with emeralds, and the bow carbuncles."

"And whose heart does it represent? if that is a fair question?" asked she, archly, sinking her voice to a whisper, that the favoured swain might understand that he was enjoying a flirtation; for young gentlemen so honoured by young ladies, are not always fully alive to their good fortune in that respect, it is so difficult to define what a flirtation is. "Do you carry many hearts about with you, pierced in that manner?"

"Dear me, what a question to ask," returned the delighted youth, executing a quadrupedal sort of movement, that brought him into close proximity with his fair enslaver ; "no, this is the emblem of what is within, of my own heart bored full of holes."

"Poor man, I pity you ; you should not be so susceptible. Now mine is untouched," returned the captivating Juliana ; who, whenever she caught an admirer, or fancied she had caught one, invariably told him her heart was untouched, as much as to say, "You'll have the first of it," and a capital plan it is. "I would not be in love for the world," and she cast a furtive glance at the Count, to see how he was affected by her proceedings.

That gentleman was unmoved,—he meant business—was infinitely Juliana's overmatch in the tactics of flirtation, and in her manœuvre merely saw an approaching victory, a false move, which properly met, threw the game into his hand ; "*elle veut me piquer,*" thought he ;

" nous verrons ; à votre santé, Madame la Comtesse de Carabas," and he tossed off a glass of champagne, with the comfortable conviction that Juliana's fortune would enable him to indulge in much more of that exhilarating beverage for the rest of his life, than he had been in the habit of enjoying hitherto.

"I should have thought that it must be very delightful," whispered Smithson.

"Just as if you did not know," said Juliana, with another glance at the Count, for she was not altogether pleased at his apparent indifference ; and at this moment the party rose from the ground, shook themselves, and looked at one another. Juliana now judged that it was time to return to her first lover : not that she really then cared a pin for him, but from a craving for having a swain dangling after her ; the Count had foreseen this and was prepared for it ; the instant she exhibited symptoms of relenting, he attached himself to one of the Hitchings ; "*beau jeu, beau retour,*" thought he ; "*l'affaire*

va bien; prenez garde à vous, belle millionnaire."

Miss Hitchings was only too happy to have such an admirer, and by way of securing him at once, conceived a violent wish to pry into futurity, and carried him off, nothing loth, to the gipsey. Juliana was startled; it had not occurred to her that two could play at fickleness.

"He'll come back soon," she thought; "I'll be very cold and distant, I shall not speak a word to him all the way home." The party soon afterwards took to performing antics on the grass, under pretence of dancing; the Count danced with Miss Hitchings, and seemed on the most confidential terms with her; he whispered and she blushed; "he must be paying her compliments. What can he find in that horrid Miss Hitchings?" thought Juliana. "I wish he would come and ask me to dance the next quadrille,—it is so disagreeable being on cool terms with any one." The quadrille ended,

and a waltz struck up; still, notwithstanding that she was his pupil, the pitiless Count did not ask her to dance; a fortune-hunter running into his prey, is not likely to swerve from the system that he judges conducive to success; and another of the odious family of the Hitchings whirled before Juliana's eyes as the partner of her beau. A very young gentleman in a very fine neckcloth was now brought up to her to dance with, and after one or two false starts they got fairly off; but her partner's education was not complete in dancing any more than hers was. He certainly deserved to keep time, for he knew its value, and counted it most assiduously; "one, two, three, one, two, three,—beg your pardon,—three, one, two, three;" but somehow or other it would not do; he did not take time by the forelock, he took it by the collar, defied it utterly, and seemed inclined to defy space too, for he was in the middle of the circle in a moment. A second essay had no better success, and all the while the recreant Count was gliding away with

Miss Hitchings as easily as if he were skilful. "I declare I believe he is going to leave me altogether," thought Juliana. I wish I had not flirted with Mr. Smithson ; now he's come back. He was coming,—for the purpose of asking the third Miss Hitchings, who stood behind him, to dance the next quadrille with him, the un-
hearted traitor !

"Juliana, my love," said her mother, who had observed the Count's defection ; "what have you done to offend Count Anatole ? He thought you were very good friends at dinner, but now he will not speak to you."

"I declare I do not know, mamma, he is very cross." The dance ended, the Count was still obdurate ; Juliana became desperate, and was in serious danger of his slipping through her fingers altogether ; it was evident that she had met and beaten on her own ground : there was only one thing to be done, to give in. The successful tactician's eye glittered in conquest as she approached.

"Count," said she, with a winning smile, "why are you so changed in your manner towards me?"

"I have not changed my manner towards you, meese," replied he, with an air of melancholy resignation to his fate; "it is not me that am coquet, but it does not import ——"

"Now, Count, you really are too unjust; I am sure you will not say that I am a coquette."

"It does not regard me upon whom you bestow your smiles, meese, I have not the right to demand explications," returned the Count, yet unmollified; the pear was not yet quite ripe.

"I am sure I would not do any thing that could hurt your feelings for the world," pursued the fair penitent; "you are angry with me because I spoke to that Mr. Smithson, the horrid creature! I never will look at him again."

"Ah, meese, my sensibilities are too rudely touched; I have not the heart hard to suffer such levity."

“ Well, indeed, I did not mean to offend you ; no, count, forgive me this once.”

The young lady looked very repentantly and very appealingly into the gentleman's face ; a golden shower seemed on the point of descending on the head of the victorious count—it was time to lead off. “ Adorable queen of my soul, make me the most happy of men—let me loaf you all the days of my life—be my bride !” This was coming to the point ; Juliana blushed, simpered, looked at her own feet, then at his face, and faltered out, “ *Oui, ma chere.*”

It may be imagined, that two of that party at least felt they had passed a pleasant day ; Juliana had already in her mind's eye, cards with white ribbons, the Countess of Anatoli—a lover and a husband—good things to have both. The count had not made a bad day's work of it either ; he had in prospect, a good dinner and a dry bed every day for the rest of his life, good things to have assured too, as he well knew, from a somewhat lengthened experience

of the want of them, for the previous part of his existence had been spent in a not very dignified poverty, and some part of it, as will soon be seen, in a not very desirable residence. The parties broke up, and it so happened that the carriages of Lady Loosely's party were ordered at the same time.

Lord John Delaval and Lord Dunlara, unconscious of who might overhear their conversation, were standing close by Juliana and her mother, when the count passed by to order the carriage. The count caught Delaval's eye—started, and turned hastily away, growing as red as crimson. Mrs. Johnson observed his embarrassment, and looked at Delaval, whose features expressed surprise, not unmingled with sternness.

"What is that fellow?" said Dunlara, "I'm sure I've seen him before, somewhere or other."

"To be sure you have," returned Delaval; "do you not recollect our detecting him and showing him up at Baden? He was one of old

Benazet's croupiers, and was caught out with a confederate who used to play with false money, which that scoundrel received, when he lost, as good, paying him in good when he won. I wonder how the devil he made his escape from prison."

However he made his escape, it was not a nearer one than Juliana's; at this crisis an explanation from Lord Dunlara and Lord John, satisfied Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of the real character of their foreign friend; the swind-



CHAPTER XIII.

"You have no idea how this fresh sea air revives me," said Waverton to Henry, as they strolled along the beach. "I never guessed that I should have plucked up my health and spirits at such a rate—I shall be fit to start in another week or two."

"Have you decided where to go?" asked Henry.

"Carlsbad is recommended, but I really cannot face it; you know my reasons, Harry? Spa must do; it is a retired, quiet sort of place. I shall get well soon enough there, I dare say; and when I come back, I suppose I shall find you enrolled in the ranks of authorship. By

the bye, I forgot to give you a memorandum that Hooker sent you, with his compliments, and hopes it may prove useful ; now that he has made his game, he says he has no further occasion for it. I have it in my pocket-book."

The document in question was soon fished out ; it was headed,

"THE COMPOSITION OF A FASHIONABLE NOVEL."

"A fashionable novel of the present day, measures about one thousand pages, post 8vo.; one hundred pages more or less, however, does not very much matter—the public judging entirely of the extent of a work of the sort by the number of pages, and not by the contents of each individual page, which may be expanded or compressed by what are technically called spaces. The following proportion of subjects has been found very effective, but is nearly worn out, the taste of the public appearing to be turning towards Newgate, highwaymen, prostitutes, executions, burglaries, murders,

and such more exciting subjects. Mr. Hooker, however, being a gentleman, most probably had better make up his novel as follows :—

Love scenes	120 pages
Pastoral ditto	15 „
One dinner, with bill of fare, and a side-dish upset	12 „
Two balls, (one to be Almack's or a Queen's ball,)	30 „
One opera, hero to be addressed at the door by a farmer's daughter he has seduced, and to quarrel with the heroine in consequence; this must be in the first vol.	15 „
An elopement	15 „
Two marriages; the bridesmaid to be represented as bursting with envy at one, and the bridegroom to be married before in the other,	30 „
Two deaths	25 „
Description of hero—his father, mother, dress, character and estate, which he ought to hold from temp. Hen. VIII.	70 „
Do. heroine—do. do. do. do.; her family should be Norman—sometimes she is an heiress, but in that case she must be made to propose for the hero	90 „

Description of a boudoir	75 pages
Do. of a race-course	20 ..
Do. of an exquisite—he should be very effeminate, very handsome and affected, and have a poodle; a liaison with an opera dancer—but, nevertheless, be a first-rate boxer and swordsman	25 ..
Do. of ladies' dresses	120 ..
Do. of a manœuvring mother	50 ..
Gentlemen's slang	13 ..
Sentimental reflections, (chiefly from the German,)	80 ..
Lords and ladies	75 ..
Something very horrible, it does not much matter what, but it must be between a love chapter and a millinery chapter	25 ..
A sort of a story to connect	115 ..
Total of the whole	1000 ..

“ N. B. The love chapters puzzle the gentlemen most, but the old hands get them written for them by opera figurantes, or girls connected with the theatres; they know best what sort of thing in that way pleases the public most: the pastoral chapters are best done by

putting Thomson's Seasons, or Crabbe, or Wordsworth (the latter is dangerous, being very difficult to understand) into prose; the millinery chapters must be written by milliners' girls, and should be corrected by one of them too: these chapters are very dangerous, for being unintelligible to the author, great care is requisite. For the cookery chapters, Ude's is the safest book, for it gives the English translations of the French dishes, and some complete bills of fare, so the author knows what he is putting on the table, and the nobility are very apt to judge a book by that; the upsetting the side-dish or lobster sauce over her is to exhibit the sweetness of the heroine's temper. Gunter's men will give any information that may be wanted about the balls. The description of heroine and hero must be written, or at all events, revised, by a woman, as likewise the boudoir. The exquisite is considered as the author's portrait of himself,—of course he lays it on pretty thick; the sentiment also, of course, must be done by a lady, and

the lords and ladies likewise; the ladies of the smaller gentry are the only people that really and vividly feel rank, but it is advisable and usual that the person employed upon the aristocracy should know little or nothing about them. The imagination should have free play, the novelist must attract the public, and the way to attract them is not by dislodging, or otherwise taking liberties with, preconceived notions. The lord of the novel is a stiff, affected, heartless sort of person, if old; or a libertine, if young; just as the lion of the herald's office is blue, white, or red, according to the family which bears it. Exhibit the lord natural, or the lion proper, the public cries out, 'that is not *my* lord,' the herald shakes his head, 'that is not *my* lion.' The story is not material. Some have married their heroine to another man in the first volume, and killed him off at the beginning of the third, but that has been objected to since an eminent author, in a novel the hero of which was a murderer, and executed accordingly, re-

presented, as one of the greatest perfections of his heroine, that she was a virgin on the morning of her marriage. The persons in high life must express themselves in several different languages, and there must be upon an average in the whole work, about 200 French phrases, 100 Italian, 500 words and sentences between inverted commas, to attract attention, 500 ditto in italics, to show that the author appreciates his own cleverness properly. It will be observed that out of these 1000 pages, only 120, viz. the dinner, deaths, race-course, exquisite, slang, and horrors are male pages, and the exquisite and horrors need not be : the remaining 880 are female pages, which is the reason of the great success of lady writers now ; besides which, men do not read now, it is women and children read, so the book must be full of love and dress. A description of a nursery might be made very effective, by representing the children as submitting to be washed patiently, and giving the nurses tolerable tempers ; establishing a social

he closed the recipe. "It is well to
one's work is before one begins, but
know that Hooker was anything of a

"Oh, yes, he owes every thing in
to his authorship; by the bye, he de
warn you to be very cautious about
nery, which is of the greatest impor
sidering the court by which you
jury of matrons; and take care that
by some one that dares not play
he got a cousin of his to write
for him, and she sold him a regul
girls are so infernally mischievous
his heroine to a ball, in a white d
ing gown, with a flaming red tur

scription in a set of French phrases that he could hardly read, and did not understand a word of; he thought it was all right. The manuscript went to the publishers with this in it; nobody there of course knew anything about it, all that they saw was that there was the regulation number of French words; what they meant they neither knew nor cared; they took it for granted the author did, and it went to press, and would have been published with all that absurdity in it, only one of the compositors, in setting up the type, was struck with the words being different from what he had been accustomed to from time immemorial; for there's a regular stock of French words you know, that are used in English conversation and literature, by people who cannot express themselves in their own language: they are not very numerous. Well, this fellow luckily had a French milliner's girl living in the same house with him; he cribbed a sheet, and took it home to her, and she discovered the thing at

once, and so the chapter was re-written, but it was a near escape."

"What was the name of the book?"

"I forget what it was called, but it was christened so as to make people believe that it was full of family scandal. He told me that there was a book published some time ago, called 'Tynley Hall,' and that the good people of Essex hashed up Tynley Hall and Tynley Long in their wise heads, and fancied that this book was to contain some scandalous revelations about Long Wellesley, and they got a great number of copies disposed of in that county, before it was found out that it had nothing to say to him; so he went on that system, and I believe succeeded very well. It answered his purpose; it was on the strength of his literary reputation, that he persuaded that old woman to marry him, when he had not a penny, and she left him upwards of twelve hundred a-year when she died; so he plied the pen to some purpose. Is not there something in pencil, on the back of that paper?"

“Yes, there is. Oh! here is the story about his cousin and the dress, yes, just as you told it, and then he goes on: ‘I started upon a system of the boldest, most unhesitating piracy; I cribbed in all directions, not from your little obscure books that the critics are cunning enough to study, that they may catch authors borrowing, but from what are called the standard works, English classics, things that nobody ever thinks of reading, so one may pilfer undetected; it is like picking pockets in a court of justice, no one suspects one of plagiarism, of what by a literary fiction is supposed to be known to every body. Shakspeare is dangerous, though; people read him to quote him, and so is Milton and Young; many quotations from them pass for Shakspeare. Whenever one was pointed out to me, I used to say, with rather a patronizing air, as if one was encouraging a child, ‘Yes, I observe that he did seem to have a sort of glimpse of that idea; but he did not bring it out so forcibly as I did;’ or, ‘Yes, it is the same

I perceive, but his representation of it wants breadth,' or else, 'It is imperfectly developed.' I found that always was received as a successful defence. Once I wanted a scene in a court of law, and I borrowed it bodily from the Northampton assizes, and the counsel that defended the cause, being a writer himself, and a devilish bad one, detected it, and thought he would show me up in a large society. I let him go on patiently until he had said all he had to say; and then answered with the most triumphant air, as if the answer was smashing—'Yes, my descriptions are the poetry of nature.' The lawyer was floored, he did not know what the devil the poetry of nature meant; all the literary people backed me up directly. 'Yes, it is the poetry of nature; nothing interests an intellectual mind, so much as the poetry of nature,' said they. I suppose they were all thieves themselves, and, of course, abominated informers; so I rode off upon the poetry of nature, of the Northampton assizes. Byron had an uncommon knack of appro-

priating whatever he could lay his hands upon ; that foundering of the vessel in Don Juan, has hardly a word altered from the original narrative. With respect to the critics, my advice is, leave them alone, the old trick of cramming them with venison, and swilling them with champagne, is worn out, they are quite up to it, they are an untameable race ; moreover, some of them are excellent scholars, with sound judgment and the ideas of gentlemen, who are critics, because the turn of their minds leads them rather to examine the works of others with a critical eye, than to compose themselves. These men will find fault fairly when they think censure is merited, and award praise honestly when they think it is due ; these men's characters depend upon the soundness of their criticisms, and it is manifestly out of the question bribing them. But there is an uneasy and active class, who turn critics in the bitterness of their hearts, because they have failed as authors ; these men are ignorant and shallow,

but, actuated by the deadly hatred of jealousy against an author who threatens to succeed, they fall upon him savagely, and misrepresent or invent if need be; the lion will lie down with the lamb, before they will abstain from their natural prey; the only thing that disarms them is mediocrity, then they are neither frightened nor jealous. It was a warning instinct of something superior coming, that brought down that ferocious attack upon the 'Hours of Idleness;' the pigmies saw the young giant at play, and opened upon him directly. He turned, and tore them to pieces, but it was otherwise with Kirke White, Keats, and others; they had not devil enough in them, and they killed them off at once. Fortunately, the critics of this class are not very numerous or very influential; the animus peeps out too clearly, and the people whose opinions are worth having, *i. e.* those who are capable of forming opinions, read and judge for themselves, and do not trouble their heads about the smaller fry of critics. Only

take care you have nothing romantic, it is ruinous; if I were to write a novel now, I should take my poetry of nature from the Newgate Calendar.

“J. H.”

“Well, I dare say this may be valuable advice,” observed Henry, “but as yet I have no concern in it, being a mere translator; however, when I set up for myself, I shall profit by it, I dare say. Good Heavens! here’s Mrs. Malaprop: cannot we shirk her by taking the open over the stile? I don’t think it’s practicable for petticoats; Waverton, that woman’s marked you for her own.”

“She has,” returned Waverton with a laugh, “there’s not a doubt of it; I expect a proposal every day. I wonder what language it will be couched in; we cannot avoid her now, she’s too close; now for Babel.”

“Good morning, Messieurs,” said the tormentor as she drew nigh. “Mr. Waverton, have you fulfilled your promise of contributing

to my magazine of talent—my cherished album? How much more valuable will it be when it contains *un petit mot de votre main!*”

“I have, in pursuance of your orders, Miss Irving, endeavoured to produce some verses that I hope you will approve of.”

“Well, then, you shall now come to my cabinet d’esprit, and write them in the book directly. Now, Mr. de Burgh, I insist, I will not be refused, come, you must and shall; you must march for this once under my drapeaux.”

Resistance was in vain: in a few minutes the victims were led to the temple of the muses, and Waverton, bound to the horns of the altar, sat down to write; whilst Henry was devoted to the tender mercies of the priestess. Had the tuneful Nine wished to pay their Kensworth sister a visit, they would have been obliged to do it by means of a deputation, for the shrine would certainly not have held half their number. It was a room about ten feet by eight, with a little window with a large

geranium in it, a little table, with a new novel lying on it; some scribbled paper, the fatal album, and another book which Miss Irving hastily removed, but whose peculiar shape too truly betrayed its character; it was Madame de Genlis' *Manuel des Voyageurs*, the source of much of the inspiration of unknown tongues that so distinguished the presiding genius of the place. A bundle of sonnets, odes, and so forth, tied up by a sky-blue riband, was removed to make room for Waverton to transfer his contribution from his own hasty scrawl to its final resting place. In no very great number of minutes the writer arose and presented his work to his fair tax-mistress, with a low bow, and a hope it might meet her approbation.

"Is it very romantic, very pathetic, Mr. Waverton?" said she; "does it touch the heart?"

"It is the poetry of nature," replied the gentleman, and the lady eagerly applied herself to the perusal.

"The spirit of the storm from his hall of clouds came forth,—

"Dear me, what a sublime idea! the spirit coming from his hall of clouds; it's very pretty and quite new."

"The spirit of the storm from his hall of clouds came forth,
And boisterously he gambolled with the spirit of the north;
The polar lights illumed the scene with strange unearthly glare,
As they danced to the loud thunder, in their kingdom of the air."

"How sublime!" said Miss Irving, "yours is the elementary school of poetry, I observe, Mr. Waverton."

"I saw across the firmament the forked lightnings leap,
And drive the clouds before them like a flock of frightened sheep;
Yet lovely through her halo did the queen of night appear,
As beauty's eye most sways the soul when shaded by a tear."

"What a pretty sentiment! it's so familiar to one too."

"No rest or stay that weary night our gallant horses knew,
The pebbles glanced like balls of fire as from their hoofs they
flew;
The trees seemed whitened skeletons of giant form and height,
As they vanished fast behind us in the darkness of the night."

The thundering gale brought rattling hail, like volleying
showers of stones,

The searching cold took griping hold of the marrow in our
bones ;

With plunge and splash the horses dash through gloom and drift
and snow,

But, on ! was still the stern acclaim, and onward still we go.

At length my fellow-wanderer spoke, I rather think he swore,

“ Well, blow my eyes, I never seed a night like this afore ;

I took an outside place because as how it’s less to pay,

But I’m jiggered if I don’t go in, next time I come this way.’ ”

Some things have been indescribable since the beginning of time, and one of them was the expression of Miss Amelia Irving’s countenance as she completed the perusal of this precious effusion of Waverton’s muse ; but anybody who is curious about it, and who will offer a dog a glass of water, will acquire a tolerably correct notion of it.

“ Is this so very poetic ? ” said she, doubtingly.

“ It is after Byron,” gravely replied the author ; “ do not you remember that celebrated stanza,—


"It changed of course a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dan,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Or like a black eye in a recent scuffle,
For we must sometimes box without the muffle."

To admit that she did remember the passage would have involved a confession of having read "Don Juan." She was silent, and the gentlemen took their leave, leaving Miss Arlia Irvine in what brother Jonathan—*owed* h



CHAPTER XIV.

MR. WELLINGTON ELDON PITT JOHNSON had now been a fortnight present with his regiment, and had made considerable progress in acquiring the rudiments of his profession; that is to say, he had attained a sort of glimmering perception of the difference between his right hand and his left; had learned to stand tolerably steady upon one leg; to say "sir," to the field officers; to fill a bumper whenever the curious old military port passed him, and to lock the door of his barrack room. A brother officer, a native of the emerald isle, upon learning that he was in want of a horse, with the greatest consideration slipped a cousin at him, who



kindly accommodated him with a very officer-like horse, viz. a thorough-bred weed, with long thin legs, and a long scraggy neck, and a long back, and a long tail, a perfect incarnation of length, at a reasonable profit, upon whose back in his hours of recreation he was accustomed to ride up and down Sackville-street and Grafton-street, with an occasional digression to Merrion-square, when the band played, and so forth.

He had likewise attended divers pic-nics, and parties of pleasure; had become accustomed, not seldom to hearing several young ladies

his happiness, however, was not unmixed; position of an officer joining a regiment is exceedingly desolate one at first, if he have previous acquaintance with any of his brethren in arms; every body is pre-occupied, every body has his own friends, his own pursuits, his own habits: the stranger is at best a nuisance, not tolerated; and for a time, until he is, as it were, adopted into the society of the corps, he is an isolated being. However, this is not so fast for ever. Our young ensign was a well-bred, and well-tempered boy. His captain was a steady old hand, and gave him a great deal of good advice, some of which he took, for it was better than even Rock's, and in due course of time he got into the regular ways of the regiment, and got on pretty well. His allowance was large, but not large enough to admit of establishing a drag, nor could he have taken it if he had, so he embarked in a jaunting-car, as is the custom of war in like cases. It is also is the custom of war in like cases, he

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his habits of visiting, as to know the moment he turned the corner of a street, what house he was going to, and whether any one was at home.

“ She’s out, your honour, she’s driving with Mrs. O’Grady ; but Mrs. O’Connor’s just gone home, and Miss Julia’s gone to see her. Will I run over to the square, sir ? ”

To such an extent do these queer creatures carry their interest in other people’s affairs, that it is recorded of one of them, that he once came up to a legal gentleman, resident in the city of the brogue, and said, with a peculiar and significant wink, “ Faith, counsellor, I’d advise you to go home again ; the captain’s just gone in to see the mistress, you’d better go home, sir.”

There was one thing that rather puzzled our youth, until it was explained to him by an older hand, and that was, how he himself, young, tolerably good-looking, and heir to six thousand a-year, was so utterly neglected ; and, in short,

treated just like any other ensign. The explanation, which was given him on this point, set forth, that in the eyes of the gay world of Dublin, the station each person holds, is rigidly regulated by a table of precedence, not that whereby either the court or the camp is ruled, but one peculiar to the place itself. Men are, by it, marshalled in a sort of military hierarchy, in the following order :

Aid-de-camps to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

Aid-de-camps to the general commanding the forces.

Other staff officers.

Officers of the guards.

Officers of hussars, lancers, and horse-artillery.

Officers of light dragoons.

Officers of heavy cavalry.

Field officers of infantry.

Officers of light infantry, rifles, and fusileers.

Officers of artillery, engineers, and infantry.

This classification in the eyes of a Dublin belle, is as sacred as the institution of castes in those of a Brahmin, and the only cases in which a rare and occasional exception is permitted,

are in the persons of young lords, especially if they are English ; singing men if they are very affected, and beauty men if they are very conceited ; but even these, if in the ranks, do not attain the dignity and consideration of the arch-angels of the castle, the officers of the household. Occasionally, a drag has been driven up the ladder of precedence, and placed its owner a step or two higher : and possibly, a first-rate amateur actor, or the owner of a tame bear, or some one who says particularly disagreeable things, or some other celebrity, might raise himself above his fellows : but the usual classification is generally adhered to, though the spirit of the age has so far mollified the severity of the law, that the old rule of being acquainted with none but officers of cavalry, and field-officers of infantry, has become obsolete, and the children are no longer visited with the sins of their fathers, who refuse to put them into the dragoons.

So rigidly, however, was the canon of a man's

being nothing unless he was mounted, once held inviolable, that a story is related of a certain noble lord in the north, who, upon the arrival of a regiment in the town, to which his castle adjoins, called as usual upon the lieutenant-colonel and the two majors. After a few months, however, a step took place in the regiment, one of the captains attained the dignity of major; and being now considered qualified by his spurs for the table of the discreet and discriminative nobleman, his lordship left his card forthwith upon the newly hatched field officer, who, however, neither fully impressed with a sense of his former insignificance, nor of his present exaltation, declined the honours that were about to be showered upon his head. In Limerick, the qualification for society is the possession of a horse or a silver tea-pot ; singular equivalents, whose identity of value it would probably not be easy to account for ; the horse is intelligible enough : there is a prevailing equomania in Ireland—every body must have a horse and will

have a horse—those who have only a colt, vote him a horse at two years old, and work him accordingly; then it is clear that once the horse is acquired, it is in strict accordance with the laws of nature to put the car behind the horse, and there is an equipage ready in a moment. With regard, however, to the other passport to “company,” the silver tea-pot, it is more difficult to speak, unless it be a remnant of some Celtic superstition, connected, possibly, with human sacrifices; tea-tables have their human victims to this day; perhaps it is taken to indicate domestic habits; there is something in an officer’s tea-pot that suggests amiability and orange marmalade, and playing the flute; the horse acquires glory abroad—the tea-pot maintains peace at home; and the fourth or fifth cup of tea leaves little room for brandy and water: we do not state this as a fact, it is only our opinion. Metaphysics are an uncertain speculation at best; all that we can do is to offer theory, as rational as possible, for the singular

constitution of the mind of Limerick, that *treats* a horse and a silver tea-pot as being things of like value ; but the fact is certain, the dictum is as deeply impressed in their minds, as if it was in the catechism, and will probably remain there, being founded on human nature, for women are uncommonly fond of riding and tea. In Galway a man ought to be able to land a salmon, and talk about fashionable life, the communication with London not being very active. In the north he should be an admirer of linen, an eschewer of cotton, and a bitter tory. At Cork he ought to be a lover of marrow in a soup tureen ; and in Kilkenny, of a magnum of claret ; so many roads are there to the open hearts of the Irish !

Society in Dublin, as Mr. Johnson was credibly informed, is divided into divers classes ; first come the stars that adorn the firmament of the castle, the heads of departments, grave public functionaries, the grandees of the law, and those magnificent personages their spouses, stately dames, full blown, with gigantic neck-

es, and a great contempt for young bar-
ters, whose ponderosity is relieved by the
alliancy of the aiguilleted hierarchs above
mentioned, and occasionally an illustrious stran-
ger, who is of course made a demi-god: then
comes the quieter legal society, a class *per se*,
that lives within itself—albeit it has not alto-
gether attained the dignity of the bench; the
erary people, too—the drinkers of tea, the
rourers of new publications, the admirers of
ellect and foreign vagabonds; then there are
the serious people, in whose eyes dancing is an
omination—music is sinful—cheerfulness is
ity; the elect, who by an elegant transmu-
tion of the Chinaman's faith, who believes
that he is to be hauled into paradise by the
gle lock of hair, upon whose length he builds
his hopes of future happiness—expect to win
even by the length of their faces; these wor-
thy people abound in Dublin, and indeed gene-
rally in Ireland, where the fearful contest of
this that is now going on, aggravates all sec-

tarian animosity, and gives every thing connected with religion an unnatural bitterness that it ought not to possess, and yet that seems too firmly riveted to leave us any hope of seeing the end of it. Then, in direct opposition to the Pharisees, comes the gay world, the world that walks in Merrion-square when the band plays—that rejoices in pic-nics—Dargle and Bray,—that attend reviews with a regularity that puts the general staff to shame—that revels in the strawberry beds at Lucan ; little chubby girls, with little turned-up noses ; young barristers, very dictatorial ; unfledged ensigns, very dignified ; college boys, who will call themselves men ; and a few elderly gentlemen : lastly, there is another world, and not a bad style of world either, but nobody seems to know or care any thing about it in Dublin, and that is the country gentlemen—the gentry of the counties.

Of all these things, however, as explained to him by his mentor, our young friend was com-

relatively ignorant as far as practice and experience went ; for although the fear that he had most vehemently experienced on his first entering upon his new character was not realized, that the eyes of the whole army were upon him, the eyes of the serjeant-major were. Too much time was required for his education in the art of slaying men abroad, to admit of his devoting much time to the studying their manners and ideas at home ; his training progressed slowly—he gradually acquired that confidence in himself so essential in a soldier, by finding that he could stand as steady as a rock upon one leg ; a remarkable development of the sense of comparison exhibited itself in the order of telling his right from his left in answer to a lieutenant's notice, by a species of instinct, without touching the seam of his trowsers, or trying to remember that he had a knife and fork in his hands, by any other aid to the memory, that of time becoming predominant at the sound of the dinner gong — that of destructiveness immediately

after—that of number in the accurate telling of a company into sub-divisions and sections—of cautiousness in doing no more than he could possibly help—secretiveness when he saw a corporal looking for him—and divers other organs. One thing, however, was a cause of some wonderment and perplexity to him; he received one fine evening a letter, anonymous and almost unintelligible, containing merely these words:—

“Catch is a good dog, but Holdfast’s a better—look to your banker!”

Of these mysterious warnings, he was uncommonly puzzled what to make.

Now it was the custom of the 100th regiment of foot, as of many others, that whenever any peculiarly private and delicate epistle arrives, such as a request from a parent to declare what one’s intentions are; or a notification that the writer is deeply enamoured with one’s sister, and proposes soliciting her hand in marriage, if his income (which he states) is

considered sufficient ; or the communication of any bit of family secret history, that is to be kept as still as the grave ; or any thing else of that sort, to lay it forthwith upon the mess-table, in order to take the general opinion of the regiment upon it. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, and so the mysterious warning was subjected to the usual scrutiny, but without result, the united wisdom of the 100th not being equal to reading the handwriting on the wall ; and as soon as the quartermaster declared his inability to decipher or sound it, the job was given up in despair, and the friend was recommended to trouble his ears no more about it,—it being a sound military principle, in desperate cases, to go on without minding.

“ My dear fellow,” said one of the captains of the regiment, a scion of aristocracy who placed so much confidence in his brother officers, that he was in the habit of intrusting his duty to their charge six months of the year,

"My dear fellow, this letter appears to refer to some impending smash in your money matters: now if that be the case, you may take my word for it, you will be much happier and enjoy yourself twice as much as a poor man as you do as a rich one. I was as happy as a prince when I had nothing, now I am constantly suffering the most acute misery; every guinea I spend now goes to my heart. I am spending my own money now; formerly it was other people's money that I spent, which was much better fun for I never grudged it."



CHAPTER XV.

TIME never stops, and it held its equal course while all these things were doing at Daffodil Lodge; and Henry, who had flattered himself that he knew something about the world and about life, began to discover that his knowledge was not quite so comprehensive as he had imagined, inasmuch as he had already made several new discoveries. He found out that the whole day, from getting up in the morning to lying down at night, might be very agreeably passed without a particle of excitement; that he got through his breakfast without even a newspaper or a pamphlet. The "Kensworth Exterminator," a weekly print,

sufficing to (mis) inform him as to what was passing in the world, there was a cheerful countenance opposite him, a sweet voice that he loved to hear, and the morning meal, in so many cases devoted to the furies, sacred to ferocity, was but the first of the day's pleasures. Then came the day's employment, for he worked steadily in his new vocation ; he had already finished his translation, and had had the pleasure of knowing that it was considered a very successful effort ; and what was more, that his wife knew that it was so. He had now commenced another, for quill-driving is like opium eating, it grasps its victim with the gripe of a vice, and holds him with a pitiless tenacity. A few hours glided lightly away upon ruled paper wings, and brought luncheon time. He had learned to eat luncheon, or at all events to look at Arabella eating it ; for he had none of that sickly morbidness of temperament that dislikes seeing a woman eat : then came a stroll in the fields, which he found quite as

agreeable as a scramble for standing room among a thousand horses in Hyde Park ; a visit to the farm yard ; family settlements upon an interesting litter of little pigs ; a benevolent attempt to console an anxious hen, who believed her whole brood to be on the point of committing suicide, for they would take the water, (they being young ducks ;) trial and condemnation of a capon for fatness ; a commendatory glance at the labour of the bees ; an interview with the cow ; and divers other rustic pastimes, filled up the time pleasantly enough, until the arrival of dinner time, when he found he got on amazingly well without soup, fish, champagne or claret ; and what was more extraordinary, without a soul to speak to, except the fair creature that sat opposite to him. He read aloud to her during the evening, drank tea and got to like it ; did a bit of writing, just by way of a stolen addition to his day's work ; and began to observe that a peculiar serenity of disposition, a remarkable con-

tentedness, that he could not account for upon any philosophical principles, was produced by a practice that he had adopted at her earnest request—that of reading a chapter of the Bible every night to her.

Thus passed their days, and at eleven o'clock he performed a feat of which he would not have considered himself capable six months back—he undressed without dressing again ; and the next day came and went, and days became weeks, and weeks became months, and still all was sunshine and happiness. Arabella's sweetness of disposition, though admitting of little improvement, yet became daily better appreciated, and more precious in the eyes of her approving husband. Towards the beginning of August, however, an event occurred which occasioned them some little uneasiness ; it was the arrival of an anonymous letter couched in the following mysterious terms :

“ He who depends upon a gambling banker, leans upon a broken reed ; be wise in time.

"A well wisher, who knows more than he dares tell."

This warning puzzled them exceedingly, it appeared to refer to some impending catastrophe in money matters, but what it was they were utterly ignorant. Henry was confident that the little he had, was entirely out of the reach of any gambling banker, or any banker whatever; and he concluded that Mr. Johnson must have made such arrangements about his newly acquired wealth, as to place it in security. "Arabella," said he, "I do not like this letter, it looks as if it was intended to put us on our guard; it does not seem to me like a hoax either. Who is your father's banker?"

"Buckingham and Stanfield, I suppose; they were my uncle's, and I do not know that my father had any idea of changing them."

"Stanfield was by way of being a saint, and was more than suspected of being a sinner. He certainly managed to swear through that

story about his father-in-law's will; but nobody ever believed that the old man really knew what he was doing, when he is said to have signed it. Buckingham, I know, used to play; he betted high, and had the character of making a capital book, but it was always a large one, and it is easy enough to win by the book, and lose by the pocket. I should think that house was a slippery concern enough, I wish your father did not deal there."

"You had better write to him now," returned Arabella, beginning to be somewhat alarmed. "I do not understand anything about these matters; surely the banker would not be so dishonourable as to spend our money?"

"Such things have happened," said Henry musingly; "and may happen again. In an ordinary case of bankruptcy, the loss is generally only a part of the balance of the current account, but in a firm with a suspected hypocrite, and a known gambler at its head, it is impossible to say, to what extent robbery may

ave been carried on before the crash came, or what atrocities they may have been guilty of to stave it off. I really do think the best thing I can do is, to go up to London to-morrow."

"Do," said Arabella; "I am getting frightened; and Henry I wish you would go and ask that poor Miss Irving, to drink tea with us this evening; she must be dreadfully lonesome, I'm sure; she has hardly any body to speak to, and I do not think we behave quite well to her."

"Well, I do not see what claim she has upon us; however, as you wish it, I'll go and ask her. Shall I ask her to dinner? a leg of mutton will carry three."

"Do, Henry, if it does not annoy you, but you need not say anything about the guitar."

"Oh, trust me for that," returned her husband; who was as much alive as any man in England, to the alarming properties of a guitar in the hands of a lover of (her own) sweet

sounds ; and he went on his hospitable mission, leaving Arabella to somewhat disturbed meditation.

“ I should break my heart,” thought she ; “ if any thing really did happen that reduced Henry to poverty for my sake ; even now, I can see that our means do not come up to his ideas. There is a constant struggle going on in his mind, between what he thinks ought to be done, and which he knows cannot be done ; but this would be dreadful. I could bear it well enough, after all, it is only what I have been accustomed to all my life, but I dread the future : I doubt whether he and mamma will agree. I am sure that the falling back upon poverty, would be the death of her too ; and what would Juliana do, who has so completely set her heart upon being a fine lady. I wonder are they happier ? I am sure I should not be so ; yet after all, there are so many poor people to relieve, so much good to be done ;—yes, I believe there might be some pleasure in being

a great lady. However, I shall never be one, so it is no use thinking about it; and papa, I am sure he was much happier here than he ever can be in London. I wish they were all safe home again; and Henry, I do not think he looks well, I'm sure he does not, only he never will confess it; well, it is very wrong giving way to low spirits. I must go and see about getting a crab for second course, that Miss Irving may have her old joke about Crabbe's Tales." She was a sweet, benevolent, self-sacrificing creature, Arabella de Burgh, a true Christian, who when she was smitten on one cheek, offered the other.

Henry proceeded to search for the learned lady, whom he found, according to her custom, studying Madame de Genlis' *Manuel des Voyageurs*.

"It really is an interesting study this, Mr. de Burgh," said she, as she closed the book; "it shows how many different ways there are of saying the same things. Now how should

you say, 'beloved of my heart, deign to smile, in Latin?'

"There is no such thing," gravely answered Henry, whose Latin had in a great measure oozed out at his fingers' ends, "the Romans had no hearts—they never made love;" and so having summarily disposed of that embarrassing question, he proceeded to unfold his mission, which was received with much more affability than the celestial emperor accords to the "communications" from the outer barbarians. Invitations to dinner have a specific action upon the human constitution, in all cases smoothing and satinizing the mind, as the Schlangenbad waters do the skin; inducing a sort of easy self-satisfaction—an effect like something between a cigar and winning a bet; but to a solitary spinster like Miss Irving, they are real Godsend, breaking that deadly chain that hangs upon the limbs of the single, whose links are mutton chops, beef steaks, vehicles of nourishment licensed to carry one, day after day, year after

year—it is almost as bad as shaving : none but old maids really know the virtues of a joint of meat. Miss Irving's solitary culinary preparations were respited for that day, and she appeared at the appointed time, equipped in her most brilliant apparel, to do suitable honour to the leg of mutton.

"I hope you can dine off a plain joint, Miss Irving; we have nothing but a leg of mutton to offer you," said Arabella, as the invited spinster, all "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," entered, gleaming in crimson and gold, thrice armed out of the *Manuel des Voyageurs*, and really grateful to them for remembering her loneliness, even apropos to roast mutton.

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. de Burgh, I am quite *ecrasé* with your politesse; the *jambe de mouton* is my *doux penchant*, and it is quite a pleasure too to see your connubial *ménage*; there is something very interesting in the lawful fondness, the *amour propre*, of a new-married couple. Now that your *beaux jours* sont *passées* you will

allow l'autre monde sometimes to intrude upon your menus plaisirs. But I have some news to tell you; do you know that I received a letter to-day from Mr. Hopewell, and a visit from the gentleman that exchanged with him."

"What does Mr. Hopewell say?" asked Arabella.

"Oh, he is delighted with his new parish, and particularly with his rector, Mr. Howard, and his family; but still he writes in wretched spirits, and seems to think he is dying."

"I do not know anybody whom I should prefer to attend my death-bed than Mr. Howard," coolly observed Henry, who even in the plenitude of his victory, could hardly forgive the unhappy curate's rivalry. "I remember, before I went into the army, he used to manage to give me a great deal of good advice, without boring me, and I never have met anybody who could do so since."

"Really you must not talk so, Henry, you are getting quite odd to-day," interrupted Ara-

bella. "Why should poor Mr. Hopewell die? he is quite young yet?"

"Oh, I do not want him to die," answered her lord; "if he does, however, he cannot be in better hands."

"Then, Mr. de Burgh, your uncle is going abroad—he is going to make a tour round Europe, for the good of his health, a *cordon sanitaire*. It must be delightful travelling on the continent—hearing the common people talking French, and German, and Italian, as easily as we talk common English. Lord Innismore is going to the German spa.

"I cannot conceive," returned Henry, "what Lord Innismore can want with mineral waters,—he has a constitution of iron—he always has enjoyed the most perfect health; and Higgins can have no earthly object in taking him abroad."

"Now, Miss Irving, our humble repast awaits you."

"Pray, Mr. de Burgh," said the lady, as

OR, THE USCLE.

r, "when you were in the
ry when a stranger dined
ers, to lay him out after-
dead, as those officers at
Wellington?"

variable rule in my time,"
ghing; "I suppose it was
sirs."

rned the lady, as she took
"a drunken frolic is ex-
esprit."

CHAPTER XVI.

AUGUST came, and with it the dispersion of the dwellers in the modern Babel. It seemed as if some giant principle of repulsion was at work in the centre of London, scattering its inhabitants abroad among the nations; for it is not only the great and the gay that fly from town as if it were a city of the plague, at the end of the season, but the worthy citizens seize the temporary lull in the rarely-reposing capital, to devote it to shrimps and sea-beach. If St. James and St. George move off with a dignified tranquillity to the country or the continent, not the less does St. Giles menace Gravesend; St. Paul embarks for Ramsgate;

St. Clement's takes the sea air at Margate; the Borough precipitates itself upon Brighton; Tower-hill perches on the North Foreland; that lordly Leith steamer carries down Maccullumore or Islay, to persecute the grouse on countless acres of his own moors; the long rakish craft that is running by her, carries a bevy of respectable tradesmen to the canvas-shod enjoyments of the pier at Margate. Merciful heavens, how they are eating and drinking! On that Southampton coach sits a lawyer's clerk, going down to see his family, respectable boarding-house keepers at Ryde. On the box, an earl, running down to Cowes, to embark for a cruize in the Mediterranean, in his own yacht, mounting eight guns; and able to fight them. The object of every body's existence seems to be to get out of London; every thing is activity, but it is not always a pleasurable excitement. Behold the unsuccessful gambler! his loss is assured, the season is over; the fallacious hope of winning back is irretrievably gone; the estate

that has been in his family for centuries *must* be sold now; he is ruined. Look at that disappointed political jobber! his party is not in yet—if it were, he has made no progress; his speeches have been coughed down; no notice has been taken of his subserviency; the money he paid for his seat lost; a dissolution threatened, and he has no more to spend; he must sink back again into insignificance, minus half his fortune. See that manœuvring mother; she brought two daughters up to town in May, at the certain sacrifice of three years' income! boundless were her expectations from them; unceasing her efforts; unslumbering the vigilance with which she guarded them from objectionables—those rejected of heaven—younger brothers—unsparing her devotion to the archangels of her paradise—young lords. It was all in vain, the elder daughter had a heart, and gave it to a cousin. She is an humble country clergyman's wife for the rest of her days. The youngest had none, but she nevertheless captivated a

quiet country gentleman with four or five thousand a year, but at the same time, a gay young viscount chose to establish a flirtation with her: the young lady thought she could take her chance with the peer, and still hold the commoner in reserve. It is a ticklish operation; for some time she thought she was succeeding, the lover complained not, but he did not the less observe and feel—the last pound will break the camel's back, and, one unfortunate day, she laid it on, and he left her, and went to seek a more single-hearted bride among the gentry of his own county. The lord laughed at his rival's discomfiture, but one disastrous Saturday night, he was supping at Crockford's after the open; Taglioni was the theme, and, apropos to it, somebody or other said that the dancing girls in Egypt were worth seeing, so he went to see if it was true. He is in Alexandria by this time. The young lady has fallen to the ground between the two stools, and their expenditure has been so far beyond their means, that there is

not a hope of returning to London for years. Look at that needy fortune-hunter! he too has crippled himself in a matrimonial speculation—and no results. All his efforts to “make an appearance,” have been fruitless; cab, groom, horses, have all been bad investments: wherever he went, the fatal question still followed him, “Who is he?” and the yet more fatal answer, “Nobody knows.” Matters in London are upon too large a scale for small men to attain much success, he must try Bath and Cheltenham; he *must* succeed within the year, or else,—a prison. That pale girl’s affections have been heartlessly won and heartlessly trifled with by a male flirt, simply because he had nothing else to do. Every where disappointed hopes, baffled endeavours, fruitless expectations are rife; what hundreds of day dreams, bright, glittering, decked out in all the variegated hues of hope, are fading and vanishing! what hundreds of castles in the air, stately elevations, such as the earth knows not, are crumbling

and disappearing! as every day shows in the thinner streets and expressive silence, that the west end of London is composing itself for its autumnal torpor, and the season ends.

Among the disappointed, it may reasonably be presumed the Johnson family felt acutely how little the results of their London season had answered their expectations. The gates of fashion had not rolled back before Mrs. Johnson's approach; the very doors of Baker-street, with but few exceptions, had shaken their knockers at her advances. The opportunity of mortifying the Kensworths and Overtons, by declining their acquaintance, had not been granted, for there had not been as much as an opportunity for making it. Mary de Burgh had been civil, but no more; that is to say, *she* had received their visit and returned it. In short, the season flourished, faded, died, and gave no sign of having recognised the existence of such a personage as Mrs. Johnson, of Daffodil Lodge.

With regard to Miss Juliana, it is still less necessary to dwell upon her melancholy disappointment. Where is the heart that cannot feel the intensity, the sublimity of woe, the crushing desolation of the Beulah Spa catastrophe? Let it away, let it brood over the chilling horrors of the union workhouses; let it gloat on the merciless rising and falling of the billy roller, or the three-and-tenpenny martyrdom of the church-rate victim; let it not enter the hallowed temple of romance. Juliana's sorrows reached the sublime, and had their foot upon the next step; the loss of her unworthy lover left so unbearable a void in her heart, that no hope of consolation remained for her on this side of the grave, but that of filling it up by finding another directly, and she went to work accordingly, with the most praiseworthy assiduity. It is a melancholy fact that our success is not invariably in a ratio to the exertions we make. Juliana found it so; had she been living among gentle-

men, her distresses might have produced pity : and every body knows what pity may lead to ; but, unfortunately for her, she had to deal with what are familiarly, not to say contemptuously termed "snobs," and one of the infallible and essential tokens of a snob is a disposition to run down women, to distort their motives—to misrepresent their actions—to undervalue their characters, and to disparage their affections. Whether this peculiarity arises from the instinctive repugnance with which women discover and shrink from a poor-spirited and despicable character in man, that awakens their wrath, or that it is merely the love of evil-speaking, choosing the safest mode of indulging itself, or what is more probable, it is nothing but an imperfect conformation of the brain, incapacitating the patient from forming an honest judgment ; the fact is certain ; the symptom is not to be mistaken ; and among such young gentlemen, poor Juliana's amiabilities met with a somewhat sarcastic reception.

"Upon my honour," said the intellectual Mr. Hopkins, "that lovely creature is falling desperately in love with me: it is exceedingly alarming; she may be Leander if she pleases, but she must look out for another Hero." (Mr. Hopkins's classical education, it must be observed, had been completed at the London University.)

"Really it is too presumptuous," loftily remarked the fine Mr. Wilkinson. "What in the world can induce her to flatter herself that she can make any impression upon such a man as me?"

"Don't she wish she may get it?" was the epigrammatic enquiry of the facetious Mr. Smithson. Old birds are not to be caught by chaff; and so it was, that, annoyed and disappointed on all hands, the party determined to cast their griefs to the winds, or rather to the waves, for they prepared to embark for the continent. The how, when, and where of this enterprising step was determined by the fol-

loring paragraph, which the "Morning Post," the veiled prophet of fashionable movements, contained.—"We understand that the Earl of Innismore, accompanied by Miss de Burgh and his confidential professional adviser, Doctor Higgins, intends embarking on Sunday next at the Tower Stairs for Antwerp, *en route* to Carlsbad, whither his lordship has been ordered for the recovery of his health. Lord Dunlara and the Honourable William de Burgh propose visiting the family estates in the west of Ireland during the absence of the noble party on the continent."

This announcement decided Mrs. Johnson forthwith: she resolved to tack herself on to the "noble party," as far as Antwerp at all events. Her former doubts as to the importance of Henry's family had given way to almost a superstitious veneration for that ancient blood. An earl of Innismore was in her eyes a superior sort of being; to be looked at with no slight reverence, and a personal acquaintance with whom would constitute a great addition to

her personal importance. Berths were accordingly bespoke in the Antwerp company's powerful and splendid steam ship Antwerp, &c. &c. The proper stores were provided for the expedition; such as hand-books, telescopes, tea, camera lucida, courier, wire spectacles, medicine chest, leather sheets, and such like indispensable accompaniments for travelling.

Mr. Johnson, senior, who, with his customary apathy left all the arrangement to the ladies, was, after a slight and little heeded resistance upon his part, clothed in a canvas cap, a linen coat and cloth boots, with an umbrella in his hand, and a strong leathern pouch slung over his shoulder, for containing money, keys, and so forth. Every thing was ready for the tour; but they little knew what a day might bring forth.

It was but two days before their intended departure, that, as Mr. Johnson was as usual studying the "Times" in connexion with his tea and toast, his attention was suddenly arrested by the following significant article.

"We have purposely abstained from noticing, as some of our contemporaries have, we must think injudiciously, done, the rumours with which the town has been inundated, for the last three or four days, respecting the losses of a certain well-known sporting banker: it will be found, however, in another place, that those painful events have become the subject of investigation by his partners."

Mr. Johnson looked some time to find the "other place." He glanced at a thundering leading article about the appropriation clause; a furious attack upon the member for Westminster and the British auxiliary legion of Spain; a good deal of trash about railways, calculations, and estimates, as they were termed, with a good deal of grave humour, at the time; and divers questions from constant readers; and at last came to what he sought; it was not very consolatory.

"'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'

"We understand that a single combat of unexampled severity took place on Friday night, between the bank at the head of St. James's-street, and that in ——— street, which terminated at five o'clock on Saturday morning in the defeat of the latter with a loss of £40,000. The singular resources of the loser were displayed in a manner that probably no other city in Europe could have boasted of; the entire sum having been paid in full by twelve o'clock the same day;—but we would venture to suggest to the discarded of fortune, that the credit of a banking-house is but ill sustained by heavy and repeated public losses; it is time 'high-reaching Buckingham grew circumspect.' We have, however, authority to state, that the attention of his partners having been drawn to that gentleman's conduct, a rigid inquiry has been instituted into the affairs of the firm in question, and that no doubt is entertained but that the result of that investigation will be to remove from the mind of the public the slight-

est doubt as to the solvency of the well-known and highly respectable house of which he is a member."

Mr. Johnson laid down the paper with an uneasy contraction of the muscles of his mouth. There is something exceedingly alarming in the bare idea of the possibility of one's banker playing tricks ; a chilly foreboding of menaced evil came over him ; a philosopher might have told him that the atmosphere was highly charged with electricity, and affected his nerves. Mr. Johnson knew nothing, and cared less, about the subtile fluid that pervades space, but he felt that something was wrong. Alas ! there was yet worse in store. The paragraphs he had read, had been written in the ordinary course of "making up" the paper, during the day time ; but, during the night an untoward event had taken place, divers advertisements had been dislodged from the third column of the 'Thunderer,' such as : 'Lost a dark red and purple paroquet, its bill short, as if worn, the

tail feathers broken, the sides of the head rubbed from the wires of the cage,' &c. &c. 'If the youth of twenty years of age, who left his home on Monday last, will return to his disconsolate parents,' &c. &c. As Mr. Johnson deposited the paper on the table, the first page was uppermost, and his eye was instantly caught by the following stunning notice: 'Five thousand pounds reward. Whereas Mr. John Buckingham,' then came an accurate description of his personal appearance, &c. &c.; and an intimation that he was charged with forgery and embezzlement. His worst fears were now realized, here was no common bankruptcy, if bankruptcy it was; here was embezzlement, here was fraud, here was forgery, here might be ruin. He hastily proceeded to the banking house, and as might have been expected, found it shut, and the doors surrounded by an angry and excited multitude. All sorts of rumours, of course, prevailed among them; some talked of robbery, some of

forgery; some said that it was merely a temporary suspension, and that the house would open as usual on the morrow; others, again, declared that the whole property had been made away with long ago, and that there would not be a shilling in the pound dividend; some talked of hanging the culprit, and others recommended catching him first. Many declared that he had had a fast-sailing schooner waiting for him at Cowes for months, ready for sea at a moment's notice, that he had cleared the channel by this time, and nothing could overtake him. Some said, he was off on the road to Dover; others preferred for choice, a Hamburg steamer, that had sailed at day-break, but Mr. Johnson could not help observing that those among the crowd, whose appearance most especially denoted mercantile pursuits, invariably took the most desponding view of the matter.

"All that we know as yet, sir," said a respectable looking man that stood near him,

"is, that he has absconded having committed forgery, but we do not know for how many years he has been going on with that system; we do not know what the assets of the firm may turn out to be, or what sum he has taken with him that may be made available if he is caught; or what sum he has made away with that never can be replaced at all. I am very much afraid that my loss will be heavy for a poor man like me to bear; but still, it is merely loss, it is not ruin; and I can assure you, sir, that I think very little of it compared with the utter, absolute ruin, that I am certain will fall upon hundreds of others, many of whom have nobody to help them, and no means of helping themselves. Sir, you may take the word of a man, who has been bred to business since his cradle, who learned to cipher before he learned to write, and has plenty of grey hairs on his head now, old Nick himself does not possess in the armoury of hell such an implement of mischief as a forged power of attorney."

That day passed amidst a whirl and confusion of contradictory rumours and baseless speculations ; the agitating topic that all men's minds were full of, was sure to occupy a large space in the evening newspapers, and they were as eagerly sought after as Sybilline leaves. The grave "Standard" moralised upon the evils of dissipation and gambling, with an allusion to Judas who kept the bag, and an inquiry as to what church Mr. Buckingham frequented ; whether the report that he was a Socinian was correct ; at the same time declaring, (not by authority,) that it must be a great consolation to the sufferers to know, that by the present clemency of the criminal law, their utmost exertions to apprehend the culprit could not endanger their incurring the guilt of contributing, however remotely, to the death of a fellow sinner, the offence being now only transportable, like buying a soldier's jacket, or stealing a couple of turnips. The official "Globe" repeated what had appeared in the se-

cond edition of the "Morning Chronicle," making light of the bankruptcy and disappearance of the fugitive; but adding in terms of the highest commendation, that the government, with most praiseworthy energy, had telegraphed the admiral at Portsmouth to detain a ten-gun brig, the 'Diver,' that was expected, if she survived; from a cruise off the southern coast of Ireland in about a week, and keep her ready for sea at a moment's notice, to take the chace the instant the direction of the fugitive's flight should be known. The "Courier" lamented the credulity of the public, who, it is said, ought to have foreseen that the unfortunate man's extravagant and irregular life could end in nothing but ruin and bankruptcy, and having no original observations of its own to offer on the subject, contented itself with rebutting the certain hints, oracularly thrown out by the "Morning Herald," insinuating that the railway companies were at the bottom of the mischief; while the savage "Sun" rated the other partners

soundly for not having put a stop to his proceedings long ago, talked of tarring and feathering, transatlantic justice, fresh from the fount of all justice—public opinion—undiluted by judicial forms ; and copied from the “ Post ” a highly coloured description of a “ sumptuous banquet this distinguished gentleman gave at Greenwich on Friday last to a select circle of his friends, including the Duke and Duchess of Fairyland ; Earl of Elftown, and Lady Titania Sylph ; Lord George Goblin, Sir Carnaby Cobold, Major-general Salamander, Captain Kelpie, R. N., Mrs. Banshee, Count Mannteufel, and several other distinguished fashionables. The entertainment went off in the most spirited manner,” &c. &c. out of which harmless announcement the “ Sun,” by a peculiar process of radical alchemy, extracted an “ insult ” to the virtuous middle classes, many of whom were to be sufferers by the villain’s extravagance, and proceeded in its usual manner to deduce from the water sootjie and white bait, which by the

rown by that time, the necessity of the House of Peers. One and all, put forth their budget of inventions doubted authority," and night closed by light being thrown upon the affairs of that unfortunate house.

g, however, brought disclosures ; and bringing news that the tempter, who had seduced Stansfield to join in his atrocities, had been busy during the night in perfecting his claim to his fortune had worn so late without his exhibiting any symptom of rising, that his bed-chamber entered by his servant, and a small lamp on the floor, a strong smell of gas, and a cold, lifeless corpse, announced with silent yet awful distinctness, how easily Stansfield had evaded the justice of God.

of robbery, forgery, embezzlement, and its extent, and the time it had been known was now exposed to the thunder-

stricken sufferers. Ruin was scattered all around; whole families were reduced at one fell swoop to beggary; ladies, whose little fortunes of two or three thousand pounds just kept them respectably alive, who could not work, and were ashamed to beg, found themselves penniless. So carefully had Buckingham's operations been carried on, that not a single case of the payment of any sum due deferred, nothing that could excite suspicion or occasion inquiry had occurred; he had at all times been ready for a start, and had in fact succeeded in making good his escape within a few hours of the time that he found that something like suspicion in the mind of the public, arising from the enormous amount of his *known* losses, made the explosion inevitable.

Mr. Johnson found he must prepare for the worst. His account had been opened at a time that the difficulties of the house were most pressing, the magnitude of the sum, the facility of realising the greater part of it, and

manifest absence of business-like habits in the possessor, had attracted the confederates' to the glittering bait; and when the names of the principal sufferers were ascertained, it was found that a sweeping series of sales under the powers of attorney had made away with nearly the whole amount of Mr. Johnson's money, and that the assets would not reach a shilling in the pound.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THIS way, my lord, if you please," said Dr. Higgins to his patron, whose temper had been sorely tried in his passage from the stairs to the steamer by a woman in the boat with a child in her arms, who *would* keep insisting that they should all be drowned ; " this way, if you please ; that's where the crew and the engines and the kitchens are ;" and in another minute Lord Innismore, with his niece and the doctor, were standing upon the spacious quarter-deck of a first rate steamer, and gazing with some little interest upon the busy scene that was enacting forwards. The securing of carriages, the shipping and stowing away of

passengers' luggage; the exits and the entrances, the fidgetty anxiety of the voyagers, contrasting strongly with the hard business-like indifference of the crew, who went almost mechanically about the performance of the customary duties that their approaching departure made necessary. Nor were the passengers themselves less a study. Here might be seen a family starting for the first time upon a continental tour, with open eyes and highly raised expectations, resolved to be delighted, and to make the best of everything; opposite them another group, whose deep mourning and downcast countenances, showed too truly that it was the withdrawal by the hand of death of the support which the exertions of a father had hitherto afforded them, that drove them to seek, in the obscurity and the cheapness of the continent, the means of supporting a respectable appearance, and giving the younger branches a liberal education. There an idler saunters carelessly

up and down the deck ; he has had enough of France and Italy, and has his route already marked out. Frankfort, Vienna, Constantinople, Athens, Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar, and to be home for the hunting. Near him stands one, whose anxious glances from his watch to the shore, from the captain to the man at the helm, and then again to his watch, showed clearly enough that a great weight would be removed from his mind when the vessel moved from her moorings. He manifestly was not going abroad for pleasure, or without some good reason of his own. Hunting in his vocabulary was a reciprocal verb, and he seemed to have had enough of it ; but of all the contrasts that crowded deck afforded, none was greater than that offered by Mary de Burgh and the gentleman who stood by her side, the Viscount Cubtown. It was a personification of Beauty and the Beast. His lordship, not having made the progress he had anticipated in her affections, that is to say, not

having induced her to propose for him, or mustered up nerve enough to propose for her, or indeed succeeded in composing a formula to use, if he had taken heart of grace and made the plunge, had decided upon accompanying the party to Carlsbad, and was in attendance accordingly, amusing himself with leaning over the side of the vessel, and spitting into the water. Poor Mary's thoughts were by no means of an agreeable character. She was in her usual state of perplexity; she was still sorry for her conduct to Waverton, nor was her sorrow unmixed with shame; she had not as yet reconciled herself to Cubtown, and he had not proposed if she had done so. Title, wealth, and all, he was not very attractive; and the positive yes or no, that decides often in the dark the fate of a life, is very different from the mere speculative preference of one match to another. She was glad of the bustle of getting under weigh, because it distracted her thoughts, and glad when they were fairly in motion, and

the perpetual occurrence of new objects occupied her attention.

"The man that I bought this britschka of," said Lord Cubtown, who had proceeded forward with the doctor, and was amusing himself haranguing upon the merits of his carriage; "was a bitter slow coach, a regular sap, and here you see under his apron he had a portable book-case, which I, of course, sent to the devil, and established instead a much more sensible sort of thing, a canteen. See, here are two square decanters for spirits; and two round ones for wine, and a nest of silver tumblers. Here are the knives, forks, and plates; that place will hold a fowl or a bit of beef; here is a place for bread, here are the cruet, and this you see is the kitchen. That spirit lamp with six burners would heat up anything; boil water in less than no time; that's the thing to have with you travelling; you need stop for nothing then."

"Indeed, and it's very complete," said the

tor, "and I'll engage will be a great convenience in the wild, outlandish parts we are going to."

"And I got a fellow that's constantly poking out these sort of places, to give me what he called a 'card that pays;' and I believe it does give you something of the sort; it puts you down to what to do, and eat and drink on the spot. Here it is; no, this is a list of the—ah—Antwerp, Grand Laboureur, nothing to see; drink Bourdeaux and Cognac in Belgium, some fellows can drink the *Bierre* *houvaine*, but I do not malt, I do though—quite beastly."

"I beg your pardon, sare," interrupted an intelligent looking foreigner who was standing near them, "but you will find the Cathedral of *St. Peter* worthy of a visit, and the Museum of *St. Peter*."

"The Museum of Rubens," repeated Lord *St. Peter*, feeling his travelling perplexities daily commenced, and not very clear whe-

ther a Museum of Rubens might not mean a museum of fossils or of pickled monsters; "the Museum of Rubens, what the deuce is a Museum of Rubens?"

"I'm thinking it's paintings, my lord," suggested the doctor. "My namesake, Peter Rubens, was a great painter in the time of that vagabond Cromwell, bad luck to him."

"Oh! paintings, we don't come abroad to see paintings. Why I never as much as went to see the exhibition in London. Aix-la-Chapelle, Grand Monarque, note there is a silver hell there, that's a comfort. Drink Wallportsheimer and Ahrbleichart, (what infernally hard names!) Cologne."

"But sare, with permission, in the Dome at Aachen repose the ashes of Charlemagne."

"Let them repose, I should be sorry to disturb them," answered the youth.

"Faith, they might light up again if you poked them," slyly edged in the doctor. "Take care they wouldn't turn into a Boneyparte."

"Cologne, all the inns bad, get out of it as fast as you can."

"But surely not before you have seen the Dome, sare."

"What's the Dome? is it anything like the Colosseum?"

"It is the cathedral, sare."

"Sure we didn't come here to see cathedrals," said the doctor.

"Oh! but the Dom zu Koln is the most interesting cathedral in the world; it is not finished this six hundred years."

"More shame for them," said the doctor indignantly, "not to finish the cathedral. I suppose they are defaulters, all for the voluntary system; why don't they make a rate?"

"Coblenz, nothing," continued Cubtown. "Drink Asmannhäuser; do not touch the sparkling Ehrenbreitsteiner, it is infernally sweet."

"But, sare, there is Ehrenbreitstein, the longest fortress in Europe."

"Pooh," said Higgins, "I'll engage Dover

Castle would pound it to pieces in a jiffy, knock it to smithereens."

"Mayence," continued the young nobleman; "nothing; go on to Frankfort; great fun at the fair; drink Affenthaler and Kirschwasser, all over South Germany; 'ware brandy, it's a mixture of rum and potato whiskey."

"There is the Römerberg at Frankfort, sure; the Wahlzimmer and Staedel Museum, and the Ariadne."

"The Harry how much?"

"The Ariadne of Dannecker; the figure of Ariadne sitting upon a lioness, and looking reproachfully at Theseus, who has abandoned her."

"What a rum touch! is she a fine woman?"

"It is a beautiful statue."

"But how the devil do they dress her? not in a riding habit?"

"No; she is quite naked."

"Eh—oh,—a woman sitting peeled on a lioness; by Jove that must be a fine sight! we

must go and see that, doctor. Will you remember the statue at Frankfort? Yes, and then there's a place they build drags somewhere near; we must overhaul that. Why what's this? K—O—C—H, Koch's cellars, you sham wanting to buy wine, and he asks you to dinner. Devilish artful dodge that, I'll try it on; doctor, we must stay some days at Frankfort. Mem. try Johannisberg and Steinberg. Wurtzburg, nasty cramped old-fashioned place, like Chester. Drink Stein and Leisten, queer squab bottles. You see, doctor, this is a most valuable document, you never can go astray with it. Now I would not give a d—n for travelling, if I did not know exactly the right thing to do, wherever I went, so as to have the worth of my money, that I wonder how he managed to forget the—what do you call it?—the Ariadne at Frankfort.”

Whilst the gentlemen were thus usefully employed discussing the points an acquaintance with which was requisite to enable them derive the utmost interest from their journey,

all is so still, yet all is in motion : you *English* can be very busy without making any bustle."

"Faith, you may say that, when you write home to your friends," said Higgins, "it's still water runs deep."

"Ah, by Jove," said Cubtown, "our bulldogs go in at the head without giving tongue, that's the way to do business ; I say, doctor, I'll be hanged if I don't think that the river is higher than the land hereabouts."

"It looks mighty awkward, my lord," said Higgins, "I hope there's no danger."

"If the river burst its banks, the inundation would be terrible," observed the foreigner ; "it is a fact that it is higher than the land."

"Eh !" said Lord Cubtown, beginning to get rather alarmed, "upon my soul there ought to be an act of parliament about it ; what an infernal smash there would be !"

"Anyhow," the doctor consoled himself, "the boys don't cut the banks here."

"How do you mean, cut the banks, doctor ?"

Why, my lord, in Ireland, whenever potatoes are dear, or the boys are cross about the taxes, or there's talk of a new county cess, they dig up and cut the banks of the canal, and let the waters out."

And what has cutting the canal to say to the price of potatoes?"

I don't know, my lord, they're queer creatures, they don't know what they are doing to themselves; sure it's only a little while ago that they took a spite against Guinness, and where they caught any of his porter, they staved the barrels, and spilt it all; so Guinness recovered the full amount from the county, for the porter was spilt, and then sent another barrel to the customer."

Then he got a double profit?"

Exactly so, my lord. In the same way in the rebellion, the devil was not so black in their eyes as a Beresford, and they swore that they would ruin the Beresford Bank, because of John Beresford and the riding-school; so, whenever

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they found any of the notes of the bank, if they were starving, they would not pass them, they burned them every one."

"They are a curious people, the Irish," remarked the foreigner; "there is no nation that has better qualities, or greater natural advantages, and yet they are always in misery and in trouble; I cannot tell what it is."

"Sure it's the whiskey, and the priests, and the tithes, and the landlords, and the elections, and the agitators, and the whiteboys, and the corporations, play the divil in Ireland," said the doctor: "if they were all set to rights, it would be an elegant country to live in."

The foreigner smiled and turned away, but did not clearly see his way to the regeneration of Ireland, through the comprehensive catalogue of evils the doctor had so fluently enumerated. In process of time, the passengers sat down to dinner; those who were not accustomed to travelling considered themselves martyrs, of whom the only question was, whether

ere to die by the *peine dure et forte*, or vation, by suffocation, or boiled mutton: re experienced voyagers thanked their or excellent joints, smoking hot, clean prompt attendance and no tossing, for hing was so smooth that the transition ver to sea was imperceptible. Evening passenger after passenger turned in; as silence on board, save the unceasing ng of the huge paddle wheels; it was moonlight night, and, by eleven, the -deck was deserted by all that busy that had crowded it during the day ree: the vigilant steersman, who stood wheel and looked watchfully forward; nnismore, who, after an unsatisfactory at the crowded cabin, had returned to ck to pass the night in his britschka; ary, who was about to take possession rt of bed her maid had already made her in the chariot. His lordship paced r backwards and forwards upon the

deck, his arms folded, his hat pulled over his eyes; something was manifestly wrong, whether it was that the more accurate insight he was acquiring into Lord Cubtown's character and habits, (smoking was one he had only lately discovered, and, like most gentlemen of the olden school, smoking was an abomination that stank in his nostrils,) or whether it was merely the irritability we so often experience, setting out on a journey; Mary thought, as she rose to retire to rest, that she never had seen so stern an expression upon her uncle's features before.

"It is getting late, Mary," said he; "you had better get into the carriage, night-air is not always good for young ladies, or, indeed, for elderly gentlemen either. I shall make myself comfortable too. God bless you, my love, I feel as if—as if—my heart was very heavy."

"I wouldn't mind betting a five-shilling bowl of punch," said the steersman to himself,

he saw Lord Innismore shut Mary carefully in one carriage, and then proceed to ensconce himself in another; "I wouldn't mind betting five-shilling bowl of punch, that that ere big lady is in love."

At four, A. M., a considerate fellow passenger like Lord Cubtown, to see Flushing, which, except a steeple or two, he did not see, the rest being concealed by some green mounds, which was credibly informed were fortifications; a piece of news that he received with his forefinger placed alongside of his nose, and set him as a hoax; his idea of fortifications having been formed on the model of the Tower of London. He got up, however, and paced up and down the deck, while the steamer ploughed her way up the deserted Scheldt, seeing but few ships, unless the Belgic navy, (three gun boats,) and little more until between nine and ten o'clock, when they reached the quay at Antwerp. Here they beheld the usual sights, even Cubtown felt awed and awed in the cathedral; they stared

at the well of Quentin Matsys, whose inscription,

"Connubiales amor de mulcibre fecit Apellen,"

the doctor freely translated, "love laughs at locksmiths." The citadel, the silent eloquence of whose open area, clear and level now, where clustering buildings had sheltered thousands of warriors, merely elicited from Cubtown the observation, "that it would make a capital cricket ground," and from the doctor, the amendment, "or bleaching green, my lord;" the museum, at the view of which the viscount, though somewhat disappointed at finding that it contained no curiosities as he had expected, remarked that Rubens' women did great justice to their feeding, concluded their sight-seeing, whereupon his lordship being assured of the fact, devoutly ejaculated, "The Lord be praised!" and proceeded to light a cigar in token of his mind being at ease.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE family party had now re-assembled at Kensworth; Mr. Johnson, with characteristic good sense, the instant that he had ascertained the reality and the extent of the catastrophe, had insisted upon meeting it at once as it should be met; their servants were turned off, their establishment broken up, the very carriage sold, much against Mrs. Johnson's will; who parted with them most reluctantly, being deeply sensible of the degradation of entering Kensworth in the coach, which penance she nevertheless performed, within a few days of the discovery of their altered circumstances. Nevertheless, the sudden fall of that family

from riches to comparative poverty, did not by any means engross their minds, or make them miserable, in the manner that it might have been supposed to do. Mrs. Johnson was a wiser woman ; her two months' experience of the great world, or rather two months' contemplation of it from afar off, had opened her eyes to the fact, that mere riches do not give consideration in this country ; and to the not less certain one, that the society to which she ought to look for her greatest enjoyments, is that which is pointed out by nature, by the sure signs—identity of habits, connexions, ideas, pursuits, and means. Her attempt to raise herself into importance on the strength of her money had failed so lamentably, that, in point of fact, it could hardly have been said to have been made ; she had literally had no opportunity of struggling to force herself into society, for she knew nobody to introduce her even in the least exclusive circles. The accounts of inaccessible festivities, that she had day by

studied in the "Morning Post," had been
and wormwood to her: the two months
unsubstantial greatness had been a period
real discontent, and gnawing disappoint-
it; and she returned to Daffodil Lodge,
dared to make the best of her situation, and
a little consoled by the reflection that their
me would at all events, be increased by the
k of the larger fortune, to nearly double
it had been before their short-lived affluence.
Liana, who had long joined in her mother's
-flown expectations, had shared in their dis-
intment, besides the private one of her own,
e little love-tale of which the apocryphal
t was the hero: and she derived a sort of
olation from brooding over her sorrows, as
called them, exalting herself into a heroine
mance, in her own eyes; and with the idea
she was a heroine, came the impression
she ought to be more like one, ought to
p to the character. Accordingly, in the
place, she resolved to begin with magnani-

mously forgiving Arabella, for having married before her ; and found to her astonishment that she accomplished this Christian resolution with such ease to herself, that, instead of its being the painful sacrifice she had expected, she absolutely found a weight off her mind when the forgiveness was complete. Her altered manner did not escape Arabella's penetration, but she, judging from what she had previously known of her sister's character, supposed it to proceed more from a spirit broken by her disappointments than any other cause ; and in her gentle kindness and sisterly attempts to console the supposed sufferer, Arabella found herself abundantly repaid for the sacrifice of one evil feeling. The next discovery that she made, was, that the happiness of our fellow-creatures, the work of our own hands, is by no means a disagreeable and uninteresting picture to contemplate ; and she found herself daily more and more inclined to accompany Arabella in those visits of unostentatious charity that made her a bless-

ing to the neighbourhood. As for her father, he had had misgivings from the beginning; they had been abundantly realized; he had had money enough before, quite as much as he wanted; he had a great deal more now: their share of the miserable dividend of the bankrupt's estate, would amount to some thousands of pounds at the least: he had been exceedingly bored in London, and found his pet Arabella enjoying the greatest happiness at Kensworth; he enunciated the sage maxim, "What can't be cured must be endured," and acted up to it. Upon Henry de Burgh, however, the effect was otherwise. It will be remembered that from the beginning of his misfortunes, that gentleman's ruling idea had been that of doing something for himself, of restoring himself by his own exertions to the station in society he had, as he considered, lost by his extravagance; how to accomplish this, without his uncle's assistance, was the puzzle; and now that that was finally withdrawn, the question became

more embarrassing still : a very slight experience had taught him that he had little chance in the overcrowded scramble of the literary world ; the public service was more hopeless yet, though, while his father-in-law was tolerably well off, it was possible he might get some employment ; but when the ruin came, and it became manifest that he should not even have a roof that he could call his own, that he was destined to be a dependent inmate in Daffodil Lodge for the rest of his days, Henry de Burgh decided at once that that would never do. He felt with our first parents when time was young ;

“ The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

The resource which the hand of Providence seems to point out with unerring distinctness to the Englishman, who is not as he would be at home,—emigration, had indeed, occurred to him from the beginning ; for, though he had never felt inclined to embrace the hazardous

offers of the Borneo and Sumatra Colonisation Society, still less to go out to supersede the Hoogley ; he had always had a lurking suspicion that it was by emigration that he was to restore his broken fortunes ; and the sober picture drawn by the surgeon of his late regiment, who had been quartered in that country in a regiment of infantry, of the state of things in our North American possessions, as well as its future prospects, had drawn his attention to that part of the globe. The ruin of his father-in-law brought matters to a crisis : he felt the necessity for deciding, did decide, and resolved upon emigrating to Upper Canada. How Arabella might like it, was the only difficulty.

CHAPTER XIX.

LORD INNISMORE had resolved to pass a few days at Aix-la-Chapelle previous to proceeding to his ultimate destination; and, accordingly, the second day after his arrival at Antwerp found him the leading object of M. Dremel's solicitude, occupying the last comfortable apartments he was to see until his return in the Grand Monarque. He had arrived at the time-honoured city of Charlemagne in the highest good humour, which was occasioned by the agreeable surprise he had encountered at the Prussian frontier, where, having had a very exaggerated idea of the strictness and rudeness of foreign custom-houses, he had been rather astonished at finding that the operation to be

undergone consisted in answering a civil question, respectfully put by a grey-haired veteran, whose crosses and medals told of the services of other days, when frontiers were guarded by something more stirring than custom-houses; and whose manners, though suitable to his condition in life, were as good as his own, (they were a great deal better than those of either of his two male companions;) in seeing an imperial opened with an apology, and shut with a compliment, "*C'est assez, monsieur, on connait les personnes;*" and in being passed into the territories of the black eagle with doffed caps and good wishes, "*Glücklicher reise, Herr Graf.*"

The supernatural activity, not to say ubiquity of his host, M. Dremel, the most intelligent and most obliging of innkeepers, strongly contrasting with the Belgic louts he had seen at Antwerp and Liege, contributed to his equanimity: and last, though not least, the fact of a Prussian dollar exactly representing three English shillings, thereby enabling him to

know precisely what he was paying for every thing, gave him a feeling of security that he had not enjoyed for the last two days, for *francs* puzzled him exceedingly; his impression, like that of most old gentlemen, was, that four-and-twenty of them made, or ought to make, a pound sterling: the opinion universally entertained by money-changers, waiters, &c. &c., that it took twenty-five and a half, deranged his preconceived ideas to the extent of one shilling and three pence in the pound, a largish per centage; and the getting an idea out of Lord Innismore's head, once it was finally established there, was about as tough a job as getting the Whigs out of office. As for *florins*, or *guilders*, or *guldens*, they might as well have talked to him of the *kobang* of Japan, the *zecchin* of Turkey, the *abassi* of Persia, or any other unknown denomination of coin. Now, the dollar was intelligible; it was a three shilling bit, divided into three one shilling bits, and six sixpenny bits, which latter were, moreover, most conveniently marked with a 6,

ch, however, indicates, not that they are pence, as the doctor suggested, a delicate mention on the part of the Prussian government to the English, but that they are the eighth part of a dollar. They obeyed the regular laws of arithmetic, which in his heart the earl never doubted that the revolutionary French pseudo-decimal coinage did, and they moreover, on the rainy evening, when he had nothing else to do, had afforded him a good deal of entertainment, and the opportunity of making diverse remarks upon the changing spirit of the times; for, having sent, as he expressed himself, to get change for a hundred pound cheque, the day or two after his arrival, he suddenly found himself in possession of the mystical apocalyptic number of six hundred sixty and six of these orderly and well-behaved coins; and amused himself arranging a chronological series of them. The history of Europe certainly seemed registered upon those expressive medals; the early ones, 1813, 1814, 1815, &c. were decidedly military; the currency was in order of battle;

the king was in a general officer's uniform, the reverse was a trophy, the eagle grasped a thunderbolt, its nest was of swords and spears, cannon, and trumpets, and banners waved above it; the produce of the die came out, stamped with the symbols that indicated that it was destined to be the sinews of war; but anon, a change came o'er the spirit of the mint, *cedant arma togæ*; the fire of musketry is the "light of other days," and like it is faded; the sword, though it has not yet received Christian burial as a ploughshare, yet seems buried in sleep, it reposes upon opinion; God help the nations when it awakes upon opinion. The silver monument faithfully chronicles the pacific leaning of Europe; the king appears in the nakedness of a classical bust, the eagle is tamed and caged. It is no longer the one fierce-looking eagle, the terrible bird of war, as it arose from the ground in the ever-memorable 1813, the war of liberation;

"And casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed"

its Gallic foe, in the year of Dresden, Culm, and Gross Beeren, and the fortune of the invader already faltered. Wachau and the end was at hand; the deadly Leipsig, the mighty battle of the nations, and Germany was free. All these things are passed now: innumerable

“ Little eagles wave their wings in gold ”

and silver in the cage-like quarterings of the Prussian shield; the arms of the soldier have disappeared before those of the herald; the money silently but expressively protests against being any longer considered as merely the means of maintaining armies, and peace seems the order of the day. They were stirring times those, nevertheless, and many great men came out of them. Lord Innismore, however, approved of the present state of things. War, in his ideas, implied a sort of stand-up fight between England and France, as an indispensable part of the play. Now he preferred claret to port, and had an idea that the British cruisers might interfere inconveniently

with the expert trade of the Gironde. Whilst his Lordship was occupied admiring the coin of the realm—(it is a pretty sight all over the world when it belongs to oneself)—Mary sent to the post-office, which rewarded her attention by disgorging a letter from Emily Howard. News from home is worth having, even at Aila-Chapelle.

“My dear Mary,

“So very little has happened here of late that I scarcely venture to trouble you with letter, except to tell you that we are all well and hope you are so too, and that we are very much delighted with our new curate, of whom you must have heard a great deal, for he is a great friend of your brother’s, and always speaks so highly of him, that it is quite a pleasure to hear him; for of late, you know, dearest Mary, we have heard more of his wildness than of his many good qualities. We are constantly gratified, too, with hearing from Mr. Brooks how happy Mr. Henry is with his wife, (how I long

to see her !) and how they are respected by all the neighbours. He says that the resignation with which that family have borne their enormous losses is perfectly beautiful ; that it is the admiration of the whole country, and that all the neighbouring gentlemen who were hardly acquainted with them before, sympathize now with them as if they were their own relations.

I am sure you will be delighted with Mr. Hopewell when you return, but I am sorry to say that my father has a very bad opinion of his health, and the doctor says he is much afraid that his constitution is hopelessly undermined. It is really dreadful to see so good a man, so pious, so intellectual, and so handsome, dropping in his earliest youth by inches into the grave. They say that he studied too much at college, and I have heard, but I do not know whether it is true, that he was attached to your sister-in-law, and that that was the reason he would not remain at Kensworth after her marriage. I should hardly have supposed that he was in such bad health

he has so bright a colour, and so clear a complexion; and to say the truth, though it is not very romantic, so excellent an appetite. Good bye, dear Mary. I am afraid I am dreadfully stupid, but I hope you will forgive it, and consider yourself in my debt for a letter, and give me soon an account of your journey, you must see so many new and interesting objects.

“ Believe me,

“ Ever yours most affectionately,

“ EMILY HOWARD.”

Poor Mary, in the innocence of her heart, fancied that showing this letter to her uncle, might possibly help to remove from his mind the impression that Henry had acted a treacherous part toward Mr. Hopewell, by proving that that gentleman spoke as if he had no cause of complaint against her brother, and thereby brought down upon herself so angry a lecture upon meddling in matters that she did not understand, as to send her to bed in tears; for in the eyes of a man of his lordship's dis-

position, the attempt to correct an error or remove a misconception, is an offence of the deepest dye.

A few days more, found Lord Innismore on the mighty river, the Rhine. What magnificent reflections arise at that word! Empires are formed and shattered around its banks. The Gaul and the Teuton stand face to face. A mighty nation, though broken into unworthy sections, petty states, yet unites in claiming Father Rhine for its own, with a fervency of devotion that hardly the Nile or the Tiber, the Jordan or the Ganges commanded. Grey frowning towers of the castles look down upon the rolling waters over whose whirling eddies even to this day an hostile shot would portend a war that would shake Christendom. Its waters are rich with the mythology of the Fatherland; Valhalla sits in its breast; Aegir is in the depths of the river. Spring hovers upon the gleaming of summer. It is a river of ages, but to enjoy its beauties, a price must be paid in a sacrifice of the lowest denomination, nothing can be

lower, its name is—'Bathos,'—and there is no specimen in better preservation, than the curious assortment of mortality that crowd the steamers on that river. See there a countryman of ours, a gouty citizen, sentenced to be scalded at Wiesbaden; look at his full-blown wife, wondering how so many people are travelling in a foreign land without so much as a sword or a gun to protect them against the savages. There is another group; an aristocratic family, broken by election expenses, going to take refuge in Italy, until matters come round. Those two moustached ruffians, whose advances they have received so readily, are a couple of black-legs on their road to Baden. See that newly married couple, each exhibiting the most unbounded triumph in the prize they have respectively secured. The lady large, fat, showy, but coarse, eyeing every one of her own sex inquiringly, as much as to say, "Are you a married woman?" The gentleman, manifestly somewhat in awe of his lady, looking round smirkingly, nevertheless, as one would say, "See what I've

ot!" and ostentatiously displaying a delicate
umbic pocket handkerchief, richly bordered
ith lace; manifestly a neat and appropriate
ken of his fair one's affections; the pair con-
ying their observations with respect to the
rounding objects to one another with an air
mystery that leaves it in doubt whether they
e not conspiring to burn the ship, and ar-
ging matters for their own escape afterwards.
nder are Irish barristers; every Irish bar-
er visits the Rhine. There may be a Ger-
n or two on board, but nobody remarks
m or cares for them, but those two gentle-
n who are affecting to admire the cathedral
Cologne, are the Viscount Cubtown and
ctor Higgins.

"Upon my honour," soliloquised the latter,
he gazed upon the stately, but unfinished
line of the gothic St. Peter's, "that is an
gant building, and if it were finished, would
g the new chapel at Ballymacwilliampogna-
lin all to nothing."

"Why, doctor, it gets bigger the farther

we get from the place," observed the young nobleman, for he could not account for the phenomenon; he certainly did see more of it every minute, until the building appeared a towering mass of masonry, half the size of the town.

"Yes, my lord, it's the rules of perspective," replied the doctor, who had already ascertained that a very little bit of a reason went a long way with the viscount. The two had become inseparable friends since their voyage; the doctor was only too happy to be upon such familiar terms with any lord whatsoever; and the young nobleman had, as we shall hereafter see, excellent private reasons of his own for cultivating the Esculapius's friendship. Little occurred that attracted their notice until they reached Bonn; but here a new miracle arrested their eyes. They had observed on the opposite bank of the river a large platform, with something like an arch upon it, apparently made fast to the shore, but also connected with a boat, moored some way up the river, by a chain

passing over a line of boats. Lord Curlew was speculating what the meaning of this might be, when, suddenly, just as the steamer got way upon her, to leave the little landing-place, the platform detached itself from the pier to which it was fastened, and, without the agency of oars, sails, steam, ropes, or any other visible propelling power, commenced gravely swinging itself across the stream as if by its own volition.

"What the devil's that!" exclaimed the doctor, in uncontrollable astonishment.

"That's a flying bridge," returned a stranger, who was standing near.

"Oh, I see," replied Higgins. "Look, my lord, that's a flying bridge, a mighty queer name too: if they'd have called it a swimming bridge it would be easier understood, but how it gets across the river puzzles me entirely."

"That's Rolandseck," continued the stranger, "and that is Nonnenwerth on the island."

"Pretty retired spot for a honeymoon, eh, my lord?" smirked the doctor, with as near an

approach to a grin as he could venture to allow himself.

“ D—d slow place I should think,” returned the viscount.

“ I was injudicious enough to land there a couple of years ago,” observed the stranger, shaking his head, “ in search of quiet, and found none ; it was about half-past two when I went ashore, and the table d’hôte was just over, the salon was occupied by a pack of the most unmitigated ruffians I ever saw in my life, who seemed to belong to no nation in particular, for their conversation was carried on in the most hideous broken English ; they were entertaining themselves with getting drunk into the bargain, and there was a reverberation in the room that made their clamour perfectly deafening. Such a pack of blackguards, including some women they had with them, I never came across ; and, as all those sort of people do, they got very noisy and quarrelsome in their cups ; matters got worse towards evening, other parties came over from the mainland ; the place became like

tea-garden. The whole thing sent me to bed in a passion, and I slept in a nun's cell certainly quite as uncomfortable as the nun left it."

Little particularly interesting offered itself to their notice during that day's voyage. There, on the left," said the stranger, "are the ruins of Hammerstein, where Henry the Fourth took refuge when he escaped from his son. Poor Henry! well might the good old Lord of Hammerstein rejoice that he had none but daughters, when he saw you." The regular formal streets of Neuwied attracted some little notice, and at last, the lofty batteries of the Broad Stone of Honour," announced that their day's work was done. The satisfaction of our party in their tour was, however, not unmixed. Ever since he had landed on the Continent, a marked change for the worse had taken place in Lord Innismore's temper. Formerly he had been unbending, stern, severe, but still generally dignified; now he had become captious and retful; possibly his conscience might occa-

sionally smite him about his conduct towards Henry ; perhaps the juxta-position of Cubtown and Mary, and the poor girl's expression of wretchedness, might excite feelings of a disagreeable character in his mind, but he became very irritable ; the complete change in hours and habits did not suit his time of life, and two events following one another in rapid succession every morning disturbed his temper, and rendered him, what an expressive Irishism would call "contrary," for the day. The first was, that no earthly power of persuasion would induce the people of the hotels to provide water sufficiently hot according to his ideas, for shaving ; the second was, that the eggs were invariably under-boiled, and the slightest remonstrance on the subject produced them as hard as bullets ; then came the table d'hôte, and he fumed and fretted at its two hours' confinement with hard labour, its washy soup, its ragged beef, its greasy cutlets, its sour sauces, its thin hard roebuck, its poverty-stricken poultry, its ostentatious cauliflower, its premature

pudding, and finally, when the tardy joint, upon which he mainly relied for his daily bread did arrive, he frequently had the satisfaction of seeing it placed upon a sort of dresser in full view of every body, and chopped to pieces with a bill-hook, with an inconsiderate mangling, highly destructive of appetite in an Englishman who was accustomed to consider carving as nothing less than a science ; the gastronomic branch of anatomy, which skilfully dissects the dead for the *immediate* benefit of the living. Then came the bugbear that so many travellers cannot, or will not shake off—the idea that the continent is leagued to cheat them ; every day brought its succession of petty annoyances, real or imagined, and petty outbreaks of ill humour ; and so much did his irritability display itself one day, that Mary could not help thinking, “ I am sure there is something on my uncle’s mind, he seems so restless. I wish we were safe at Canton again.”

“ My lord got out of bed with the wrong

3, THE UNCLE.

ing," observed the doctor
as cross as a cat."

a bear with a sore head,"
n,—a polished and ele-
appropriate to the spot,
hine and the Moselle.



H A R D N E S S ;

OR,

THE UNCLE.





H A R D N E S S ;

OR,

T H E U N C L E .

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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H A R D N E S S ;

OR,

THE UNCLE.

CHAPTER I.

NIGHT closed upon the frowning towers of Ehrenbreitstein, and the echoing streets of Coblenz ; stillness fell all around, lights shifted, and glanced from window to window, and then were one after the other extinguished, save those on the bridge, which yet cast their long-drawn reflections, like streaks of quivering flame, upon the water ; moon there was none, but millions

of stars shed a cold clear light upon the rolling stream. Mary de Burgh opened her window to gaze upon the tranquil scene before her, and those who could have seen her features as she looked upon the hurrying river and its iron-laden banks, would have said that she was very, very sad. Her spirit was perplexed ; the contest was hot and doubtful ; the war yet raged between passion and interest, the two great antagonist powers that ever struggle for dominion over the mind of man, and too often tear it to pieces in their fierce dispute : the letter she had received from Emily Howard, assuring her of Henry's happiness, had again unsettled her mind as to the necessity of the sacrifice she proposed making for his sake ; but a few days ago, she had resigned herself contentedly to the influence of Lady Loosely ; the great and the gay world, the world of London was around her in all its whirl and confusion of selfishness and vanity ; she had insensibly adopted its ideas, and looked upon a foremost place in the front ranks of

fashion, as the summit of all earthly happiness ; and for that object, joined with another of a higher character, had almost made up her mind to marry a man for whom she did not care, and whom she felt she never could respect ; now it was otherwise, the glitter and the glare were gone, she stood by the star-lit banks of a distant river in a foreign land, things were no longer to be measured by the delusive standard of others' wishes or others' envy. Her soul fell back upon itself, and a still, small voice whispered, " Is this well ?"

She contrasted the low, boorish, ignoble character of Cubtown, with the cultivated intellect and high-minded disposition of Waverton ; she asked herself what prospect of domestic happiness was there for her from a man in whom no sympathy, little affection, and less of that watchful and tender regard for her welfare, upon which domestic felicity is so mainly founded, was to be looked for ; and again

that still, small voice whispered, "Is this wise?"

She thought of the lordly suitor for her hand; his careless dangling after her, for no higher name did the attentions of Cubtown deserve—it was the courtship of a stable boy, not the addresses of a gentleman; it appeared that he was to be paid by his father to marry her if practicable, without much reference to whether he cared for her or not; and then she remembered the deep devotion of one that she trembled to think upon. Anon, arose in silent reproachfulness, a ghastly figure—Waverton, pale, haggard, stricken down by the violence of his own feelings, lying at the very point of death, because of her faithlessness; she looked into her own heart, and shuddered at what she found there, and once again that still, small voice murmured its solemn question, "Is this right?" she closed her window with a very bitter sigh...

Morn burst on the Rheinland, and the armed

awoke from its slumbers, the broad river
dawned in the light of day, at early dawn the
travellers were pursuing their road, and if aught
of the sadness of the night before clouded
any's brow, it was speedily dispelled, for they
were entering on a fairy-land. The bristling
batteries of Ehrenbreitstein, more like the
side of a two-decker, than the batteries of
a fortress, were left behind as the vessel ploughed
her way below the round towers of Lahneck,
an unyielding stronghold where the banner of
the Temple, overborne by numbers, went down
in blood, but not in dishonour, and the last of
the Templars, where the red cross was stricken
from the earth, died knightly, in his harness—died,
would not surrender; and on the other hand,
saw the reviving Stolzenfels, the “haughty
castle” that is to receive a king, to be the summer
residence of the Black Eagle. Soon, on their lonely
journey, the yet perfect walls of the gloomy
Königsburg, the castle prison, reared themselves
above the picturesque gables of Braubach. Ter-

race upon terrace, the vine swarmed to the very tops of the hills; now the double steeple of Boppard, with its quaint connecting gallery, presents itself; yonder is the Marienkloster, founded by that unhappy knight who, in the olden time, slew his beloved. The grey square towers of Sternberg and Liebenstein, the monuments of brothers' unhappy love, of brothers' unholy hate, the castles of the Fratricides, rise on the left; the rocks grow wilder, more craggy, and more naked—behold Thurnberg, the mountain as it is familiarly called; yonder village is St. Goar, the spot where the great apostle of the Rhine preached, and prayed, and died; those shattered bulwarks above it, are the wreck of Rheinfels, the fortress that would not fight; opposite it is Katzenellenbogen, the Cat as the peasants call it; a few moments more, and the narrow gorge of the Lovely is entered, near to the echo. On yon beetling crag sat the melodious daughter of the ancient waters, the siren of the North, to lure the unwary mariner to

his destruction with her long and painful death. See that cluster of rocks in the river—those are the seven sisters of Schönberg, the hard-hearted maidens that made the pangs of hopeless love their sport—pitiless herself, the cruel Loveley judged them more pitiless yet.—see how they yet record and obey her stern command in stony changelessness: yonder stands yet the wreck of their castle, towering over the hamlet of Oberwesel; see on the left Gutenfels, those towers whose gentle daughter, having in faith and truth given her innocent heart to the unknown stranger from the distant island in the Northern seas, swerved not from her constancy to her beloved knight, till the hour came, and he returned to claim her as his bride—the bride of her emperor. That gloomy island fortress is the Pfalz; melancholy and deserted as that lonely pile is now, yet could its bristling pinnacles disclose a tale of true love—a tale of woman's subtlety, and woman's suc-

cess. Those pointed arches on the hall above Bacharach are the St. Werner's Kirche; when Judah once again worships on Sion, who will believe its tale of blood? See the towers of Stahleck; there the grey Pfalzgraf, the heroic Herman, yielded up his crown, and retired to the cloister, because his proud spirit could not brook that his emperor had chidden him. See that smiling valley opposite the lofty round tower of Furstenberg; that is the valley of the Wisper, the favourite haunt of Elves and Cobolds, and dark scenes were enacted in its green recesses: there the unhappy knight of Lorch, who dared summon unlawful assistance to his aid, met his terrible doom. The towers rise thick and fast, — Heimburg, Sonneck, Falkenburg; there dwelt the unhappy Liba, whom the fearful spectre, the living dead, saw maid, wife, and widow, in one day; see the humble Klemenskirche, 'twas there the gadfly stung the milk-white barb of the bride of Rheinstein, at the last moment of fate, when another hour would have seen

wedded to the man that she hated, and to
ow for life. Cannot the dreamy eye call
once more the maddened steed, sweeping,
n the wings of the wind, down the river,
gling up the steep ascent that leads to her
's rocky home: hark, to the clank of his
on the rattling drawbridge; hark, to the
of iron, the portcullis is down, the loved
s rescued. See Rheinstein uprears its reno-
towers for the scion of a royal house, the
eagle waves over them, too; the Neider-
stretches out its sylvan beauties to the left;
nfels towers over the foaming rapid, the
erous Bingerloch; see the Mausethurm,
olitary square tower, whose crumbling walls
the memory of episcopal cruelty, and the
le judgment that was executed upon the
ssor, by the smallest animal that runs.
the fair Nahe, the stream of the Wild-
sman, of the demon-built Rheingrafen-
of Franz of Sickingen, pours its waters
he Rhine, by the ancient bridge of Bin-

gen ; yonder massive, grey, square tower, at Rudesheim, was the scene of a melancholy tragedy in the days that Christian banners waved on the sultry air of Palestine, and Christian knights pined in panym chains,—there was the home of the German Jephtha,—there dwelt and died the devoted daughter that loved too well, and preferred in her agony, seeking her grave in the rolling waters, to dragging on a hopeless, loveless existence, in the gloomy walls of the cloister. Behold the prospect opens, the corn-fields appear—yon palace is Bieberich, those towers are Mayence ; in that antique cathedral repose the remains of Frauenlob—the honoured minstrel, whose strains the maidens of the Fatherland have gratefully recorded for centuries, for his harp was struck in their honour ; a few minutes more, the dreamer returns to the nether world—lands at the wharf at Mayence—post horses directly to Frankfort.

“ I say, doctor, I’m devilish thirsty ; we’ll

ry that dodge on with old Koch, the moment we get to Frankfort," was the last sound that saluted Mary de Burgh's ear, as she quitted the vessel.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, de Burgh," languidly remarked Captain Rock, as the five officers that composed the detachment of the 18th at Hannington sat after dinner, in the principal inn at Foremouth whither they had adjourned their meal for a change from the monotony of their barracks "you might just as well have let us dine quietly at home, instead of lugging us out here we should have had quite as good a dinner, and

"Nonsense, man," returned the more active and enterprising Billy; "you would not have had half the appetite for it; besides those people at Hannington are getting exceedingly troublesome, all the surviving knockers are watched and guarded as if they were made of gold; if you attempt to mill the glaze, they send the bill up to the barracks, as naturally as if you had ordered the glazier to mend it yourself, and that d—d radical town council swear that we shall not get off so *light* if we break any more lamps; that's municipal wit, confound them. It's what an intellectual fellow like Moonlight would call a ponderous levity,—now, here we may have a bit of a lark when it falls dark."

"Yes," remarked Moonlight; "De Burgh was right for once in his life,—we may do some business here; I saw a beautiful knocker at that house with the green door, a thing like a great fish with its head down, as if it was going to be sea-sick, in bronze,—I must have it,

and then I flatter myself, my collection will be the second best in the kingdom."

"I'm told they have got up a club in the 19th," said Starlight, "that they call the Wilberforce Association or Society, for the abolition of Negro slavery; they crib all the black men from the tobacconists; and the 20th have got up an opposition one, which they call the Highland Society, to accommodate the snuff shops that have a Highlander at the door. Each regiment is to start upon a hogshead of claret, at Christmas, and the one that has fewest figures to show, books up for both."

"By Jove, that's a capital idea," said de Burgh; "we must try and do something of that sort,—let's challenge the 21st. to shew knockers."

"Or constable's staffs," suggested Moonlight; "anything that is tolerably portable, that must be attended to.—Old Jones of the 19th, was devilish near having three months' walking exercise within doors, and no charge for his

ag, the other day ; he was passing through pool on his way to Dublin, and he had l with some men belonging to a regiment of infantry, that were quartered in an old mad-house there, who were living like fighting cocks ; fast fellows indeed, odd characters too,—he the lunatic asylum was just the place for a . Well, after they had floored a considerable quantity of fine strong military port, sallied forth for a lark, and God only knows what they did ; Jones could give no account of himself, further than that he awoke the next morning with a splitting headache, his eyes blazing hot, and one of those black devils in bed with him. How or when he had got it, he had not the slightest idea, but the doctor declared that he had brought it home with him about two o'clock ;—had sworn that he would not turn in till the figure was comfortably tucked to bed, and had insisted upon tucking it snugly in, with one of his own nightcaps on head. However, he was to go off by that

morning's packet, so as soon as he had dressed himself, and got some brandy and soda down, away he went with his trunks and the figure, all upon the same truck. It was between five and six o'clock, so he expected that there would be nobody about, and that he would get clear off with his prize ; but as ill luck would have it, the way to the docks led past the door of the very man that owned Sambo, and the poor fellow was just opening his shop, and looking up and down the street, in a perfect agony at the loss of his sign, when old Jones hove in sight with the very article in question in his possession. Of course, the right owner pounced upon it directly, and then there was the devil to pay,—he swore that he would give Jones in charge for felony, and at last to get off, he was obliged to buy twenty boxes of cigars, and he had to pay eight-and-twenty pounds for them, and you know he does not smoke himself ; and I hear that the magistrates declared, that if he had been convicted, they would have sent

to the treadmill ; they said, it was military
use, or some other blasted nonsense of the
.”

How good !” said Moonlight ; “ upon my
our, I would have made a pilgrimage into
unholy land of factories, to see old Jones
up his hand, before twelve freeholders at
caster, and say he would be tried by God and
country.”

The best of it was, that when he got to Dub-
the regiment swore he was a martyr to the
e,—that he deserved the sympathy of all
l men,—that it was a point of honour to the
y to bear him clear of any loss ;—so they
stened his baccy the ‘ Martyr cigars,’—got a
w to draw a picture of him, kneeling, in
ns, with his hands clasped, and saying, ‘ Am
ot a man, and a brother ?’—like that board
used to carry about the streets a few years
and sent it round to every regiment in gar-
n—it was an amazing good likeness too. One
they asked the regiment at Portobello, and

the Staff,—at least, the fast fellows—to dine with them ; and after dinner, sent into the guards and infantry regiments in the royal barracks, to say that they were holding a vestry, and requested their attendance ;—and so, when they had collected all the best fellows going, they put up the weeds to auction ; and I'll be hanged if they did not fetch seven-and-thirty pounds ; so Jones sacked nine pounds by the job, which he gave to the regimental charity fund."

"What an interesting story,—true poetical justice," said Rock ; "but we must not trespass upon their ground ; the snowballs and sawneys are their lawful property. In these unsettled times, it is the especial duty of the army to protect the rights of property—especially the cavalry—they've bagged our second Majors, already :—we're martyrs ourselves—must stick together—must have no family quarrels."

"Oh, no ! we must not touch them," said Starlight, "it would be d—d unprincipled ; but we might have—'Hollo ! Bill, you're not going to mull any more of that stuff ?'"

It is exactly what I am going to do, old light," replied the honourable William Ulickolph de Burgh, as for the sixth time, he shed a handful of cloves and cinnamon; "and proper pack of ungrateful snakes you are, not of you have so much as said thank you, for the trouble I have taken to make you happy." "Why, man, we have had a bottle a-head ready."

My mind would not be at ease if we did not see up the half-dozen, returned the youth, holding the saucepan on the fire, with a benevolent smile; "besides which, there is a question of the house, that must be disposed of, before we adjourn,—What are we to do if we don't have the Blackkeys?"

I was going to say," said Starlight, "that there could be no objection to our taking the signs of the public houses or the shop-boards,—these are capital things, for you can either keep them, or put them in some place where they will do sport. When we were at York, we took

a board with 'Mrs. Wilson, Midwife,' upon it, and by special providence, within two doors it, was another Mrs. Wilson, with a great flourish on board up, and 'Mrs. Wilson's Academy for Young Ladies,' in huge gold letters, so we changed the boards, and after breakfast, the next morning, up we went to see how they were getting on. By the time we got up there, a crowd had collected, for the people had at last twigged the thing, ('This is a capital brew of yours, Billy, and every body stopped to stare at it: but the old devil that kept the school, you know, did not see from the inside, the change we had made, and she could not make head or tail of the mob. She took it into her head that some of her girls were sky-larking from the windows; and she ran up and down stairs, from one front room to another like a mad woman, fancying that they were dodging her about. Of course whenever she shewed herself at a window, she was received with a shouting and roaring you might have

ard at Doncaster ; and at last she got into
ch a perfect fury, that the girls thought she
s going mad, got frightened, opened the street
or, and made a general bolt, all curl-papers
d pinafores. The instant they shewed them-
ves, there was such a yell set up, that it
aded them back again ; and just at that mo-
nt, the old midwife, who had the ‘ Academy
young Ladies’ stuck up over her door, and
o had been watching the mob in an agony—
it was just after that business at Bristol,
k it into her head that they were going
burn and sack the town, to say no worse ; so
put her head out of the window, and began
scream, ‘ Fire, fire—murder !’ We shouted
fire, too ; this set every body else off, and
about ten minutes more, up came an orderly
a devil of a hurry : ‘ Sir, the troop is turn-
out ; there is a fire in the town.’ We had
bundle down to the barracks, as hard as we
uld split ; and as we were going down, we
t a fire engine coming up. I never laughed

out those vellum books of instruction, the old colonel fussing about, looking so anxious as if he expected a revolution, when he would have split his sides with laughter at what the real state of the case was. He said he, 'you must remain for the present, to turn out; I must have my share of the now; I'll just gallop up, and see what is doing; so up he went, and arrived at the people within the houses discharged, and the two Mrs. Wilsons looked at one another like fish-women; but they had a sort of idea that it must be so, and he did it, and the moment the old man came, they both opened out upon him, 'there they are, of them,' they cried out, 'the old man—ster—thrash him, the profligate; he's a heavy old sinner.' But Lord!

them, and the old fellow was as near as being mobbed, he had to wheel about, and I thought he would have got off his horse for laughing, when he came back into the square, and dismissed us. That was a go!"

"Well," said Rock, "we've had wine enough, haven't we? Let us see about doing something; we'll have the horses saddled, and all ready for a bolt in case anything particular happens; we had better have the bill, too. Confound it, let us toss up who pays it."

"By Jove!" said Starlight, who suddenly began to think of looking out of the window, "we can do nothing this evening, that infernal moon is as bright as day."

"Confound the moonlight," said Rock; "I do not mean to be personal," added he, turning to his brother officer, who bore that romantic surname, "'the devil's in the moon for mischief,' as Lord Byron says."

All rushed to the window, it was too true; it was a touching sight, five cavalry officers gazing upon the moon; it really looked as if the day was come that the lion was to lie down with the lamb; but that was not the extent of their misfortunes either, heaven and earth were banded against them, for the streets were not half empty, the museum of knockers was not likely to be increased that night. What was to be done?

There was a young subaltern in that party, whose name has not been mentioned yet, because he did not join in the conversation, a fair-haired boy, with almost a feminine delicacy of appearance, a quiet, unobtrusive, one might say, shy manner, a little white hand that might have passed for a woman's, little whiskers, and less moustache, altogether as pretty a boy as could be seen. One would have supposed him a drawing-room pet; but somehow or other, no one could make out how or why, whenever mischief was on foot, however extravagant, absurd,

gerous it might be, George Wildfire had a finishing knack of taking the lead—and winning it. He had hitherto hardly spoken a word, but, by this time, he had got the steam up to anything, from chuckfarthing to slaughter.

“Coming up be d—d!” he said, in a mild, friendly voice, as if he was asking the charmer’s heart whether she liked Norma; “I’ll not say no such blasted nonsense; let us settle it any way. Let us have a steeple chase and the last man to pay all.”

“Havo! that is the ticket,” shouted the waiter; “let us get the horses out directly, and let us ride in our shirts.”

“Yes,” said Rock, as the waiter answered him, “get our horses ready, and turn out a pair directly, to carry the coats and waistcoats, and killed and wounded;” and in a few minutes more they were mounted, and ready to start from the inn-yard, to the great delight and amusement of the hostlers.

The Eighteenth Light Dragoons, upon this occasion it must be admitted, presented rather a peculiar spectacle ; for as they exhibited the whole of their shirts, it looked as if an irruption of Whiteboys, from the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea, had invaded the peaceful fields of merry England.

" We'll start from about fifty yards up that lane by the turnpike, and the last man over the fence into old Roselover's flower-garden will pay," proposed Wildfire.

The motion was carried *nem. diss.*, and they rode wildly out. The turnpikeman was pressed into the service, and compelled to act as clerk of the course and start them. He marshalled his unruly field in a part of the lane where nothing but a small ditch separated it from the grass.

" Are you ready, gentlemen ?" said he.

" Yes, old twopenny," " Yes, yes," " Keep moving, pikey," answered they.

" Then go as if the devil kicked you !" and away they went like so many maniacs.

the course they had chosen was about four miles; and the first two being light fencing, in which all the horses took freely, did not separate them; but in the middle of the third mile they came to a bullfinch, to which the effects of the moonlight and shade by moonlight gave such an appearance of massiveness, that all the horses refused to pass. One of the party, making a wide circle, brought up his horse at a time, well in hand, put his head straight, and pressed him at it, and went through, the others followed, all but de Burgh's, who could not be induced to face it upon any terms; so he was obliged to ride off some way to the left, where a gate, fortunately not locked, admitted him into the next field.

There he found that an impracticable fence on the right prevented his rejoining his friends, and he had to choose a line for himself, which, though it separated him from them, did not hinder him out; for he had, if anything, easier ground, and moving on a parallel line about a mile or two of hundred yards distance, he was rather

gaining upon them, when he came to a fence that had been lately repaired, a high bank with a ditch upon each side. His horse, a well-trained Irish hunter, took it in proper form, and jumped coolly to the top; but the whole thing being newly built, gave way instantly beneath him, and man and horse rolled into the ditch on the other side. The horse scrambled to his legs first, tore the bridle out of the rider's grasp, and instantly galloped off after his companions, whose riders did not, however, become aware of Willy's mishap until they came in.

The other four went on, riding, as may be supposed, with the most profound indifference as to life and limb, Wildfire still leading; the next fence was a five-barred gate, over which he and Rock got safe; but Starlight's horse not clearing it, broke it to pieces, rolling heavily over on the other side. As, however, he did not lose the horse, he was soon remounted; and he and Moonlight, whose animal was pretty well blown by this time, jogged on together,

leaving Wildfire and Rock to contend for the empty honour of being first in, and a stiff tustle they had for it, resolute men, first-rate horsemen both, and well mounted, each with more than a bottle of mulled port on board, to say nothing of a reasonable allowance of sherry; it was no slight matter that would turn them, and they rode at paces that they agreed on the morrow it would not do to try again. Two hundred yards from home it would have been impossible to say which was to win; but an ugly style at that distance decided the matter, the captain's horse refused, the cornet's did not. Rock brought up his horse again, it would not do, he tried it a third time, and cleared it; but it was too late. Wildfire was fifty yards a-head, and the other pulled quietly up. He was not without some consolation in his defeat; for the victor, in taking his last leap, to get into the poor florist's garden, charged a blind fence, and landed in a melon frame.

Starlight ran a tolerable third, and then came

Moonlight; but by this time, the clatter of the broken glass had apparently awoken the proprietor; a suspicious movement in the house gave symptoms of their vagaries among the flowers not being altogether approved of by the owner, and it was time to be off, and leave De Burgh to shift for himself. Upon their arrival at the barracks they found the guard at the gate, clustered round his horse, which had already made its appearance riderless.

"This will never do," said Rock, upon whose practised head neither the wine nor the excitement of the steeple-chase had produced the slightest effect; "De Burgh may be hurt—we must go back and look for him."

He was saved the trouble; for just at that moment the gentleman in question drove up to the gate,—the verb to drive to be taken in an active not neuter sense,—for he had found his way to the road, stopped the chaise, made the post-boy get inside, mounted the horse, and ridden and driven home. As he reached the gate, he in-

emnified himself for his loss of the steeple-chase by upsetting the chaise against it, which, under the circumstances, most probably, was the best thing he could do for the general entertainment of the party ; and when they had drawn the post-boy, and picked up the pieces, there was a universal cry that they were perishing of thirst ; whilst an opinion seemed to gain ground that they either were, or were likely to be at some not very distant period ; victims of famine, inasmuch as riding across country has a tendency to increase the appetite.

A supply of grilled bones and bottled porter removed these apprehensions ; and after a course of the regular military digestives, cigars and brandy and water, the party prepared to break up and retire to rest, having voted that they had made a day of it. Upon the attempt to move, however, it turned out that De Burgh was dead lame. In the excitement of the moment, and the occupation afforded by the demolition of the above-mentioned supplies, with a

fearful quantity of cayenne, he had not observed what, now that it was grown stiff, forced itself most disagreeably upon his notice, that he had hurt his leg badly against the pole in his character of post-boy. The flesh was bruised, and the skin was rubbed off, it was a bad business altogether ; he paid the penalty of a week's confinement for his frolic, during which his comrades consoled him after their peculiar manner, asking him how he could be such a d—d fool as to ride steeple-chases by moonlight ; or such a spoony as to let his horse get away from him at a fall ; or such an ass as to sham postillion in Russia-duck overalls. Nevertheless, those laugh best that laugh last, and the gallant subaltern was a long way to windward of his friends, when one fine morning he kissed his hand politely to his companions-in-arms from the box of the London mail with two months' sick leave in his pocket. He would have "barked the other shin for two more," as he gallantly informed Dunlara on his arrival in town.

CHAPTER III.

"So I hear you are sentenced to six weeks of gaol, without judge or jury," said Lord Dunlara

Waverton, the day before the latter departed from London, on his road to that melancholy reputed mortuum of watering places. "I should think the very place itself would give you the true devils."

"Why, they say it is a quiet sort of place enough, but I am not sorry for that; I do not feel at all up to the incessant changing and shifting of the Nassau Spas, still less the everlasting jour de fête of Baden. I dare say,

I shall do very well, and I shall have a pleasant journey enough,—you know Hooker and I go together, as far as Namur, I wish I could go on with him."

"Where is he going?"

"He has cut out a very interesting tour; he is going out from Brussels to Luxembourg, and thence to Treves, from which he overhauls the valley of the Moselle; you know he has the Rhine off by heart. Well then, he goes by the valley of the Nahe, which is one of the most extraordinary things I ever saw in my life,—to Worms; and thence through the Odenwald by the Neckar to Stuttgart, and through the forest by Wildbad to Baden, thence through Switzerland, and the Tyrol, and the Salzkammergut to Vienna, then on to Prague, by the Saxon Switzerland to Dresden, and then works home by the Harz mountains through Holland—it is a good line. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"Oh, Willy and I are going to the governor's estates, in the west of Ireland. I expect

tal fun ; they say it is the queerest place
was seen, something like what one reads
the Highlands of Scotland in Walter Scott."

"Well, are you all ready for a start?" asked
oker, who entered at this moment; "got
r passport and every thing?"

"Yes," returned Waverton; "I am all ready,
ag at single anchor; I could start now in
e hours."

"That's all right; how are you, Dunlara?—
did you get home last night?"

Why, pretty well, there was great difficulty
eeping Willy quiet; first of all, he wanted
work the drag, but Atterbury would not
d that, he got so infernally shook the last
he got, that he would not trust the ribbons
of his own hand, and he is a safe and steady
er enough; then when that would not do,
e other dragoons could not keep their hands
of mischief,—there was Tillotson and Blair,
is own regiment, and Scott and Mant of
Nineteenth, and another fellow called Usher,
me Lancer regiment, such a pack of harum-

scarum devils, I never saw in my life; they squatted in a circle round the roof of the coach, and resolved themselves into what they were so good as to call, a board of enquiry—and what do you think was the subject of the deliberation?"

"What, the price of cigars?"

"No, by Jove! they wanted to take that stone gun off the top of the Cannon brewery, and present it to the regiment of Life Guards, at Knightsbridge, with the Light Cavalry's compliments and love. That would have been a very pretty night's work."

"It might possibly have terminated in the watch house," observed Hooker.

"Of course it would," returned Dunlora; "however, to keep them out of mischief, Atterbury kept up to his left on that new road, and they never found it out. I never heard such a screech in my life, as they gave when we got to Bayswater, and they found that the park was on their right hand instead of their left—they wanted to make the toll-man prisoner, and

g him before the Lord Mayor, to account the phenomenon. Then Tillotson swore that he was desperately in love with the Angel Islington, and they voted that he should pe with her; I was by no means sorry to see em safely landed at Limmer's."

"Well, good-bye, I shall probably not see u again; take care the wild Irish don't eat u," and the gentlemen separated.

Waverton and Hooker arrived without any particular adventure at Brussels, and paid that evet capital the compliment of a few days' y to see its lions, among which the ablishment of M. Vandermaelen excited averton's admiration especially, and he entertained serious thoughts of setting up something of the kind himself; he purchased nearly acre of maps for a few franks, and regretted at his time did not admit of a closer examination of the beautiful collection of insects, &c. to Hooker, the great object of his admiration is the Place des Martyrs, a monument to me of the heroes who perished in the revo-

lution. A square excavation in the old Place St. Michel, with receptacles for the coffin's mummy round it, which he declared was perfectly delicious, it was so like the pit in which the bears are kept at the Zoological Gardens. However, neither maps nor martyrs could detain them for ever in the Belgian capital ; and a few days saw them safely out of the Porte de Namur, and in about an hour-and-a-half they stood,

" Upon the place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo."

Waverton could not look without emotion upon the fatal plain, where at length the two Lords of war, the champion of England and the chosen of France, met face to face, to debate once more the fate of Europe, this time, however, without appeal. He soon found that it is not on the field of Waterloo, that the mind can undisturbedly indulge in the reflections that belong to the battle of Waterloo. He was instantly surrounded by a pack of clamorous im-

unfortunate Belgic cubs, who effectually banished other thoughts from his mind, than a most sincere wish that their fathers had fallen in battle some years before their birth. Hooker, in answer to their importunities, showed them half-a-dozen flattened bullets.

"I have got plenty already," said he; "I found them close to a ruined house in the wood, on the right hand side, a quarter of a league back, there are plenty more lying about."

Two or three of his tormentors sneaked away on his intimation, evidently to explore the new mine; some more followed; at last it became silence, and the gentlemen were left alone with Jeant Cotton, who was about to shew them the field.

"I thought the bullets were long since all used up," said he; "I expect they will soon begin to sow them regularly with the next crop."

"They may be gone for all that I know," said Hooker; "I thought I should like to sell these fellows a bargain, so I brought a few

over with me ; they were discharged from the steam gun, at the Adelaide gallery."

"Serve them right," said the serjeant ; "this, gentlemen, is the spot where," &c. &c. &c.

* * * * *

"I wonder what the lion can possibly mean!" said Waverton, as they drove off ; "it is not the Belgic lion, for that is standing upon one leg, with its paws upin the air."

"It is not the English lion," rejoined Hooker, "for that lion is looking southward, whereas the English lion looks west."

"How do you make out that?"

"Why, put a shilling on a map, and you will see that he is staring due west, looking out for squalls, perhaps from brother Jonathan, or possibly keeping a bright look-out upon Dan O'Connell. I'll tell you what I think it means ; you see they have cut away the crest of the position, they have ruined it in a military point of view ; I think it means that they never intend to defend their capital again."

"What, the brave Belges?"

"Yes, the brave Belges."

"Well, I cannot understand that."

"They are quite right; they have got nothing to fight for, they drink beer."

"I do not see what their drinking beer has to do with their fighting,—they have got their capital to fight for—their nationality, that they make such a fuss about, to fight for—their own persons to defend—their liberties to maintain; do you call that nothing?"

"Pooh! my dear fellow," returned Hooker, who had by this time got into a humour, half-mystification, half-reflection, peculiar to himself. "You're talking like the Portfolio, regularly Urquartizing, they won't fight for their capital; it's been a plague to the governing party ever since it was built; their nationality is a precious bad bargain; wait till the railways are finished, and it will be a national bankruptcy; as for their persons, they know a trick worth two of that, they are up to a much simpler mode of providing for the safety of their persons than fighting for them."

No, no! the governing class in Belgium, the middle one, and the priests, drink beer, which they can raise at home, and wine is the cause of all wars. Look at our own history ; our upper classes are the governing class, and they drink wine, which must be brought from abroad, and consequently all our wars are wars of the cellar. We have been fighting ever since Methuen's time for Port, and if a reasonable treaty is concluded with France, we shall keep the peace to the end of time for Claret ; and once a great principle, that even now 'casts its shadow before' among the younger branches of the aristocracy, be established thoroughly ; namely, that it is orthodox, both a dinner and after, to drink Champagne, and nothing else,—the millennium will commence—the nations will learn war no more—the lion will lie down with the lamb—we shall beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into reaping-hooks ;—once France and England determine that they will not fight with one another any more, they will of course allow nobody else to make a disturbance ;

' Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue. Oh, farewell !—
Farewell the neighing steed—and the shrill trump—
The spirit-stirring drum—the ear-piercing fife—
The royal banner, and all quality—
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.
And, oh ! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,—
Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone.'

"The quarrels we have cultivated so assiduously and so expensively with our neighbours over the water, will be made up over the wine. No ministers would dare propose going to war with a nation that furnished us with the cheapest wine in the world, and the best brandy into the bargain, at three shillings a gallon ; it would be an offence against the majesty of the people, the sovereignty of the people, the recreations of the people, the inclinations of the people ; the many-headed would open millions of thirsty mouths ; it would be an insurrection of the gullet ; the cry for cheap food would be but a

a child's whimper compared with the earthquake voice of an indignant and thirsty nation, half-sens over, that would demand cheap drink, swelling and increasing every moment, too, for the more a man eats, the less hungry he gets; whereas the direct contrary is the case in drinking, the more a man drinks, the more thirsty he becomes: the country would indignantly reject the faithless minister animated by the spirit that induced the Jack-tar of the olden time, the hero of the forecastle, "bandy-legged Jacky," to refuse to drink Pitt's health, on the ground, the indisputable ground, that the heaven-born minister

"Imposes a tax upon haccy."

"Really," returned Waverton, laughing, your heroics are something terrific, you make a mountain out of a mole-hill, in first-rate style, a whirlpool in a glass of claret;—they ought to set you to address an Irish mob, your style of ora-

tory is just the thing for them,—‘to wield at will the fierce democracy,’—you might indulge in hopes of succeeding O’Connell.”

“I appeal to facts,” answered Hooker; “what was the secret history of the late war after all? Nobody ever thought of sending expeditions to Italy, or Greece, or Turkey, or any of those places,—of course not,—nobody will drink the wines of the Mediterranean, except Marsalla; and accordingly Lord William Bentinck spent some years very agreeably in Sicily. However, people did not much like Marsalla then—it had not been christened pale sherry yet; so the offer of the Sicilians to become British subjects was disregarded, and the troops withdrawn; but so well aware was the king of the great British principle, that apparently by way of a respectful recognition of it, he created Nelson, Duke of Bronte, and gave him the vineyard of that name, like a discreet prince, as he was.

“I was not aware what a delicate stroke of diplomacy was involved in that title and grant,”

said Waverton; "it did his Majesty great credit."

"Oh! I don't suppose it was his own original idea," said Hooker, with an air of grave meditation; "it was probably the advice of a long-headed minister;—Napoleon or his next heir might have been on the throne of France to this day, if he had had perception enough to observe the mainspring that moves our foreign policy. He kept us in hot water for several years, very much to his own satisfaction, until in an evil hour, the power, that old Goëthe says, 'always wills evil, and always provides good' angelice, the devil, induced him to meddle with our wine; and then there was the devil to pay, and no pitch hot; he was booked from the day Junot's skirmishers crossed the Bidossoa; the instant the eagle stooped on the peninsula, John Bull gave a roar, that astonished Europe, and disturbed the recollection of the meeting on the Niemen. The penates were touched, and the giants of battle came forth—invade Portugal,

deed!—the shadowy spectre of Methuen rose from the wine-vaults; and as he pointed solemnly to the sunny Lusitania blue wreaths of smoke curled upwards in the morning sun, and the sound of artillery passed from the Tamar to the Tay.—Invade Spain, and the Prince regent drinking sherry all the time!—that was a pretty cool piece of impudence,—it was high time to put a stop to that sort of thing, the faithful Commons were taken in labour forthwith, and delivered of such a litter of horse, foot, and artillery, as never was seen before, and the row began in earnest. Out went Sir John, and Sir Harry, and Sir Hew, and Sir Arthur, the dozen of pennants took patronizing charge of some hundreds of transports; it was a case of 'take, burn, sink, and destroy at sea.' On shore the French generals, who had hitherto seen little of their other enemies except their backs, were together taken aback themselves by the cool, steady I don't intrude, just dropped-in sort of way in which the red coats knocked them up at

all hours of the day and night. Soult ordered dinner one fine morning in May at Oporto, spring chickens and asparagus, and that sort of thing; by luncheon time Sir Arthur was over the Douro, the Duke of Dalmatia was half way to Vallunga, and it was well it was no worse. FORT was the key to that enterprise, and the Duke took the title of Marquis of Douro accordingly. By and bye Massena thought he was going to hustle the English into the sea, and suddenly found himself stopped at Torres Vedras in the most unaccountable manner, by a line of fortifications, of whose existence he only became aware when his advanced guard blundered upon them, but which was a decided case of no thoroughfare nevertheless. Lord Wellington sat quietly on the tops of the hills till the Prince of Essling, having nothing to eat or drink, went to the right about. LISBON was the patent medicine that saved Portugal at this crisis; it is a poor wine, however, not worth fighting a battle for, but worth the trouble of making the Portu-

these construct lines. Again, Victor was taking
me liberties in the neighbourhood of Cadiz ;
got nearer to Xeres than was considered
proper, and down came Sir Thomas Graham,
like a raging lion, and astonished the Duke of
Angluno uncommonly at Barossa ;—that was a
BERRY battle. Well, the tide of war rolled on,
swept over the bloody plains of Salamanca and
Vittoria, and the shattered ramparts of St. Se-
bastian and Pampeluna ; it entered France ; Lord
Wellesford established his head-quarters at Bor-
deaux, and the British soldier's mission was
accomplished ;—he was in the heart of the
FRENCH country."

"Then," said Waverton, "according to your
story, we always undertake expeditions with
the secret reference to the supply of wine?"

"Exactly so ; I have proved it by reference
to indisputable facts, and one fact, let me tell
you, is worth half a dozen arguments."

"Well, but now in Holland, for instance,
there is no wine."

“ No, but there’s GIN. Walcheren was a gin-and-water expedition ; the sugar islands in the West Indies were wanted for the rum ; the Cape of Good Hope was taken on account of a misconception ; it had the credit of being able to grow a sort of white wine people could drink ; now the imposture is found out, and it is in consequence, of all the British colonies, the one we hear least about ; the Caffres may eat the settlers, or the settlers may eat one another, as they seem to be thinking of doing, for anything anybody here knows or cares about the matter. It is an astonishing circumstance, probably the effect of our debates being held at night, how much more generally our statesmen’s measures are influenced by wine than by wisdom.”

With this sage reflection Mr. Hooker closed his lips until dinner time, when some execrable sloe-juice, such as Belgium alone calls Bordeaux, made him wish himself at Lord Beresford’s head-quarters at the city of the Garonne. They slept at Namur, and there learned that if the

evil is not always as black as he is painted, neither is the church always a blessing to the neighbourhood; for though the steeple, that was close to their hotel, looked as demure as a Quaker's meeting-house in the cool still evening, at four in the morning it rung out a most diabolical peal that would have drowned the roar of a general action; and being once fairly disturbed, the travellers rose, and each pursued his separate journey.'

It was on the second day of Waverton's arrival at Spa, that he found himself seated at the table d'hôte by a stranger, whose appearance interested him exceedingly. She was a lady, apparently about two or three-and-twenty years of age, of whom it could hardly be said that she was handsome, but who possessed, nevertheless, in her animated features an expression of intelligence and quickness, unmixed with either presumption or malice, that was peculiarly attractive. She was an English woman by birth, although the extreme darkness of her complexion might

almost lead one who looked upon her to conjecture that blood of a more southern race flowed in her veins. The deep mourning she wore showed that some recent calamity had shaded her lot, though it hardly appeared to have impaired her vivacity. She entered graciously into conversation with her neighbour without seeming to suspect that he was a pickpocket, or even a swindler, as is the custom with our fair countrywomen abroad, as far as regards their own countrymen,—though it is quite another matter with respect to foreigners,—gave him the standing piece of interesting information with which every man, woman, and child, is greeted on their arrival at Spa, viz. that the place was desperately dull ; (the authority of the four evangelists could not add one particle of confirmation to that unquestionable truth;) pointed out and named to him two or three of the usual watering-place celebrities, half-caste tigers, elaborate oddities, manifestly conscience-stricken, by the conscious failure of a painful attempt to distinguish them.

es, in large whiskers and small boots, whom everybody knew and nobody trusted, and towards whom she appeared to entertain a most decided aversion, in which Waverton joined her most heartily; and agreed with him in wondering at the patient gravity with which continentals plod through a table d'hôte, the immobility with which they defy the loss of time,—ten minutes, twenty minutes may elapse between each dish, still no symptom of impatience, the fact of being seated at table is held an occupation sufficient in itself; the delays that would drive many Englishmen frantic, and most Americans stark staring mad, are as mere matters of course, the natural order of things; from the soup to the dessert, they eat in a methodical way, and rise from table apparently in utter unconsciousness that they have wasted two of the best hours of the day, and find themselves heavy and stupid for the remainder. Waverton, upon rising, however, this evening, did not by any means feel the last two hours wasted; his fair companion had interested

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every one else at table as their natural enemies, lounging about together over such walks as the place afforded in the afternoon, and wondering to one another, how people could be bored playing hour after hour for five-franc pieces all the evening, Walter and his new friend managed to get through their wine about as successfully as anybody else in that unprepossessing village. The history of the lady, as Waverton learned it from her occasional allusions to her former life, was a melancholy one. Married in her earliest youth to an officer in the East India Company's service, then on leave of absence in Europe, she had accompanied him to India almost immediately afterwards; but had been little more than two years married, when in a fit of delirium he destroyed himself. A widow, and not yet nineteen, Mrs. Campbell returned to Europe with an only daughter, the sole fruit of their union; but finding that a continental life suited both her ideas and her purse better than England, she had, almost immediately after

her return from the east, acquired the habit of living independently on the continent, a hazardous practice for a young and very attractive woman. The recent loss of her daughter was the occasion of her mourning.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a fine August evening that Lord Dun-
ra and his brother, for want of better occupa-
tion, roamed about as curious and characteristic
city as is to be found in the British Islands ;
narrow, old-fashioned streets, composed of solid
stone houses, each built round a diminutive
court, with its date above the door, and, al-
though many of them did not rise above the
dignity of hovels, profusely decorated with the
monorial bearings of its owners, or founders ;
ancient docks, without the appearance of an
attention ever to admit the water into them ;

lofty stores, with no visible means of filling them ; a half-finished square, which served for a parade for the garrison ; long, straggling suburbs of huts, running out like the rays of a star upon every road that approached the town ; an old castle yet inhabited, curious for its massive tower, and the quaint devices with which it is encircled ; a foaming and roaring rapid, connecting a huge lake behind with the Atlantic, crossed by two bridges, one spacious and easily accessible, and therefore altogether deserted—the other narrow and difficult of approach, in consequence of which every living soul in the town crosses it three times a day ; the streets choaked with shaggy ponies, bearing panniers of turf, sea-weed, potatoes, &c. ; a swarm of dark-browed women in crimson petticoats ; a spacious bay was on the sea-side, and a roomy gaol on the land-side of that ancient city. Eight millions of our fellow subjects know where this city is,—the remainder, ignorant Saxons, have yet to learn that the brothers were in Galway.

A ragged urchin whom they had picked up at the door of the inn, not finding "sermons in stones," but "hiding the horse" with pebbles, and disturbed from his primitive gambling by an abrupt order to shew them the town, was their cicerone, and of course conducted them to the gaol and court-house as the first object of interest.

"Sure isn't it an iligint dhrap, your honour?" asked he, with a touching and characteristic pride in the ornaments of his native town.

"Do you ever hang people here, old fellow?" asked Willy.

"Faith they do, your honour; there was as fine a boy as ever you seed hung here in the spring."

"What for?" asked Dunlara, "did he deserve it?"

"Faith he did, your honour, and they were right for wanst in their lives for hanging him; he was a bad boy; he was a-coorting a girl, and her brother was clean agin him, and when he

found that he wouldn't be let marry the girl by reason of the brother's contrariness, by dad he went and bought six-pennorth of arsenic, and he poisoned the poor boy to get him out of the way."

"How did he poison him?"

"Sure they were dhrinking together, those two and another, and he put the arsenic into the brother's tumbler ; and when the pains came on him, he said it was the cholera, and he put the dying man in bed, and got into bed with him to keep him warm,—oh ! they were the best of friends when the poor boy died, God rest his soul !"

"Well, and how did it come out?"

"Why, your honour, the other boy that had been drinking with them, had taken a sup out of the dead man's tumbler, and when the pains came on him, he went to a doctor, and the doctor pumped out his stomach, saving your presence, and so they found that he had been poisoned ; and they found the doctor that had

sold the other boy arsenic, and then it all came clean out, and he was tried and hanged; a great sight it was too; there were the souldiers there, and the claddagh boys, and the polis by dozens; you could not have put another soul on the bridge, it was so crowded they were up on the parapet, and the lamp-posts; and the mother of the girl came and sat and keened under the dhrap."

"The mother of the girl!—why she must have been the mother of the man that was murdered," interrupted Dunlara.

"Yes, your honour, so she was; but it was her daughter he was coorting, so she came and keened for him."

"Well, they are queer people;" said Willy; "did he die game?"

"Game!" repeated the boy, scratching his head, as if he did not exactly understand it, for hardened brutality on the scaffold is not in fashion in Ireland; "faith he died like a good christian, your honour, forgave all his inimies,

leaving the time of Galway to the fowls of the air, and unheeding the urgent representations of their guide in favour of their taking a sight of the barracks. Upon their return to the inn, they found that as dinner had been prepared for two gentlemen, it would be expedient to take the bird in the hand and join the party, and in a few minutes a roast leg of mutton and boiled turkey in celery sauce smoked before a somewhat curiously assorted party ;—the young nobleman, the madcap soldier, a cockney tourist, who considered Bruce or Belzoni's enterprises nothing compared to his own, and a sharp, cute, Irish officer of the police, whose name as the waiter informed them, had formerly been O'Hogan, which he had changed to Gahagan, thinking the latter sounded prettier, who had been down to Connemara, with a view of seeing whether he might not do a little bit of land jobbing. He was now on his return, strongly tempted by the character of what he had seen, but somewhat daunted by the character of what

had not seen, viz. the ~~times~~ ~~five~~ ~~as they~~ down to dinner, a couple of policemen passed before the window, and being in ~~fact~~ ~~they~~ were in ~~fact~~ ~~they~~ were well armed to the teeth.

"Fine men, those," observed DeLima: "and suppose for service in the field would be as good as regular troops."

"As good as regular troops, sir," repeated Mr. Gahagan; "you may say that, when you write home to your friends.—I'll tell you what,

I were to go on active service to-morrow, I'd rather command six hundred of those fellows than any thousand regular infantry in the world. Why, sir, those men are the picked men of the best agricultural population of Europe, picked for size, strength, health, character, conduct, and intelligence, and general trustworthiness, and instantly dismissed if they fail in any one point; those are the men that would work round regular armies; indeed, now half their duties must be carried on as if they were in the presence of an enemy, they never know whether

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he had not seen, viz. the titles. Just as they sat down to dinner, a couple of policemen passed before the window, and being on duty were of course armed to the teeth.

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they will be attacked or not, but they know this much, that if they are attacked, it will be by a limited number—these are the boys to put their trust in the Lord and keep their powder dry."

"They are capital men, those," observed Wally; "I have often been on duty with them, sharp, well-conducted fellows, one can depend on."

"Yes, sir," rejoined Mr. Gahagan, "you always have them in hand; you are sure of them, even in the eleven houses, when the regular infantry would slip through your fingers."

"How many of them may there be?" asked Mr. Figgins, to whom an armed policeman appeared as picturesque a monster as a child born with teeth.

"I suppose including the revenue, there may be about ten thousand bayonets," returned the other carelessly, unobservant of the look of horror his reply elicited from the querist, at the idea of being in an island, indifferently kept in order

by a powerful army, and ten thousand armed police."

"But now," asked Dunlara, "with all this force, how is it that those horrible agrarian outrages go on the way they do; surely there is force enough to put them down?"

"Oh, force! yes, and plenty as far as that goes, sir; but it is not properly applied; indeed, it is not applied at all; for the fact is, that the laws are not executed: the laws in Ireland, sir, supposes a state of society that does not exist; it supposes every man to be for the law, whereas three-fourths of them are against it; and to those that are inclined to obey it, or assist in enforcing it, it affords no efficient protection; a man may see three men with firelocks, and their faces blackened, coming up to his door, and he knows that they are coming to beat, or perhaps murder him, the law neither prevents this, nor even punishes it, for it is fifty to one the criminals escape; and yet it prevents his doing what he would do, if there was no law at all, shooting them down at once. Those ruffians' impunity is so

complete, that I recollect a couple of them with muskets, and blacked faces, meeting an officer of the army riding in regimentals, near Clonmell, and they actually had the impudence to carry arms to him as he passed."

"Yes, I recollect hearing that," said Willy; "the whole system of what they call government in Ireland, seems to me to be very absurd. I remember when those tithe rows were going on, all the officers said that there would not have been the slightest difficulty in recovering every farthing of it."

"No more there would, sir, nor the arrears either, that is, where the occupier was solvent," said Gahagan. "If the government had just encamped a brigade of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and a couple of guns on the Curragh, and said 'Now we're going to begin,' they would have paid up every ha'penny; the expedition never would have had to march at all. The English government do not know how to treat the Irish; they do not understand the

character of the people, what they ought to do to them, and what refuse them, or how to deal with them. See how clever they thought themselves in '29, with the Catholic members and shops, and the forty-shilling freeholders. There are all those precautions now?—the members vote on every question they please, the shops call themselves whatever they please; as to the electors, 'sure,' as the boys said at the time, 'it's as easy to swear to ten pounds, as it is to forty-shillings.' ”

“I do not think those are matters of so much importance,” said Dunlara, “as the insecurity of life and property, that system of intimidation and assassination is horrible.”

“Well, sir, the shootings could not be done for the general system of intimidation. When a man is to be shot, the murderers, who are always strangers, are brought from a distance, perhaps thirty or forty miles; they're kept maybe four or five days in the neighbourhood, waiting for a good opportunity, every man in the

country knows that they are there, and what they are there for, but nobody dares tell, it would be their turn next if they did. When they do bag their bird, maybe there'll be a score of the country-people at work in the next field, nobody dares stop them, nobody as much as dares tell the police which way they are gone, they always get away safe; and if you offered five thousand pounds reward, you would not catch them."

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Mr. Figgins, "what blood-thirsty wretches."

"Oh! never fear, sir, a stranger's as safe here as he is in Windsor Castle; it's only those that live among them, their landlords and neighbours, that they murder; they won't hurt you, unless maybe by mistake; and indeed there is a gentleman very like you that lives near here, that has had his coffin chalked on his door. I wouldn't advise you walking much by the river towards dark; it's mighty handy, nobody can swear that a man's head wasn't beaten in by

the rocks, to say nothing of the chance of going
it to sea."

"Then," said Dundara, "the actual murderers
have nothing to say to the case."

"Nothing, whatever; they are not so much
paid for the job, only that the people they
sleege will do the Ede for them, if they
want it."

"It seems hopeless attempting to put down
such a system."

"I think not, sir," returned the police officer.
"I think if the government were resolute in
work, it might be checked: I'll tell you what
I'd do. Whenever a murder was committed,
I'd make the country within five or six miles of
the spot a proclaimed district. I'd march a
sufficient number of troops into it to prevent it
at night, keeping some of them in quarters
ready in case of disturbance, and some of them
blended among the people, to pick up what-
ever information they could. I'd make the
sailing abroad at night, without a pass, a trans-

portable offence; and I'd allow no passes to be given, except by two magistrates, and countersigned by the officer commanding the troops. I'd make it lawful for any constable to enter and search any man's house or premises at any hour of the day or night, and the obstructing him felony; I'd make it compulsory upon every man to accompany any officer who might require it, on his patrol or duty, and order the officers to require constantly of those who might be supposed to know anything about the matter, and I'd go on with this for twelve or eighteen months, terminable of course at any time by the conviction of the murderers."

"In short," said Dunlora, "you'd make it such a curse to the neighbourhood, the having a murder committed in it, that you think you would set all the country-people against the murderers, instead of having them for them, as they are now."

"Exactly so, sir, and it would not be so harsh a measure as it seems for; the fact is, that the

whole neighbourhood is accessory to the crime, only they are afraid of denouncing it. Now I'd make the law more terrible than the intimidators; and I believe, sir, there are few gentlemen on your side of the herring pond, that know what a cart-load of curses there is in that one word—intimidation. Just break it down, and see what a country we'd be."

"There is great difficulty about evidence," remarked Dunlara; "you cannot always do justice in the face of regular methodised perjury."

"Yes, there is the perjury, and above all, the disregard and indifference with which it is treated, makes the administration of justice imperfect, and consequently not to be *depended* upon; and nothing sets the people more against the law than that very not *depending* on it. Sir, you'll see a man come up to give his evidence in an Irish court. The judge on the bench knows that he is perjuring himself, the jury know it too; the counsel and attornies on both sides know it, every soul in the court knows it,

and he himself knows that they all know it. Well, he swears stoutly, nevertheless. The case closes ; the jury give their verdict in the teeth of his evidence, declaring thereby on their oaths, at least by implication, that he has committed perjury ; and yet that man walks out of the court as if nothing had happened. People say, ' indeed and there was some very *hard swearing* in that case ;' that's all the notice is taken of it — you'd suppose it was recognised by general consent as a fair stratagem. Then those got-up rape cases are horrible ; their very existence is a disgrace to Ireland. I can conceive nothing more disgusting than seeing a man in the dock on a capital charge, and a girl ready to hang or marry him, according as the attornies before the trial think the odds are for or against a conviction ; odds which often depend upon whether the witnesses for the prosecution are drunk or sober. For every one case of that sort that comes into a court too, three are stopped by the magistrates ; but the system of perjury ought to

resolutely grappled with ; and whenever one of those cases breaks down, as they generally do, in its manifestly appearing that it is an attempt to compel the man to marry the woman, by falsely swearing a rape against him, the prosecution should be instantly, as a matter of course, put into the dock, on the charge of conspiracy. Her crimes are crimes against the LAWS, but that of perjury is a crime not only against the law, but against the COURT, and the courts ought to declare that they will no longer tolerate it. The law can no more be administered purely, when the court is outraged by false swearing on the part of the people, than if it was outraged by the introduction of troops on the the part of the crown, to coerce its decisions. Sir, there is in Ireland a sound code of laws, with abundant power, both moral, political, and physical, to enforce and vindicate the law, if the government will only give up truckling to the agitators, and do its duty by the people."

CHAPTER V.

UPWARDS of a fortnight had elapsed since Waverton's arrival at Spa; and still, morning after morning, he and Mrs. Campbell found out that they were going to ride in the same direction; and evening after evening, discovered that they had decided upon climbing the same hill. The lady, with intuitive sagacity, had early arrived at the conclusion that something was wrong with Waverton—something more than met the eye—with feminine instinct, had ascribed the malady to the heart, rather than the ignoble scape-goat of watering-places, the liver;

and with feminine tact, had skilfully ministered to the "mind diseased,"—now soothing irritation—now cheering despondency—now raising hope,—making light of the bitter past—pointing to the brilliant future—evoking the master spirit, Ambition, to trample out the smouldering embers of rejected love ; and Walter soon became aware that Spa would be unbearable without the accomplished and fascinating widow. They were riding, one morning, under the old walls of Franchimont, when the wreck of the days of chivalry, that frowned over their path, turned the conversation to heroism.

"It is strange," said Waverton, "how those chieftains of old still retain a hold upon the imaginations and the hearts of mankind ;—they were little else than hardy robbers—they were oppressive lords—they were overbearing in prosperity, and abject in adversity ; and yet everybody takes an interest in their feats and their histories, their habits, their lives, and their deaths, that I cannot account for."

“One sees them from a distance,” returned she. “I recollect, before I married, before I ever saw Mr. Campbell, my ideal of a hero was a gallant soldier. Bayard, Roland, Laroche Jaquelein, were my impersonations of heroism; but I changed my mind when I found myself behind the scenes, and saw the unheroic means by which alone success is to be ensured. I do not know that I ever was so much affected by any poetry in my life, as by those lines in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, that relates to the fall of Major Howard, at Waterloo; or so much excited as by that passage about the Maid of *Saragossa* :—

‘ Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear—

Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;—

Her fellows flee—she checks their base career—

The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.

Who can appease like her a lover’s ghost?

Who can avenge so well a leader’s fall?

What maid retrieve, when man’s flushed hope is lost!

Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul?

Foiled by a woman’s hand, before a shattered wall.’

"I thought then, that a heroine was alone worthy of a hero; but the barrack-yard undeceived me; the wearying details of discipline—the petty, minute arrangements—the dependance upon commissaries, weather, means of transport, all sorts of unromantic and unpoetical accessories to heroism, soon cured me of my military illusion:—a soldier is not my hero."

"What then, a sailor?"

"No; on my passage out to India, the idea of a sailor and rum, got so connected in my mind, that I never have been able to separate them since; there is nothing heroic in grog."

"Well, then, I suppose it is the old story—a poet."

"Still less, a poet; it appears to me impossible to make a hero of a man who soars to the clouds one instant, and descends the next to the humilities of the earth, and very petty little things indeed, if all that one hears of the private lives of poets be true."

"The same objection would apply to other authors, I should imagine."

“ It would, at least in my mind.”

“ Surely then your hero is not a clergyman?”

“ No, in the days of martyrdom, the church might afford heroes ; the clergymen of the present day have nothing to struggle against but their own indolence. I require a man who can struggle against difficulties and discouragements, and vanquish them by force of character.”

“ What is it then, an adventurous traveller?—an explorer of unknown regions?”

“ No, I will tell you what my idea of a hero is, though I am sure you will laugh at me for it. My idea of a hero is, a man who has made himself a name as a statesman. I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, my poor father describing the early career of a school-fellow of his, who afterwards rose to great fame and power in England—how he laboured for years upon years unceasing, untiring, to prepare himself for Parliament—how at last, when he was returned, and thought the career that he so coveted was opening before him, he almost

despaired at the difficulties that he saw in his way. With what chilling despondency he found, after days and nights of labour bestowed upon a subject that he wished to master, that, notwithstanding all his pains, he had arrived at a wrong conclusion;—how the first time after he had prepared a speech, and hoped to make a favourable debut in the house, he received a message from the minister, to beg that he would not speak upon that subject, it would embarrass the government;—how another time, after weeks of anxious preparation, when he rose to speak, having undergone the horrors of anticipation for several hours, the house was counted out by a member, who was so intoxicated that he could hardly stand;—and how, in the end, when he did get up to address the house, his heart sank within him, and he wished the earth would open and swallow him. I positively cried when my father described the agony of timidity that he felt—how his eyes swam, his brain reeled; he shook like an aspen,

his memory seemed failing him, his powers seemed deserting him, but his courage maintained him yet, for he still stood up gallantly and would not yield ; hardly knowing what they were, he spoke a few sentences, his own party cheered to encourage him—that only made him worse : he faltered, a choaking sensation rose in his throat, and he was fast breaking down from sheer nervousness, when his adversaries unwittingly did what his friends had failed in effecting.—An unfeeling sneer from the other side of the house roused him, he turned savagely round with a ready and effective retort, and the whole scene changed in an instant. Oh ! how I did feel as if I had triumphed myself,” continued she, drawing herself up to her full height, and gathering up her reins, her eyes flashing, her cheek reddening with the excitement of the moment, “when the old parliamentary men, who would not give the young orator a fair chance, saw their victim turn to bay ;—when they found their mistake—when they thought

they had stricken a deer in the jungle, and
and they had roused a tiger; his spirit rose
against the injustice—he looked resolutely and
earnly at the sneerer—his brain cleared—his
self-possession returned—he continued his
speech, slowly and hesitatingly at first; then,
arming with his subject, rising and rising
higher and higher in his oratory, till at last he
pound up his speech in a burst of eloquence,
mid thundering cheers that echoed in his ears
for many a year afterwards; and the leader of
the party came to congratulate him and the
country that another formidable champion had
at night taken his proper place in the front
rank of the battle. Oh! how I could have
empathized with that man—how I could have
felt his doubts, his anxieties, his yearnings—how
I could have shared in his triumph when the
great blow was struck, the trial over, and all
was well. The toil, and the dread, and the sink-
ing of the heart gone, melted, vanished, like
the last year's snow, and the glorious future

opening bright, and clear, and unclouded before him—how I could have adored him, as in after days he went on in his career of glory, and of good. As each successive year brought him higher glory, higher place, more power—power to do good to his fellow creatures, nobly won, and nobly exercised—when at last he sank into his grave, and nations wept over him, I could have emulated the Hindoo widow, and died upon his tomb ;” she paused ; “ I sometimes am very silly, Mr. Waverton, you must not laugh at me.”

It was an unnecessary caution ; Waverton was by no means inclined to laugh at her ; she had struck a chord in his heart that answered readily to the touch ; for she had accurately described his projects, his hopes, his fears, his ambition ; in short his character, as her conception of a hero.

They now rode on in silence for some time, neither being inclined to speak. The lady appearing to have exhausted herself in the excitement

her own narration had caused, though she occasionally stole a glance at her companion, as if to read in his countenance, grave and thoughtful as it was, what was passing in his heart. More was passing there than he would readily have admitted even to himself. The animated sketch of the young orator's struggles, struggles with the deadliest of all enemies, his own weakness, found an echo in his breast; it was, in fact, his own case. Often already he had prepared himself to commence his career of oratory; often he had gone down to the house, intending to speak, and sat there hour after hour, envying the stolid assurance with which driveller after driveller arose to inflict his hearers with what nobody listened to, and the next day's readers with what nobody read; still he never had ventured to address the house, and now he pondered deeply upon the stirring words he had heard, they suggested to him resolution, energy, action, success, triumph; they also suggested to him that it would be very sweet,

if there were bright eyes that would sparkle yet brighter at this triumph; he turned with a melancholy smile to the fair enthusiast, "I am afraid," said he, "that difficult as it would be to find a hero such as you describe, it would not be easy in common life to find such a heroine either; with all my regard for your sex, I cannot give them, I mean of course as a body, credit for that unsevering devotion that you describe so feelingly. Take even a woman of the utmost stability of character, who passionately adores her husband, will not her children divide her affections with him after a time?"

The lady did not much like the question, so she evaded it. "I do think," returned she; "that when a man really and truly gives up his heart, his liberty, his life in short, to a woman, that if she really loves him, he has a right to expect something very like unswerving devotion. A man almost invariably makes some sacrifice in marrying, a woman rarely; on the contrary, if she loves her husband, it is all

much clear gain to her, to many women getting a husband is the great object of their lives."

"How many of them do love their husbands, least love the man they marry before marriage?"

"I know that many do not, but that only proves what I say; that it is such an object to the generality of women, that they even make sacrifice for the sake of attaining the married state, that is, having an independent existence of their own, being no longer a cipher in the world."

"But how is one to ascertain what holds one upon a woman's affections?—how is one to guard against deception, or more properly self-deception?"

"I cannot conceive a man's not being able to distinguish," returned the lady warmly; "if a man really likes him, she will show it in some way or other, whether she will or not; if he does not, I cannot understand the man's continuing the pursuit, that is, after giving her

a reasonable time ; for you are not to expect women to come up to you to be petted like spaniels. They must be wooed to be won ; but if wooing does not win them, it seems to me that the gentleman can easily see that, and then it is time for him to give up his pretensions. I despise nothing more thoroughly, than a man, who continues dangling and pining after a girl, who has once shown an aversion to him, or as one sometimes sees, has trifled with his feelings, and then deserted him for some one younger, or gayer, or richer than him. I think it is such an unmanly weakness, for a man who ought to have a decided character of his own, and a decided control over himself, to be cast down, depressed, in fact, made good for nothing, for the sake of what is very often a silly, frivolous creature, utterly unworthy of him ; it is I admit, a misfortune, and a sore trial to a proud man, to find his affections misplaced, but he should rise superior to it. We must

treat ourselves to a canter up the allée, Mr. Waverton, I hear the table d'hôte bell."

They cantered on in silence; Waverton was still more thoughtful than before; his ambition was roused, his pride was touched, but it was by the wand of an enchantress; and his hand shook as he helped his companion off her horse.

A significant, not to say triumphant, smile might have been seen upon Mrs. Campbell's countenance, as she entered her lodgings; she felt that what had passed during that ride had gone far to remove one image from Waverton's mind and substitute another. She knew nothing of his former history, except what she could gather from his present character and temper of mind; he had not made her his confidant, notwithstanding the intimacy in which they had been living; and she had been reduced to draw her own inferences from her own observation and own sagacity; but these were qualities that she had rarely found fail her; and reposing a due and

well-founded confidence in them, she concluded that that day's conversation had not been thrown away. She was right in conjecturing that her shafts had not been sent altogether at random; but she little knew with what unerring accuracy they had gone to the mark.

Waverton entered his hotel in deep thought, and proceeded mechanically to make his preparations for dinner. Upon arriving at his room, however, he found on his dressing-table a letter from Hooker, giving a long account of his journey, of which the following passage attracted Walter's notice particularly. "I was much surprised at finding my Lord John Delaval at Baden; but my astonishment was diminished by discovering that his fair widow Mrs. Staunton was passing her summer at the City of the Fountains. Delaval desires me to say that he hears Mrs. Shedden, more commonly called Sophy Silvertongue, is at Spa, where she has been since she left the Duke, and recommends

you strongly to establish an acquaintance with her ; he says she is one of the pleasantest companions in Europe, and that he has serious thoughts of taking Spa on his road home for the express purpose of seeing her. She is supposed to have purchased or hired a child somewhere, for the purpose of giving a more interesting aspect to her assumed character." Waverton did not exactly know what to make of this, the description evidently pointed to an adventuress, a woman of, at the best, doubtful character ; but one likely to make herself remarkable wherever she was. He was aware of no such person at Spa, when the society was so limited that almost everybody was more or less known by character to their neighbours ; but not feeling at the moment any particular wish to make acquaintances of the sort, he shut up the letter in his writing-desk, and descending to the Salon, seated himself as usual by Mrs. Campbell. That lady was evidently in the highest

spirits, as those generally are who feel they are making rapid progress in whatever matter they have in hand,—going a-head in earnest. She rallied Waverton upon the want of confidence in his own attractions that he had displayed in their conversation of the morning ; and pointed out laughingly a sort of flirtation that was going on at the other end of the table, between a fair-haired youth of one-and-twenty, whose bashfulness seemed invincible, and a young lady of about the same age, out of whose lips she declared she could see a “ Yes ” peeping, and seeking an opportunity of escaping. “ After all,” said she, “ there is something in this dreary place ; one can find something to amuse one if one tries.”

“ I like the place very well,” returned Walter ; “ I have nothing to complain of. One does not come to such a place as this to seek any very violent excitement.”

“ No,” answered the lady ; “ a quiet life, fresh air and country rides, a little of one’s

end's society, and a mind at ease, are the sources from which one ought to expect one's enjoyment at Spa."

"By the bye," observed Walter, "I expect an old friend here in a few days."

"Ah! then I suppose I shall see no more of you," said Mrs. Campbell, looking into his face with a mock-imploring expression. "Pray who may your friend be?"

"Lord John Delaval."

"Lord John Delaval!" repeated she, in a shaky voice, and she grew suddenly crimson, and as suddenly pale as death; "when do you expect Lord John Delaval?"

"In about a week or ten days," returned Waverley, who had not observed her agitation at Delaval's name. "He is at Baden now."

"Had you a letter from him then to say he was coming?" asked the lady.

"No, it was from another man; Delaval is not much given to writing."

"No," said his companion unconsciously.

"Why, do you know him?" asked Walter, in some surprise.

"Me! no;—I never heard of him before."

"I thought you seemed to talk as if you were aware of his aversion to writing."

"It was you said so," said the lady, colouring slightly.

"Yes; but I fancied you had agreed with me."

"It must have been the force of habit," returned she, laughing, and recovering her self-possession; "you have taught me to agree to everything you say, Mr. Waverton. I must really try and learn to contradict you."

Neither party returned to the subject. Delaval's arrival was so long delayed that they almost ceased to expect him. Time rolled on, and the term of Waverton's probation at Spa rapidly approached, his health became visibly better; his strength increased; his appetite returned; that species of good humour, of lightness of spirit, that attends convalescence, inclined

him to see every object and every person favourably, and unfortunately, none more favourably than the fair and attractive widow. That lady, having the ground to herself, no competitors, no objects to divert his attention, in short, having complete possession of his time and attention, had silently and imperceptibly acquired not only a hold upon his affections that he himself was little aware of; but also an influence over his spirit, an ascendancy that he would have been slow to admit. The idle habits of a watering-place had completely disarranged his mode of spending his time, and destroyed the self-dependance that a regular system of self-employment creates. He could not read or write all the morning, because it was customary to spend the morning in the open air; all was idleness around, and it was not easy to be busy. The hour of dinner too abridged the hours of employment, and after dinner, the custom of strolling about with Mrs. Campbell had become chronic, and was not readily to be eradicated;

besides which, the system before alluded to, of considering the rest of the world as their natural enemies, had, in a manner, isolated them from all others, as is commonly the case with violent flirtations, and he had nobody else to speak to if he wished it. This was exactly what the lady intended ; and Waverton was a man who, possessing great abilities, great ambition, energy, acuteness and judgment, was nevertheless inclined to be what is commonly termed, weak about woman, that is to say, he was slow and unwilling, either to impute motives which he did not approve of to them, or to suspect their character. Whether the man who believes all women angels, or he whose creed is that they are all devils, leads the happiest life, is a question that need not be discussed here. The truth probably lies somewhere between ; a minute investigation of the subject would possibly turn out a very instructive and entertaining study, perhaps even a profitable one if judiciously conducted ; whatever it be, certain it is, that we

uld get on very badly without them ; and
tain it was that Waverton doubted whether
could get on at all without one particular
cimen of the descendants of Eve. To say
truth, his disappointment about Mary de
rgh had made him in a manner desperate,
his mind was in that state that he might have
en an easy prey to any designing woman who
opened to know his circumstances, and how to
fit by them.

CHAPTER VI.

A PAINFUL scene was in the mean time acting
at Kensworth: Henry de Burgh and his wife

ed, though for the greater part of his life. He could not bear the remaining at home in a position of society so inferior to that which he was accustomed to consider his due ; and notwithstanding that some little sympathy had been exhibited by the neighbouring gentry towards the Johnson's since their misfortunes, still it was the consequence of their misfortunes, and not to be mistaken for any wish to associate with them ; and Henry was a little nettled by the cool indifference, if not repugnance, with which his newly - adopted family was treated in the country. He likewise had constructed, not actually in the air, but in the forest, certain anticipatory erections of wood, log-houses, spacious, rough perhaps, but rejoicing in a rude plenty, such as transatlantic writers so glowingly describe ; herds of cattle ; huge farm buildings ; pastoral activity, and so forth ; nor did his mind's eye altogether neglect the more distant vision of the future town of Burghville that was to rise on his lands, or the idea of returning, in his

old age, to his native shores, a magnate from the far west, and being once again Mr. ~~de~~ Burgh, of the ancient house of Innismore; rich, independent and prosperous; a great authority upon Canadian matters; respected, as success is respected in England, and so forth. His severance from his own family too was nearly complete; with regard to Lord Innismore, that nobleman's unnatural and obstinate aversion to him had begun to excite reciprocal feelings in his mind; he could hardly be expected to look upon him as otherwise than an obdurate tyrant; while, at the same time, the resolute manner in which the Earl had forbidden him his house, had made it almost impossible for him to see his sister, with whom, moreover, he was not particularly pleased, for the coolness she had exhibited towards his mother-in-law, which was nevertheless, the best thing she could have done; for the very shewing Mrs. Johnson and Juliana to Lord Innismore, would infallibly have enraged him more than ever, and with

whom he was inclined to be exceedingly angry for her treatment of Waverton, of the secret history of which transaction he was altogether ignorant, having, in fact, very nearly dropped all correspondence with her since his marriage. Of his two cousins he did not expect to see much more for the rest of his life, seeing that they were not very likely to come to Kensworth, nor he to visit Ganton, during his uncle's lifetime at least, and he went on making his arrangements as calmly as he could. It was otherwise with Arabella. To her, who never had been ten miles from Kensworth in her life, the idea of emigrating was one of unmixed horror; a journey to London would have been an expedition of no slight consequence in her eyes, how much more a voyage to America. The total change of scene, habits and society, was very distasteful to her, and she felt most acutely the necessity of parting from her parents. Her father had always doted on her; and the melancholy expression of resignation with which he

used to regard the daughter that was soon to be separated from him, went to her heart; she could not endure the reflection, that once she crossed the Atlantic, she might possibly, nay, probably never see him again. Her mother, with all her follies, was her mother yet; and Arabella was not a daughter to scan too narrowly a parent's faults, still less so at a time that their misfortunes commanded sympathy and consideration, even from strangers. Juliana was an altered being, day by day good qualities that had hitherto laid dormant, smothered in her vanity and jealousy, displayed themselves; she had made the one step into the right, conquered one evil feeling, and all that was bad in her character was already half paralyzed by the blow, whilst the good grew and flourished hourly. There is a peculiar interest we feel in a character, from which we never entertained any very high expectations; when some stroke, whether of good or bad fortune, calls forth its latent energies, and it suddenly displays qualities for which

We never had given it credit: and deeply did this feeling enter into Arabella's mind, with regard to Juliana, from whom she was so soon to be separated, not without adding another pang to the anguish of parting, even though it so far took a weight off her mind, that she was satisfied that her poor protégés in Kensworth would find a kind and efficient protectress in Juliana, whose charitable interest in the concerns of her poorer neighbours by this time almost equalled her own. She had another cause of sorrow too in Henry's continual absences, necessitated by the preparations he was making, which gave her a feeling of loneliness even in the very middle of her own family; and hundreds of times she had half made up her mind to appeal to his feelings, and pray that he would alter his decision on the subject, and let them remain at Kensworth, in narrow circumstances certainly, in humble station, with little prospect of emerging from it, but still AT HOME. Her knowledge of his character, however, dis-

couraged her from any such step as this; she saw that whilst he felt the extent of the sacrifice even he was making, and still more so the yet greater that she was called upon to make, still the necessity of making it had wound him up to the point. He felt or fancied that it was a necessity to take some steps to restore himself in the eyes of the world, a point of honour not to sink unresistingly and acquiescingly into insignificance; she felt it would have been a weakness in her to interfere, and she silently and uncomplainingly watched arrangement after arrangement completed, and endeavoured to conjure up a little pastoral paradise for herself in the far west. Mrs. Johnson, in the mean time, gradually recovered her equanimity; the bustle of preparing for the young couple's departure, gave all in the house an occupation and an interest, melancholy, but yet pleasing; and if the father was more than usually reserved, if an occasional shade of sadness was visible on his brow, he yet said nothing, he never once spoke of the project in

terms of disapproval; nay, if the truth be known, painfully as he felt the separation from his favourite daughter, he admired and appreciated like the energy and resolution which had served Henry to undertake his enterprise, and the unpretending but unhesitating devotion to her husband that had induced Arabella to acquiesce in it.



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ould not construct such an oration as he judged
occasion required by any exertion of his own
aided intellect. There were no English novels
be had in Carlsbad to furnish him with an
hodox formula; a German form he did find,
he discovered one day one of the waiters at
Sächsische Saal—who had a smattering of
glish, a stock of tolerable cigars on sale, and
cross-bred puppy, and was consequently a
at ally of his lordship's—reading a German
rk, professing to instruct the uninitiated how
behave in society, as a preparation for a ball
ither he was to attend the Bohemian object
his affections that evening, from this he cha-
bly translated as follows for Lord Cubtown's
efit. The translation was very literal, a little
perhaps. “We are now to one another no
e strange, love-worthy Mary; it is to you
ainly not escaped that I you love over all high
sure. Dare I to you expressly say that I
love, that I you as a true beloved at my side
ee wish? Is your heart so free as the mine?

and hope you at my side happy to be ; so offer I you with pleasure my hand."

"That cock won't fight," observed his lordship, with a pathetic shake of his head, as the translator concluded ; " she'd laugh ready to split her sides before I rehearsed the half of it. A proper mess I'm in," added he, walking pensively away. " I shall never be able to come to the scratch. I wish some married woman was here, Lady Loosely, or somebody that I could ask what their husbands said when they popped the question. By the Lord I'll put it in writing ! —that'll just do. I'll have a bottle of champagne at dinner, just to get the steam up, and slip it into her hand as she is getting up from table —that's the ticket ! How would one begin—' My dear Miss de Burgh,'—that sounds too stiff ;—' My dear Mary,'—I suppose one would have to ask Lord Innismore's leave to call her by her christian name ; the very sight of the old Tartar brings on a sort of all overishness ; I feel as if I could not help myself ;—that'll not

do; something a little warmer,—‘beloved object of my affections,’—that’s very pretty;—‘beloved object of my affections,’—I wonder how the devil they spell affections. Upon my soul I believe the best way would be to ask her herself what one ought to say to her. Girls are always flattered when you ask their advice—it would put her in a good humour—I should have a better chance. By Jove! here’s the Toadeater, I’ll pump him. Well, doctor, how are you getting on this fine morning?”

“Pretty well, thank you, my lord,” returned Higgins, wiping his forehead with a brilliant yellow silk pocket-handkerchief; “it’s mighty hot.”

“I say, doctor,” continued the young gentleman, “you’re a sort of fellow that understands those sort of things. What’s the proper way to pop the question?”

“Is it to make a proposal of marriage your lordship means?”

“Yes. It strikes me that it is rather a delicate matter—eh?”

“ Well then, indeed, I should be rather inclined to think that it in a measure depended upon circumstances.”

“ Well, but supposing that I was to think of such a thing, what would you have me say ?”

“ Indeed, my lord, I would not make so free as to meddle or make in such a matter.”

“ What should you think likely to be a successful way of asking a female woman to have one ?”

“ I suppose the way everybody does,” returned the doctor.

“ Come,” said the young nobleman, coming at last in desperation to the point, “ doctor, tell us, like a good fellow, what you said yourself when you proposed to Mrs. Higgins ?”

“ That would not do at all, my lord,” returned the obdurate Higgins ; “ sure the way that the likes of me courts, would not be at all suitable to a young nobleman.”

Cubtown became desperate at this last parry. “ I’ll tell you what, doctor,” said he ; “ I must

propose to Miss de Burgh directly, and I'll be hanged if I can screw myself up to the mark; there's only one way of polishing off the job, you must do it for me—upon my soul, I'll be everlastingly obliged to you; I'll give you a hundred pounds; now that is a fair offer." The worthy doctor opened his eyes, and his mouth, and his ears, at this liberal proposition; it was a somewhat unusual commission, the negociation was delicate, but the hundred pounds irresistible; there was the honour of the thing, too."

"It's an unexpected pleasure, my lord," said he; "I never had the least idea in the world of being your lordship's proxy in such a matter; maybe I wouldn't succeed to your lordship's liking?"

"Oh! yes, you'll succeed fast enough; now say you'll do it, like a good fellow, and put my mind at ease."

"Well, my lord, I'll do my best to comply with your lordship's orders."

"That's all right," said Cubtown, and walked

away, whistling Jim Crow, in token of his satisfaction.

“Faith, and it’s a great man I am now, entirely,” said the doctor, “an ambassador from my Lord Cubtown to my Lady Cubtown that is to be ; an extraordinary plenipotentiary charged with the negociation of a delicate mission, a family compact — no less — faith, I must take my time, though the ‘more haste the worse speed ;’ I must try and get up a neat and appropriate speech, as the papers say a man makes when he’s drunk, his health I mean. What I said to Mrs. H. would not do at all.—‘Will you be mine?’ said I, quite short and easy-like,—‘will you be mine?’—will I speak to your mother ;’ and I gave her a nudge. Miss Mary mightn’t like that—‘no, silence gives consent,’ said I ; and when she said nothing, I just took houlth of her, and gave her a kiss. I’m thinking that might not be quite agreeable to Miss Mary either, although the more so, as I’m only to be a locum tenens ; I must rehearse the thing regularly before I begin ; faith, and it’s a new

character I'm appearing in—a nobleman should propose as proud as a peacock.—'Miss Mary,' I'd say, if I were Lord Cubtown, the devil a gobetween I'd trouble, 'Miss Mary de Burgh, I'm penetrated to the depths of my heart by your charms; your something or other charms,' whate'd I say?—'your lovely charms'—no, that wouldn't sound well,—'your irresistible charms,' that'd tickle her; then I'd put my hand on my heart, as sincerely as you please, 'I'm come to do you the honour,'—no, 'to do myself the honour, to have the honour,'—oh! bad luck to the honour, I'd leave it clean out; she'd know his intentions were honourable, I'll go bail; 'I'm come to invite you to be my bride,' that'd be very neat; then she'd look down, what'ud she say?—she'd say nothing, maybe; Mrs. H. said nothing; to be sure, I stopped her mouth in a manner that I suppose they don't practice among the nobility. Well, anyhow, that's nothing to me what she says, that's her look out, she'll accept him of course somehow or other;

faith, I wouldn't wonder if she was rehearsing *her* speech this blessed minute ; I'll go and look for her this instant." He did, and found her alone ; and, as Mary never mentioned either the fact of this interview having taken place, or the circumstances attending it to any living being, we must be content with the report of his proceedings that the doctor made to Lord Cubtown that evening.

"My lord," said he, "I went directly upon your lordship's business, and I found Miss Mary by good luck reading in the saloon."

"Well, what did she say?"

"Well, then, faith she was rather flustered ; she said, 'she must have time to consider ; she would give an answer in a month or six weeks.'"

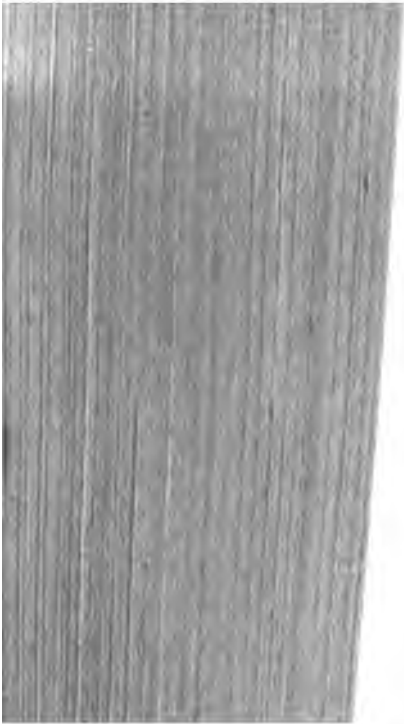
"Confound it ; there goes the fifteen hundred dead ; what did you say to her, doctor !—how did you do it, eh ?—I shall not have to do it over again, shall I ?"

"Indeed, my lord, to tell the truth and no lie, I made a slight mistake at starting, along

with my zeal in the matter : but I
had been preparing to tell her something else
I was thinking would be a suitable proposal for
your interest in mine, and when I came into
the room, I began to discourse her and then
I forgot that I was only your mistress : saying
‘Miss Mary,’ says I, ‘I have upon a business
mission from a certain noble lord,’ says she,
‘and she blushed up the colour of a
Connemara petticoat : ‘Are you?’ says she.
‘Yes, Miss,’ says I; ‘Miss Mary is English,’ says
I; ‘I’m penetrated to the very depths of my
heart, by your irresistible charms. ‘I don’t under-
stand you, doctor,’ says she. ‘Irresistible charms,’
says I, for I was terribly afraid of losing the one,
and breaking down entirely; ‘irresistible charms,
and I’m come to invite you to be my bride.’
‘Are you mad doctor?’ says she, sharply, getting
up from her chair, and looking as cross as a cat.
‘No, Miss,’ says I; ‘I’m not a mad doctor, I
never had charge of a lunatic in my life,—ch,
murder,’ says I, ‘I see the mistake now, it is

a misunderstanding, miss, take notice, it's on behalf of my Lord Cubtown, I'm speaking.' 'On behalf of Lord Cubtown,' says she ; ' what do you mean, doctor ?' ' Nothing,' says I, ' it is his lordship means it, I was only to say it for him.' ' Am I to understand, then,' says she, as stiff and cold as a poker, barring that that same's red-hot sometimes ; ' Am I to understand that you are the bearer of proposals of marriage to me from Lord Cubtown ?' ' Exactly so, Miss de Burgh,' says I ; and I thought, faith, I can find as big a word as you can, any day in the year. ' I'm his lordship's extraordinary plenipotentiary, Miss,' says I, ' faith, I see that,' says she, and with that she sat down upon the sofey. ' And why would not his lordship come himself?' says she ; that bothered me a bit, for I didn't like to say your lordship was afeard of her ; maybe if she got that into her head, she might be fractious when she was Lady Cubtown. ' It's by reason of his respect for you, Miss,' says I. ' It's a rum way of showing it,' says she. ' Curious way, I think,' she said. ' It's very

delicate of his lordship,' says I; and she looked queerly into my face. 'It doesn't strike me in that point of view,' says she. 'Take it as it's meant, Miss,' says I; for now I'd got the speech over, and my mind at ease, I was as sharp as a weasel. 'Take it as it's meant, Miss, true love is always modest;' and she looked at me again, no way flatteringly, but cross like, as much as to say, what the devil do you know about true love? but I was noway daunted. 'I hope I'm to bear a favourable answer, Miss, Mary,' says I; 'his lordship would break his heart if you were to refuse him,' and she smiled a bit, so I thought, that's all right, then she looked as grave as a mustard-pot. 'Doctor Higgins,' said she, 'it is a very serious matter.' 'You may say that with your own pretty mouth,' thought I; 'Many's the girl that would be just dancing about like mad for joy, for a much less matter.' 'Viscountess Cubtown indeed, and Countess of Mudacre, it is great matter intirely. 'I cannot undertake,' says she, 'to give an answer without



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I say,

and fortune, I think Miss Mary might have
ken you upon trust ; but they are often con-
rary creatures about marrying, those young
adies."

"Well, what can't be cured must be en-
lured ; but I say, doctor, you know when the
month or six weeks is over, and she's to be
asked again, you're to do that job too, all in
or the hundred."

CHAPTER VIII.

“ WE are, at length, dearest Emily, fairly settled at Carlsbad, though I can hardly say comfortably: the rooms are uncarneted, miser-

to a room, sometimes if they want you, but never by mistake for somebody else's room, annoys him exceedingly. Doctor Higgins says, that the waters act through a succession of crises; I hardly know what he means by a succession of crises, but I do not like a crisis at all, and I cannot conceive what my uncle wanted with the waters; I never knew him in better health than when he left England. Indeed, I am very sorry that we ever came away from Ganton, I am sure that he is never so happy as here; for even in London, I do not think he found himself at his ease, and here I am certain he is very uncomfortable. I wish I were back again, dear Emily, in Ganton, for I am very wretched; I have not found the gay world a happy world, and yet at Ganton I was as happy as the day was long. You would pity me if you knew the constant uneasiness of mind that I suffer, the perpetual yet undefined feeling that something is wrong, that haunts me, and that I cannot conceive what the reason is. Dr.

Higgins too becomes more odious every day; you know I never was very fond of him at Garmun, but now that I must see him every day, I absolutely detest him; I cannot imagine how my uncle can endure his vulgarity, and his servility is really enough to make one sick. He is becoming a great deal more familiar in his manner towards me than I like, and sometimes, too, affects an air of patronage about Henry that makes my blood boil to hear him. I had such a delightful letter, by-the-bye, from Harry, a few days ago; he describes himself as enjoying a degree of perfect happiness that he had not thought existed in this life; I cannot tell you how delighted I was with it, for really I was afraid that after the sort of life he had led, to settle down into a quiet married man, in a retired country village, would have seemed to him an unendurable dullness; thank heaven, it is otherwise. He says something about a project he has for restoring his broken fortunes, which I do not clearly understand, though I am

try to say my uncle's animosity against him remains unmitigated ; it is to me most incomprehensible, for I never knew that he had formed any plans for Henry's marriage, and when he was in such difficulties, he never appeared to take the slightest interest in him. I really do think that my poor uncle's disposition is changing, and for the worse. I shall be very glad when he is in your neighbourhood again, for nobody that I ever saw appeared to have so much influence over him as your father, and I am sure I need not tell you, dear Emily, that it is always exerted for the best. Good bye, dear Emily, yours affectionately,

“ MARY DE BURGH.

“ P.S. I forgot to tell you that there is a Lord Ganton here, a friend of my uncle's, rather an odd sort of person, but I am told very clever, of whom we see a great deal.”

Such was the letter that reached Miss Howard, Ganton, by a somewhat singular coincidence,

on the very morning that his Lordship deputed the offer of his hand and heart, such as they were, to Dr. Higgins ; and the scene occurred in which the doctor fell into the remarkable blunder of identifying himself with his patron's interest to such an extent as to personify him, as he honestly confessed to his employer, who, it will have been observed, was a great deal too thick-headed to notice the absurdity of the scene which accompanied his proposals. It was evident that Mary's mind was ill at ease.

"She is not happy at Carlsbad," remarked Mr. Howard ; "that much is manifest. How very fallacious are our estimates of other people's happiness!—how many thousands envy her position!—how many thousands would suppose that Mary de Burgh, young, nobly born, beautiful, with all to all appearance that the world can bestow, must enjoy the most perfect human happiness ; and yet it is clear from her letter that she is perfectly wretched. I do not like that postscript much either : I heard something about

Lord Innismore wanting to compel her to marry Lord Cubtown, and I heard a story, too, about her being attached to somebody else. When will people learn that marriage is not a trade?"

"Lord Innismore is so proud," observed Mrs. Howard; "I can quite understand his being furious at the idea of his niece not making a very brilliant match. Have you been to see Mr. Hopewell yet?"

"No," returned Mr. Howard, "I am going immediately after breakfast. I am afraid he is very ill indeed; he has not been out of his room these ten days. He complains of exceeding weakness, of an uneasy sensation, which he says cannot be described, it must be felt to be understood. It is not pain, it is something worse than pain, more distressing. He complains of want of sleep, and what he does get is disturbed and unrefreshing; and that his strength is failing him day by day. We must hope for the best, but I confess that I entertain the most gloomy apprehensions. I am almost afraid he has killed himself by hard reading."

"I think he is dying of a broken heart," thought Emily Howard, as her father left the house, to visit his sick coadjutor. A melancholy scene presented itself to Mr. Howard, upon his arrival at the curate's humble residence. The house of sickness is never one towards which men bend their steps willingly, but on this occasion it was peculiarly mournful. Even during the short time that he had lived in his new parish, Mr. Hopewell had attached the simple family of the honest farmer, in whose house he lodged, to himself, with a fervour of affection which none but the truly good are capable of exciting. That very morning the medical man who had attended him, and who had long known that there was not the remotest chance of prolonging his life beyond a few weeks, had observed such symptoms as assured him that the mournful scene was drawing fast to a close; and had announced to the sorrow-stricken family that Mr. Hopewell was in serious and immediate danger. He could not bring

himself to tell the whole of the terrible truth at once, but proceeded to Mr. Howard's, to inform him of the real state of the case. Having, however, another patient to visit, which took him a round out of the direct way between the houses of the two clergymen, he did not meet that gentleman on the road ; and Mr. Howard entered the sick man's house without being thoroughly aware that his fellow-labourer was on the very threshold of eternity. The rough farmer could not help wiping away a tear with the sleeve of his coat, as the minister entered. The good dame, generally active, cheerful, and bustling, went through the household business in a melancholy silence. One little girl of about seven years old was sitting in a corner, crying bitterly ; she was the good curate's pet. The aged grandmother was reading at the window ; the huge clasped volume she was reverently studying told truly where the experience of fourscore years had taught her to seek consolation, when her heart was heavy. With noise-

less tread the eldest girl led Mr. Howard to the darkened chamber of the dying man, and he looked at the bed with horror. A single glance at the sunken cheek, the eye glittering in delirium, the air of prostration, assured him of the fearful advance the destroyer had made in the last twenty-four hours; and as he listened to the few words the sufferer uttered, the sad conviction forced itself upon his unwilling mind that the poor man's mind was now wandering. Incoherent exclamations would sometimes escape from his lips, and sometimes he would break out into verse. It seemed as if the labour of other times returned from time to time to his memory, and mingled in a sort of dreamy rhapsody, in which the idea of his approaching end manifestly predominated.

"Dark, gloomy portal," said he, murmuring to himself, as unconscious of the presence of any one else, "that even now openest to me those dismal doors whence none return; why art thou so fearful in the eyes of man? How

long will the weakness of the flesh war with the high aspirings of the immortal spirit?—how long will they that ought to exult in their coming freedom, in an immortality of liberty, hanker after the bondage of the flesh?—how long will they cling to a contemptible life?—is it life?—no, a mere existence, like unto the beasts of the field.—Ye clouds that veil the tabernacle of eternity, ye are very murky—dark shadows of terror, I fear ye not—see—a gleam from their sable bosom,—was that light?—lo!—a flash—again—there—it pierces, it spreads, it widens, it prevails—the clouds roll back away and away,—I see the coming brightness of glory—I see the heavenly host—rank upon rank—in countless number—in spotless whiteness—in ineffable splendour!—lo! the garments of heaven—the branches of palm—the golden pavement—the jasper and the onyx—the sapphire and the diamond—the emerald and the beryl, gleaming in the sun of suns—not the poor tributary that shines on man's weakness, but the mighty foun-

tain of being—the eternal Lord of Light.—Hark to the hallelujahs—the voice of praise—the voice of love—the voice of heaven—the angel's melody of thanksgiving—the glad harmony of the universe—that was, and is, and ever shall be—unceasing—unchanging—untiring—unerring;—thou, too, grey chronicler—dread scribe—that keepeth the book of life from age to age—is thy task so soon done?—hast thou closed thine awful record of sad days?—pointed thou to thy right hand?—lo! I come, I come, Hosanna to the highest; Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.—O grave where is thy victory?—O death, where is thy sting?” Exhausted by the effect, he fell back upon the bed, but in a few minutes more, he sat up once again.

“I publish the banns of marriage between Robert Hopewell and Arabella Johnson, both of this parish, if any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye

are to declare it ; this is the third time of asking. Who talks of marrying or giving in marriage?—me—me;—I have no part in it ; no,—I am the resurrection and the life—that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.—Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery, he cometh up, and is cut down like a flower ;—ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;” and again he sank exhausted on the bed. Mr. Howard left the house, with the most melancholy forebodings, and soon after met the medical man who was attending the patient.

“I am afraid,” said the physician, “that the worst is to be anticipated ; the state in which I found Mr. Hopewell, is that which generally precedes dissolution ; he may possibly become sensible towards evening, but I very much doubt his living over the night. I shall visit him every two or three hours ; but I must tell you, Mr. Howard, that I have not the slightest shadow of hope remaining ; his surviving this

attack would be a miracle, and you may depend upon it there is some secret cause behind which we do not know, and probably could not remedy, if we did. In some shape or other, it is his mind that is killing him." They parted, and after visiting a few of his parishioners. Mr. Howard returned to his post : he found the sick man stretched upon the bed from whence he was not to rise, plunged in an unquiet sleep—all around was still!—the voices of the inhabitants of that house of mourning were hushed, lest they might disturb even that imperfect repose; and as Mr. Howard took his seat by the bedside, big tears gushed unbidden from his eyes. Hours passed away, and a fitful and unrefreshing slumber closed the eyes of the sufferer, though it did not appear that his weary spirit had rest; his lips moved, he constantly shifted his position with an uneasy restlessness; and towards sunset, without his appearing to wake, the incoherent sounds that escaped from his lips became more and more

articulate as he murmured in his feverish delirium. It was a fearful subject that now occupied his mind; and it had evidently had been the theme upon which his muse had exercised herself formerly, for he mingled with his ravings scraps and fragments of verse.

“Lo! the terrible day cometh—the day of the darkness of the universe;—the world’s foundations tremble;—hark to the trump that calls the dead,—mens’ hearts failing them for fear—the sea and waves roaring,—the grave opens,—the deep gives up its dead,—the dry bones are gathered together. Lo! I see the judgment is set, and the books are opened; they stand around in numbers, like the sands of the sea,—where shall the guilty cover his head from the wrath to come?

“Lo, on his conquering course,
The pale and ghastly horse,

With his crowned, yet hideous rider, starting;
Now in his destined hour,
Clothed with resistless power,
And with his barbed lance, all mortal ties disparting.

"Must it be, that this fair world, and those
that dwell therein, must return to its elemental
chaos?—Arabella, where art thou?—come,—
come,—spirits may seek one another beyond the
grave,—in the flashing of desolation,—

—Tree, river, rock,
City and mountain,
Temple, and cave, and fountain;
Man, beast, fern, knowledge, crime,
Beauty, deformity, thought, number, time;
Fire and water,
Mix in the universal slaughter,
And die together.

"Behold the ancient of days, the spirit of
time, the grey chronicler bids the fearful scene
close, he shuts the book, it is finished.

—The land has found a fiery grave,
In the terrible surge of the boiling wave,
The heavens and earth together roll,
And pass away like a shrivelled scroll;
The last trump is blown,

And the angel of death hath closed his course,
And dismounted at length from his skeleton horse,
For his work is done.

And beauty's eye is dim, and hope for ever flown,
Ambition is no more, and love, and hate are gone;
Mute is the sage's voice, and hushed the minstrel's lay,
The power and pride of man are for ever passed away :
They who build upon the sand have perished in the shock,
And they alone are safe who have built upon the rock.

“ Alas, alas ! for those who have built upon the sand, have the wise men of yore no better hope?—did ye build upon the sand—time-honoured priests of Isis?—were those mighty principles, darkly veiled in obscure symbols, secrets in the keeping of the wise, were they delusions?—dwellers on the banks of the noble river, whose yearly rising ye converted into a theocracy of itself, ye who, with jealous care, permitted no mortal to assume the place of divinities, where are your awful shadows now?—the secrets ye so carefully concealed in your impenetrable hieroglyphics, where are they?

“ Ye, too, hoary sages of IRAN, expounders of

the ZENDAVESTA, is your war of principles, dread combat, whose appointed period ORMUZD and AHRIMAN have even now but half accomplished, is it a dream?—worshippers of light that bowed before the sun, the emblem of all purity, all good, has ZOROASTER erred!—and ye, long-descended priests, followers of the pervading BRAHMA, dwellers by the mighty Ganges, are VISHNU and SIVA shadows?—Hath the sitter on the Lotus no strength?—await ye yet for the tenth Avatar in vain; the KALKI, in which the preserver is to destroy EVIL? Thou too, MAN GOD of the unchanging East, incarnate BUDDHA, whose mind, as thy worshippers fondly affirm, equals the mighty ocean in grandeur, hundreds of millions follow thee, even now,—thousands of millions have worshipped at thy temples, are they built upon the sand?—Where are the gross conceptions of the sages of Greece and Rome, that debased the purer, the brighter, the nobler principles that Egypt and Iran dimly shadowed forth, the

mighty everlasting power of reproduction that the world rests on? Ye that elevated your heroes to the heavens, and brought down your gods to the earth, ye have no part in the truth." Here came a momentary pause; it seemed as if some strong emotion was stirring in the breast of the dreamer, and his words came more clear and distinct as he proceeded. "And thou, KING OF THE FIERCE COUNTENANCE, that understandeth dark sentences, thou mighty leader, that hath grafted thy poisonous branch upon the tree of life, thou that hath arrayed the truth under the banners of falsehood; "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" the last and the greatest who has sealed the book, begun by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, whose blood-stained apostles waved of yore thy ghastly standard in the rugged valley of the Pyrennees, by the dark rolling Danube, on the soaring Atlas, and on the honoured waves of the Brahmin's river—the holy Ganges,—even now thou hasteneth to thy ap-

pointed time ; has truth indeed been committed to thy keeping, is the corn yet in the chaff?—Thy hour is at hand, Lord of Islam, I see the crescent wane—I see the great river Euphrates dried up,—I see the way of the kings of the East prepared. Render up thy honoured charge, gloomy Caspian,—JUDAH calls upon ISRAEL, and thy dark shores answer in a voice long unheard,—is Ephraim calling upon Sion! Alas! that my eyes shall not see the gathering upon the—” here he suddenly started up, and stretched out his hand, as if grasping at something ; “ Sit down here,” he said ; “ set by the side of the bed ; you cannot love that thoughtless youth ;—set by me, Arabella, and we will talk of our coming happiness.” He looked wildly round, did not seem to recognise Mr. Howard, and lying down again, slept. His sleep was now real, the regular breathing and tranquil slumber continued for several hours, and Mr. Howard, unwilling to disturb the repose he so much wanted, and indeed perfectly conscious, that in

his then state of mind all attempts at conversing with him would be in vain, returned sadly to his home.

At midnight, a messenger came with a note from the medical man, requesting his presence immediately, as Mr. Hopewell had awakened in that full possession of his senses, that in the opinion of the surgeon, betokened the immediate approach of death. He found the sufferer perfectly conscious, but manifestly sinking rapidly, he was calm and resigned, the battle was over, nature exhausted had yielded to the destroyer, and a few minutes of tranquillity preceded the sad termination of the strife. The venerable pastor administered the last rites of the church to the dying man, and the latter, propped up with cushions, faintly begged that he would not leave him for a few minutes.

"A very few minutes," he said, "are all that I shall ask of you: I feel death creeping along each limb, even now, Mr. Howard;" and that good man shuddered, for the hand he

grasped was icy cold ; “ a few minutes more, and I shall enter into everlasting rest, it is a blessed release.—Oh ! Mr. Howard, if you knew the misery I have undergone since last June, you would rejoice as I do, that it has pleased the Lord to take me from this world,—this scene of sorrow. Mr. Howard, they will tell you, that I read myself to death,—that my brain was overstrained, believe them not ; if ever man so died, I die of a broken heart.—Oh Arabella, Arabella—Oh, my God ! my God ! in thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust.”—A sudden glance lit up his eye—his lips quivered—his face collapsed—his fingers moved, as if grasping at something—his eyes became fixed,—dimmed—he lay still—his sorrows were over—his trials passed,—he had found rest. Mr. Howard bent over the body for a moment, a single glance satisfied him that death was there “ Blessed are they that die in the Lord,” faltered he, as he closed the eyes of the BROKEN HEARTED.

CHAPTER IX.

"SURE he's a Sunday man, my lord," said the driver of the car upon which Lord Dunlara and Willy—after a fortnight's delay in Galway by matters connected with fitting out the yacht which, though reported by their agent then ready for sea, they found almost dismantled—were entering the wilds of Connemara, in answer to a question put by the young nobleman respecting the owner of a house not far from the town, whose peculiarly deserted and lonesome aspect had attracted their notice.

"What is a Sunday man?" asked Dunlara.

“ A Sunday man, as they call them down in these parts,” returned the driver ; “ it is a gentleman, my lord, that the attorneys have been asking afther ; till it’s more agreeable to him to take the air on a Sunday than on week days.”

“ What, you mean when there are writs out against him ?”

“ Well then, my lord, I’m thinking it would not be quite convanient for him to be shaking hands with the sheriff.”

“ Why, I thought the king’s writ did not run in Connemara ?” said Willy.

“ Faith, it runs fast enough now, your honour, along with the roads and the polis, though the boys it’s out for can run faster than it sometimes ; but the country isn’t the same at all, at all, since Dick Martin died.—God rest his soul !”

Here he stopped at a cottage constructed of loose stones, with a sort of plaster of lime and mud driven into the interstices, and exchanged a few words in Irish with a young woman,

apparently between sixteen and seventeen, but with a child in her arms.

"A pretty girl that," observed Willy to his brother, as they drove off. "I wonder if that child's her own?"

"Oh! faith I'll go bail it's *her* own anyhow, your honour," interrupted the carman, "every inch of it."

"Why, do you mean to say that she is married?"

"'Deed and I do, your honour. Divil a soul in the barony has a better right to say that than myself."

"What! is she your wife?"

"She is, sir, for want of a better."

"Well, you've settled yourself in life in good time."

"Sure, I'm two-and-twenty, my lord," answered the man, apparently somewhat astonished at the idea that he could be single. "I'm two-and-twenty, and it's time I had a woman to look after the house."

" Well, I'm two-and-twenty, too, and more," said Dunlara; " but I have not treated myself to a wife yet."

" Oh, no !" returned the driver, " sure the quality may please themselves ; your lordship has no call to marry at all, if you don't like it ; but what would the likes of us do when we are broken and past our work if we had not married when we were young ; sure we'd have no childer to support us in our old age. Faith, it would be begging from door to door we'd be ; —it would be a poor case if a boy hadn't a wife and childer to look to."

" Then," asked Dunlara, " do people marry here who have absolutely nothing ?"

" To be sure they do," returned the carman ; " they're just the boys that do marry ; they cannot be worse off than they are you know, my lord, and they can help one another a bit."

" But you are well off in the world ; this car of yours must be a great help ? I suppose you got a fortune with your wife ?"

"'Deed I did, your honour, an elegant fortune ; a cow and two pigs, and a bed, and a chest of drawers ; and an elegant wedding it was as ever you set eyes on. There was thirty-seven pounds collected for the priest."

They drove on now for some time in silence, for Dunlara was somewhat struck with the enormous sum paid to the priest, which, however, the honest driver probably had not exaggerated ; and rather astonished by the new principles of domestic economy developed in the driver's observations on the subject of marriage, which were entirely at variance with his English notions, that the early marriages of the Irish labouring classes were the result of improvidence, the direct contrary appearing to be the case ;—for the carman's idea of the necessity of marrying early was evidently founded on the consideration that a support in old age would be thereby assured, a very general motive for marriage among the Irish peasantry ; and Willy

had established a cigar, so he was busy, and could not be bothered talking.

"There are the Hags' towers, your honour," at last the carman said, pointing to a couple of dilapidated and ruinous square towers in the direction of Lough Corrib, which appeared to stand and nod to their fall, within a few yards of one another ; "those towers was left in the ould times betwixt two sisters, heiresses, your honour, and they could not agree by no means, so they each tuck a tower, and they did be abusing and scoulding one another out of the windeys, until one day one of them died of the anger, and the other gave such a screech for joy that she bruck a bloodvessel, and the castles have been called the Hags' Towers ever since. They daren't bury them together ; I'll engage they would have had a fight under ground, if they had. This is Moycullen, your honour." Moycullen consisted of seven houses, viz. five whiskey shops, a police-station, and a house to let. There were cross-roads, however, there,

and a road is a rare thing in Connemara, let alone cross-roads, four of them. "That's the hotel, your honour, where the officers breakfast, on the road to Oughterard," continued he, pointing to a cabin with a broken jug in the window, "we'll give the poor baste a taste of meal my lord, if you please."

"What, have they troops up here?" asked Willy.

"Yes, your honour, the landlord afore the Union gave the government a lease for ever of a bit of ground to build a barrack upon, at Oughterard, on condition that they should always have throops in it; so they are obliged to have soldiers always there."

"Then the landlord made a good bargain of that," observed Willy.

"Faith he did, your honour, for the ground was a rock, you could not have fed a sparrow off it, and the soldiers do a dale of good for the town. It's down by the lake side, it is, your honour; faith it's a great lake, too, Lough Cor-

rib, Lough Mask runs into it under the hills. It's a holy lake; there's an island on it for every day in the year, and there do be pearls found in it. Now, my lord, if you please ;" and away they went.

"I was thinking," said Dunlara to Willy, "that it would not be a bad plan after we had overhauled the coast here, instead of returning by land, to go at once round Cape Clear, and astonish Harry, by walking into his retreat at Kensworth some fine morning. I should like to see how he gets on as a Benedict."

"Very slowly, I should think," returned Willy, in whose eyes matrimony was a species of mental interment,—an exchange of life for existence, animation for vegetation. "I do not understand at all how fellows get on when they're spliced. What in the world they can do with themselves all the day long, and I suppose Mrs. Harry does not stand cigars. If he could afford to keep a drag, it would be another thing, he would have some interest in life then ;

but really, as things go now, I should think that he must be ready to drown himself. Poor fellow, I wish we had him here."

"It's just possible, observed Dunlara, "that he may like being at home with his wife."

"Not he, he's not such a spoony; he was one of the fastest fellows in the regiment, though they thought he had more than his share of leave all the same. Everybody thought, when they heard he was floored, that he would do something plucky, and they were talking of a subscription to set him with a fast coach on the Brighton road. That would have been something like life. I say, old fellow, I want a light."

"I'll get you a turf in a minnit, your honour," answered the carman, as he pulled up opposite a straggling farm-house that stood about a hundred yards from the road; and, jumping down, he prepared to fulfil his promise.

"Why, man, how are you to get there?" asked Willy in astonishment, for there was not

the appearance of a road leading to the cottage.

"Oh! quite aisy, your honour, never fear," said the man; and taking a short run, cleared the ditch that separated the field from the road, disposed summarily of some difficulties raised by a loose stone wall that stood in his way, by kicking down enough of it to make a practicable breach; and in a short time returned with the genuine orthodox native Irish light for a pipe or cigar, a bit of smouldering turf.

"Why does not that fellow make a road up to his house?" asked Willy, as they resumed their journey.

"Is it that the agent might dhrive his gig up to the door, to raise the rint?" returned the man, with a slight smile at the querist's ignorance; "faith, it would be a dear road that, your honour. I'm thinking he'd be glad to build it up again, afther the first rint-day. That's Auchenure, your honour, the ould castle there beyant; that's where the ferocious O'Flaherties used to live in the ould times. Many's the man

they hung from that tower. The river runs under it, your honour ; and if they had a prisoner they wanted to put out of the way quietly, they just took him into a room over it, where there was a bit of a hole in the floor, and popped him in. Divil a much more was heard of him, barring what the gillaroo trout could have told, if they could spake, as they said some of them could in the ould time. It's tumbled into the water since, that room, bad luck to it. They say the cook used to gaff salmon through that same hole in the floor : it was a short leap for the poor creatures, from the river to the pot. It was a great name, O'Flahertie ; they own all the country far Connaught and Connemara up to Joyce's country."

"Why," said Dunlara, "I thought this part of the country belonged principally to the Martins?"

"The Martins have got a hould of the land now, your honour, but the country belongs to the O'Flaherties when ould Ireland gets her

rights ; the O'Flaherties and the O'Kellys are the right owners."

"I should be afraid they would find some difficulty in getting possession," observed Dunlara, who had already heard of the singular tenacity with which the Irish peasant sticks to the belief, that at some time or other the land will be taken from its present possessors, and restored to the original Gaelic septs, which is the Irish reading of that little-understood phrase, "getting their rights."

"Devil a bit, my lord," returned the man ; "sure, haven't they the titles and maps all ready when the good time comes ?—it'll be as easy as sharing a gallon of whiskey ; it'll be a great day for Ireland. That's Oughterard, your honour ; which hotel will I dhrive to, my lord ?"

Not being learned in those matters, the choice of the hotel was left to the driver, whose decision was, with characteristic charity, governed by the consideration, that one was kept by a widow

woman, whither he accordingly drove ; and the brothers were put up in a thatched cottage, containing, besides the kitchen, a sitting-room, and three bed-rooms, and the prettiest girl they had seen since they had left London. A serious question now arose, as to how they were to support life, potatoes were plenty, so was salt, but not being market-day, there was no fresh meat in the village. There was a rumour of some salt pork near the barracks, but it was unsupported by mustard, so that would not do ; there had been a gillaroo trout caught yesterday, but it was eaten, so it was no use thinking of it ; nobody knew of there being any eggs in the neighbourhood, and it was certain there was no bacon ; there were some salt herrings, but the objection of there being no mustard, was fatal to them ; finally, Willy descried a kid, rather verging on goathood, which with military promptitude he purchased, and it was forthwith slain for their dinner. Whilst it was preparing, they strolled about the village, a long, straggling

assemblage of houses, whose most remarkable features were, as is now generally the case in Ireland, the new chapel and the priest's house, which latter was elegantly designed, and tastefully situated at the entrance of a little valley close to the inn, which was abruptly closed by a water-fall, around whose rocky banks they observed several of the country people clustered, in manifest anxiety. Upon approaching the spot, they found the waterfall was divided in the middle by a rock, which, serving as a stepping-stone, enabled the people to cross the river at pleasure, and that a design on the part of the landlord of draining the bog above it, which would necessitate removing this rock, was the cause of the assemblage, which was rather an excited one, and was unanimous on the point, that "God Almighty never would have put that rock there if he had not intended it to remain there;" and, in fact, none of the labourers of the country could be got to assist in its removal.

"It would be a pity," said Dunlara, "it is really a pretty little place; this pine-skirted valley, with its waterfall. What is the name of this place?" asked he of one of the peasantry, who had broken up their council and were returning home.

"That's Mr. Martin's gate-house, your honour, they call it."

"Mr. Martin's gate-house! why, we're not near Ballinahinch, are we?"

"No, your honour, but you've come on Mr. Martin's land now, and it is all his you'll be on until you get to the castle."

"To Ballinahinch; how far is it?"

"Five-and-twenty miles, your honour."

"Well, that is a long approach," said Dunlara. "Willy, I should like to make some further enquiries about that kid, I am as hungry as a hawk."

A man who is as hungry as a hawk, can dine off a kid. The two brothers made a hearty repast, moistened by a reasonable proportion of

mountain dew, which had never rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. Here Willy's lameness occasioned a delay of a few days ; and when at last they decided upon prosecuting their journey, it rained so furiously all that day, that they voted starting out of the question ; and on retiring to rest, they found that the over zeal of their fair hostess had heaped a pile of turf upon a somewhat unnecessary fire, that rendered the best bed-room, in which Dunlara was to sleep, something like an oven. The fire was removed ; but the heat, and the smell of smoke, could not, and he awoke, heated and feverish. Willy had got up before him, and when he descended, was leaning out of the parlour window. An old beggar-woman, who had been pestering him for something to buy tobacco, had however at last exhausted his patience, and he hastily withdrew his head, and shut down the window.

“ Well, the Lord be praised ! God Almighty !”

do that to you some day," muttered the crone, just as Dunlara entered the parlour.

"Willy, I have a great mind to bathe," said he; "I'm very heated."

"Done with you, old fellow," answered Willy, "we'll have a dive for pearls. I'm told there are stacks of them in Lough Corrib."

As they left the inn, they encountered the old beggar-woman at the door, who scowled malignantly at them, but said nothing. As she entered the kitchen, however, she sniffed the air for a moment,—“Don't you smell the clay, Miss Biddy?” said she.

“No,” answered the girl, “what clay?”

“The clay upon those two strangers,” said the old woman; “faith, I smell it plain enough; it's not long they'll be above ground.”

“Och, for shame, to be talking in that way, Judy. Long life and happiness to them! 'deed and I wish more of those sort of gentleman would be coming here; it's them that we want

laman
Lake.

CHAPTER X.

THE port of Antwerp once more was honoured with the presence of the Earl of Innismore and suite, on his return to England; his trip to Carlsbad, so far from having been beneficial to him, had been, on the contrary, exceedingly prejudicial; he had been obliged to leave off drinking the water long before he had completed the usual course, by violent palpitations in the heart, which were invariably brought on by the slightest excitement; his general health had suffered; his temper, as may be supposed, had not improved, he was more peremptory and

irritable than ever ; and Mary was not sorry when she found herself on board the steamer that was to take them to England, which was singular, inasmuch as most young ladies detest steamers and returning to England. The doctor was of course in attendance, somewhat abashed at the failure of his chosen Carlsbad in restoring his noble patient to the health he had never lost ; but comforting himself with the idea, that his services would now be more indispensable than ever. Lord Cubtown was also with the party, awaiting the decision of his vicarious proposition with what resignation he could muster, and consoling himself with the reflection, that even if rejected, he would smother his sorrow in the construction of a new drag, which he would drive about the park every week-day, and down to Richmond every Sunday, in token of his contempt for the sex : to say nothing of certain meetings, *noctes ambrosianæ*, devoted to the discussion of brandy-and-water, and odds, and stories of a peculiar character,

and devilled kidneys, and race-horses, and bottled porter, and fast coaches, and steeple-chases, and grilled bones, and mains, and nicks, and such-like agreeable subjects.

Lord Byron says in *Childe Harold*,—

“There is a very life in our despair.”

Lord Cubtown improved upon it, he gave the passage a new reading,—

“There is a very leaf in our despair,”

was his version ; if the altar of Hymen was not to be decked for him, still, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, the god carried a torch, and would not refuse him a light for his cigar.

With regard to poor Mary, she was in as perplexed a state of mind as ever was young lady ; her uncle having first insisted upon her giving up Walter, and receiving Lord Cubtown as a suitor, now turned round, declared

that he would not influence her choice in any manner, it was her business, she must settle it herself, and so deprived her of the excuse she had made to herself, that she was acting under his compulsion. Her indifference to Lord Cubtown was rapidly changing into aversion ; for that young gentleman, not any longer feeling the dread of having to make his proposal hanging over his head, had become hideously at his ease before her, and daily developed some fresh trait of vulgarity or selfishness ; he likewise had got into a familiar way of talking to her maid, which was not particularly flattering to the mistress ; he thought it necessary also, from time to time, for the appearance of the thing, to whisper confidentially in Mary's ear, some remark or other that might have been posted at Lloyd's for any thing of secrecy that it possessed ; and, in short, it took his titles and estates, her vanity and interest, formidable allies all to his cause, to enable her to entertain his suit at all. The party em-

barked as usual in a prodigious hurry, bundled on board without looking either to the right hand or the left. Mary went below; she did not exactly know why, but supposed it was to look at her berth, and on deck the usual preliminaries of starting were gone through; at 1.12 P.M., the boards were dragged on to the wharf, a rope or two fell heavily into the water, there was a splashing and paddling, a shouting and chattering, and away went the steamer.

Mary, having completed certain arrangements about twelve or fourteen work-baskets, reticules, bags of worsted or lamb's-wool, or whatever it is that they do pictures upon canvass with, which are the travelling comforts of ladies, (and the scourge of the gentlemen who attend them,) returned upon deck; they were proceeding rapidly on their voyage, had the tide with them, little or no wind, and had already cleared the town, with every prospect of a favourable voyage, when her eye fell upon a gentleman who was standing at the stern, gazing

upon the receding cathedral. His back was turned to her at the moment, but there are some whose figures are as familiar to us as their faces, we recognize the air as readily as the features. Mary felt something like a choking sensation in her throat as she gazed upon the stranger, she went hastily up to her uncle, who was sitting close to him.

“Who is that, uncle?” she whispered.

“How in the world am I to know,” answered the peer, peevishly, casting a careless glance at the unconscious object of her curiosity. “I’m not the way bill—cannot be answerable for the names of the passengers;” and Mary sat down by his side in silence, and almost trembling with the suspicion that agitated her mind,—doubt, fear, were at work in her heart, and yet one more emotion, could it be that that was hope? Her eyes were fixed upon the scene—the vessel was now cleaving the waters with a tremendous velocity—the city and its towers lessened and and lessened—the Gothic fretwork of the cathe-

dral became less distinguishable every moment, —the stranger turned slowly round, and Walter Waverton stood before Mary de Burgh.

It was an awkward and embarrassing meeting for both parties, neither liked to address the other, each looked nervously down, when Lord Innismore disposed of the matter ; and his “How do you do, Mr. Waverton ?” reestablished the communications between them. Still Waverton felt that it was impossible that he should converse as with an indifferent person, with either the guardian who had so cruelly rejected him, or the young lady who had so readily sacrificed him ; and after a few enquiries touching their health and plans, and a few answers with respect to his own, he walked forwards. He had had his adventure, and his escape too. The ascendancy which Mrs. Campbell was rapidly acquiring over him, has already been remarked, and it was not in that lady’s character to suffer it to be diminished by any want of exertion or observation on her part. Lord John

Delaval's threatened visit came not, that noble lord having metal more attractive at Baden ; and the idea of consoling himself for Mary's fickleness, in the affections of the fair widow, who seemed not unwilling to bestow them upon him, gained ground daily in Waverton's mind. However, one morning as he was walking with her in the allée, musing upon the conclusive and irrevocable nature of the step that he was even then almost making up his mind to take, he was suddenly startled by a slight shriek that burst from her lips, as a travelling carriage, of English construction, whirled rapidly by. Waverton had been too much taken up with his own meditations, to pay much attention to it, but he observed that his companion had turned very pale.

"I do not feel at all well," said she, "that carriage frightened me so ; I thought it was going to run over me, let us go home. I shall lie down on the sofa, I dare say I shall be better by dinner time."

Waverton, upon proceeding to his hotel, found his room taken possession of by a gentleman who was lying reading upon the sofa. "Well, old fellow, you see I have come to see you in your valley of dullness at last," said Lord John Delaval, as the two friends shook hands. Dinner time came; and Waverton having secured Delaval a seat beside himself, and promised to introduce him to a delightful woman, the two proceeded to take their places at the table, that on Waverton's other hand was empty, no Mrs. Campbell appearing. He asked the waiter if she was not coming to dinner, the man knew nothing about it. "She complained of not being well just before dinner," said Walter; "she was frightened by a carriage that she fancied was going to run over her, I think it must have been yours, by-the-bye."

"Frightened by my carriage," said Delaval a light seeming to break upon him; "pray, who is this friend of yours, that is frightened by my carriage?"

"She is a Mrs. Campbell, the widow of an Indian officer; a very charming person, who has been here some time."

"Mrs. Campbell, the widow of an Indian officer!" repeated Lord John; "that sounds suspicious, is she pretty?"

"More piquante and attractive than pretty."

"Tall?"

"Yes."

"Dark?"

"Very."

"Clever, but a bit of an enthusiast?"

"Yes, exactly; do you know anything about her?"

"Wait a bit, we shall see; had she a girl of four years old with her?"

"She said, she was in mourning for her only daughter."

"Ah, yes, child's dead, or sent home. What was her age?"

"Two, or three-and-twenty."

"Precisely; does she profess a great admiration for politicians?"

"She does," said Walter, with an uneasy foreboding of what was to come next, as he thought of the vivid account the lady had given him of the first speech of an aspirant to parliamentary honours.

"And her husband shot himself?"

"So she told me," faltered Waverton; and Lord John, who was not aware of the impression the fair widow had made upon Waverton, broke into a loud fit of laughter.

"My dear fellow," said he, "that Sophy Shedden has come round you in first-rate style. I'll bet my existence she and Mrs. Campbell are the same person; they called her Sophy Silvertongue, she had such a knack of wheedling fellows; she used to make all the men at Naples do precisely what she pleased, except marry her, which, I believe, was what she wanted most. Why, you seem incredulous, not to say put out."

"I cannot believe it," returned Waverton, "it is some fancy of yours, Delaval; you jump

to your conclusion just as you jumped off the chain-pier at Brighton."

"I only saved a child by that jump," observed Lord John; "I suspect it will be a full grown man I shall save this time. Let us go to her lodgings."

"Why, if she is too ill to come here, she cannot be well enough to receive us," answered Waverton, who felt an indefinable reluctance to suffer the interview between Lord John and the lady, about whose character, once his suspicions were excited, he felt considerable misgivings. Hundreds of trifles, that he had not remarked at the time, now recurred to his memory; the accurate description that Lord John had given of her, was staggering, he felt that evil was at hand, and that he was very unready to meet it.

"Well," rejoined Lord John, *quant a moi*; "I do not want to see her, we'll give her till tea time; and now come, and shew me the lions."

A few hours were unprofitably employed, looking at what was not worth seeing, and towards evening the two friends returned, and proceeded, Waverton half reconciled to some horrible discovery, to Mrs. Campbell's lodgings.

She had left them by one o'clock, to the unbounded surprise of the people of the house, who considered leaving a town at dinner-time, a flying in the face of Providence. Where she was gone they could not tell, all that they knew was that she had paid her bills highly to their satisfaction, inasmuch as being in a violent hurry, she had looked only to the sum total, and neither detected or disputed a single overcharge, of which there were dozens. She had however left a note for Waverton, with instructions that it should not be forwarded to him until the next morning, the obeying which orders her host judged to be an unnecessary trouble now that the gentleman was present to receive it

in person, and accordingly gave to him forthwith. It ran thus :—

“MY DEAR MR. WAVERTON,

“It is with the greatest sorrow that I find on my return home, letters which make it absolutely necessary that I should return to England immediately, and the doubt whether I shall be able to reach Ostende in time, makes it impossible that I should even indulge in the melancholy luxury of bidding you farewell. The happy hours I have spent in your society, I never shall forget; but I shall still live in hopes that at some future time, I shall have an opportunity of renewing an acquaintance that has given me so much pleasure. With my best wishes for your future happiness, believe me, my dear Mr. Waverton, sincerely yours,

“SOPHIA CAMPBELL.”

Waverton looked at his companion in silence, Lord John smiled.

"There is not a t crossed," said he, though he had not seen the letter, "or an i dotted in the whole note."

It was quite true, one of Mrs. Campbell's sins of omission, relating to the t's or i's. "Oh," continued he, "there is no question about the matter, there cannot be two Sophy Silvertongue's in the world. Let me see that document, I know her hand, and that is it, there is no doubt about it. Confound her, it's sealed with a seal I gave her too, my crest, an eagle that she admired. I hope she has not borrowed any money of you."

"What is her history?"

"Oh, a simple one enough, she ran away from her husband with one of the Governor General's aide-de-camps, and the poor man shot himself in consequence. She has been living with other men ever since; when last I saw her, she was with the duke of Ryde; but I'm told she has given up that sort of thing now, and now wants somebody or other to

marry her. It strikes me, she intended honouring you with a preference. It was impossible now for Waverton any longer to doubt that he had narrowly escaped being the prey of a dissolute adventuress; and it may be presumed that it was not in a particularly happy state of mind, he was returning to England.

CHAPTER XI.

OF all places in the world, when the heart is heavy, and the bright side of life seems veiled and gloomy, the cabin of a steamer is probably the most depressing that can be imagined, both to mind and body ; and most acutely did Mary feel this, when she descended that evening about ten o'clock into the den where the ladies were to be provided with accomodation for the night, for she was tired, and wished to lie down, which she could not do so conveniently in the carriage. The place was, however, not bearable, notwithstanding that the sea was as smooth as glass, and

the great black hull ploughed along through the water, as if it were on the Thames. There was such a stifling heat, such an oppressive smell, and so much variety of female wretchedness, in that small and crowded cabin, that Mary was fain to betake herself to the carriage again. As she ascended to the deck for this purpose, her eye for a moment lit upon Waverton standing alone, his air dejected, his arms folded, gazing in melancholy abstraction upon the moon-lit sea. There was something desponding in his appearance, something that seemed to say that the interests and the passions, the hopes and the fears of this world had passed away from his breast, and left an aching void behind. She withdrew her eyes hastily, the sight did not exactly please her ; the still, small voice in her breast once more whispered something, and she hardly dared think upon what it was.

At this moment another voice reached her ear, that was neither still nor small ; it was as rough as passion and as thick as three tumblers

of grog could make it, and that was the voice of the Viscount Cubtown from the gentlemen's cabin, disputing with a couple of French swindlers, into whose hands he had fallen, the validity of a certain deal at *ecarté*, in the most atrocious English-French that human lips could perpetrate. "*Je dis que ce n'était pas beaucoup*," were the words she heard; for the word "*coup*" having become, somehow or other, associated in his mind with gambling, he imagined that the word "*beau coup*" meant a fair deal; and Mary shuddered, and hurried into the carriage.

She had little power of sleeping, but a troubled dozing rather added to her discomfort than refreshed her frame. Cloudy and indistinct visions crowded upon her soul; the ceaseless sound of the paddle-wheels rang in her ears, and from time to time seemed to assume different forms, and to transport her to other places. Now it was the boiling *Sprudel*, and in fancy again she listened to the blundering delivery of the vicarious proposals of her titled admirer, and wondered

whether the vulgarity of the principal was exceeded by that of his envoy ; or whether the two could have found a third to match them in the world. Anon it took the form of the hum of a crowded assembly ; again she heard the sad details of the sick man's ravings ; again the lights seemed to swim round her, as she listened to her cousin's question, " Who are you speaking of ?—who is it that you are killing off so coolly ?" and heard the terrible answer, " Walter Waver-ton," and then all was darkness and lifelessness. Once more the hollow sound took a gloomier under-tone ; the past seemed to speak to the present ; the semblance of her dead mother floated before her eyes, and looked reproachfully on her. Again the scene varied with the varying fantasies of her troubled spirit ; she deemed herself again in Ganton Park, and roamed in fancy under the antique trees ; hundreds of rooks, circling and cawing above her, filled the air with their clamorous voices ; Mr. Howard was near, but his smile was no longer the kindly, friendly

smile of old ; he was grave and distant. Emily was there too, but without the merry eye and ready laugh of yore ; her manner was constrained and formal. Familiar faces were around her, but their aspect was cold, their looks were averted. No word of reproach was spoken, but it seemed as if the happy days of old were gone for ever. Suddenly, the clamour above increased ; she looked upwards : the imagination, readily creative in sleep, supplied a cause. A hawk floated slowly over the busy rookery ; the disturbance became more angry and more animated ; something articulate seemed to mix with it. It swelled and gathered ; it passed the bounds of sleep, and she awoke with a start. Alas ! those sounds were no dreamer's fancy. Men half-dressed, half-awake, were running madly hither and thither ; the clamour of startled voices was rising on all sides ; the hoarse commands of the officers were echoing over the disturbed deck ; and as Mary looked hastily out of the carriage, she saw the fearful cause of the confusion. A

black cloud of smoke rose from the hatchway—the ship was on fire.

Hardly had she become aware of the terrible truth, when Waverton stood by her side. His manner was composed, his eye untroubled, his dress underanged, for he had not attempted to sleep. Coolly and deliberately, as if nothing had happened, he opened the carriage door, and let down the steps. “You had better come aft, Miss de Burgh,” said he, “the vessel is on fire forwards, but I do not apprehend there will be much difficulty in getting it under.”

Mary looked around her at first with the wild bewilderment that the first shock of imminent danger will often produce, and then mechanically following his directions, descended from the carriage; and once more, far from land, far from help, with the sea all around, and destruction and death in the ship, Mary de Burgh leant on the arm of Walter Waverton.

She thought of the time when that arm had trembled when she pressed it, but those times

were passed. Cool and collected, he led her to the stern, placed her close to the steersman, and saying, "Remain here quietly, and do not suffer yourself to be frightened or flurried; they have got an engine at work already; all will yet be well," departed to take his share in the measures that had been adopted to save the ship.

The energies of all those on board who yet possessed spirit and resolution enough to work, had already been applied to meet the danger, but with little apparent result; the engine was found to be in good order, and worked freely, but its playing was only answered by thicker clouds of moist, whitish vapour, half steam, half smoke, from the companion of the fore-cabin, in which the fire had originated, and whose occupants had with difficulty made their escape, being half stifled with a peculiar vapour which had accompanied the first outbreak of the fire, and was now so overpowering, that it was impossible to attempt descending into the cabin to investigate the origin of the fire, or even to stand

to leeward of the companion for a moment. How the fire had been caused, no one could tell, though several hampers addressed to a celebrated chemist in London, that had been placed in that cabin, appeared to afford, in the probable fracture of some vessel containing inflammable matter, the most reasonable solution of the question. Slight explosions below followed one another rapidly ; all the buckets on board had been put in requisition, but in vain ; the roar of the devouring element might already plainly be heard, and bright tongues of flame mingled now with the volumes of smoke which increased, and thickened, and could not be got under.

At the first alarm, two of the crew seized with that curious impulse of panic that often seizes sailors in cases of fire at sea, had thrown themselves overboard ; one of them being unable to swim had perished ; but the other, of whom more anon, recovering his senses with his immersion in the water, had regained the deck of the vessel,

where discipline was thoroughly established. The captain gave his orders collectedly, they were obeyed promptly and without bustle, and the preparations for saving the crew and passengers went steadily on. Fortunately, those on board were not more numerous than what might probably be saved, if discipline could be preserved, and the weather held, on board the boats, of which there were two, and a raft to be taken in tow by them, about the construction of which the crew were now busily employed. A few spars, strongly lashed together, were the foundation of the frail structure to which so many human beings were to commit their lives; tables, benches, spare planks, empty casks, anything that could add to its buoyancy, filled up the skeleton; it looked as if it could hardly hold together, still the crew laboured steadily under the skilful directions of the captain in making its fastenings secure; the night was tolerably calm, and if no bad weather came on, there seemed a prospect of its floating, and if faith-

fully attended by the boats, of reaching the shore of Kent, which could not be above thirty miles distant.

Meantime those of the passengers who preserved their self-possession, continued to work the engine, and hand the buckets, less with any expectation of getting the flames under, than with the hope that they might keep them in some degree in check, until everything was ready for quitting the doomed vessel. This party had placed itself under the guidance of Waverton, whose coolness of demeanour, and manifest presence of mind, had induced the captain to request they would obey his directions, and acquired him that ascendancy over the rest, that true courage, that coolness which is the real working courage to be depended upon in danger, seldom falls to secure. The duty of superintending the handing buckets from one to another, and pouring water down a hatchway, was evidently one that he could perform as well as the oldest sailor in the ship;

and with a wise and unostentatious perseverance, he confined himself to that one object, leaving the seamen, of whom there were as usual on board a steamer, a lamentably scanty complement, to the more appropriate task which they alone could execute properly, that of making the arrangements for leaving the vessel, and removing the passengers. There was one circumstance, however, which, whilst it increased the real difficulties and dangers of their position to a most serious extent, added in a fearful degree to the horrors of their situation. It has already been observed, that the main dependance of the human beings on board the blazing vessel, was on the two boats, which were to carry some, and tow the rest on the raft. One of these, a four-oared cutter, which hung from the stern, was already lowered and towed astern ; but the other and larger one, a six-oared gig which hung in the davits on the quarter, could not be lowered, for a frightful reason. The vapour arising from some chemical preparation

already mentioned, had, very soon after the fire broke out, penetrated into the engine-room, and the engineers, half-stifled with its noxious odour, and dreading that its effects might deprive them of the power of motion, had hastily deserted their posts, neglecting in their hurry to stop the engine, or turn off the steam ; the flames speedily reached the engine-room ; the increased heat began to act upon the boiler ; the piston rose and fell with a frantic rapidity ; the paddles revolved with a fearful velocity, and whilst the swell their increased action forbade the lowering of the boat, no one knew at what moment the engine might burst, and destroying the hull of the vessel, carry her to the bottom, with every soul on board.

It was a strange picture which that deck presented ; the terrified passengers, startled out of their berths by the terrible cry of fire—a cry in a ship that the stoutest heart might quail before, presented every variety of dress and undress ; there were figures in abundance that, at any

other time, would have been absolutely ludicrous ; but it was no time or place for laughing then—the presence of death, immediate, imminent in one of its most appalling forms, forbade the indulgence, if indeed it did not suspend the existence, of any disposition to smile. There was one melancholy group that particularly attracted Mary's notice, a husband, with his young and very beautiful wife, and her child, an infant of about a year old. As from time to time she pressed the poor little thing to her breast, the baby, unconscious of its danger, would eagerly return to its mother's caress, and then excited and amused by the bustle and activity that surrounded it, laughed, and crowed, and clapped its tiny hands in the highest delight, unobservant of the tears that were gushing fast from its mother's eyes. Anon it would hold out its hands to its father, who from time to time went forward and assisted at the fire ; and then, as if unable, as the moment of separation for ever approached, to

keep away from the side of his wife, would return to whisper a few words in her ear, fold the little one in a passionate embrace, and again return to the spot where men laboured in vain to repress the flames. His manner shewed plainly enough that his life he held of small account compared with those who must perish with him. Not far from them a dark-browed foreigner, the convulsive working of whose arms in crossing himself bespoke his faith, was calling on all the saints the calendar of Naples affords, to help him in his need, unmindful, indeed unconscious, for he did not understand a word of English or probably at any moment of any language whatever, of the advice prudently offered him by the steersman, to keep quiet and reserve his strength till he should want it to struggle for his life. Directly over the boiler, stood a weather-beaten, hard-featured, black-whiskered sailor, the same man who in the first panic had gone overboard, and who, observing

"that it mattered very little how a man died, but he would rather not be kept long about it," placed his watch before him, that he might "report the time he slipped his wind, when he got to Davy's locker;" and approaching it as nearly as the heat would admit, established a fresh quid, and declared that he would go to h—ll with the boiler. No entreaties or commands could induce the man to do another turn of work, until a circumstance occurred which instantly converted him into one of the most active and useful men on board. The two Frenchmen, whose altercations with Lord Cubtown has been already noticed, had declined assisting at any of the work that was going on, and had been observed conversing together in whispers as far aft as they could get, casting suspicious glances around, and almost hanging over the taffrail; the watchful eye of the man at the wheel was, however, upon them, he said nothing for some time, contenting himself with keeping a wary look-out, of which they seemed hardly aware, until at last he

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self most infallibly and unquestionably blow their brains out on the spot ; and further, that they might not readily forget the vicinity of loaded pistols, he pressed the muzzle of one of those weapons against each of their foreheads, until a red ring was distinctly visible, and then ordered them forward into the line of those employed in handing buckets, with strict injunctions to the men at each side of them, upon their shewing the slightest disposition to flinch from their work, to knock them down on the spot.

“ May the devil fly away wid me if I don't knock the outlandish spalpeen into next Sunday fortnight, if he's anywise contrairy, your honour,” was the answer from one, in a tone and accent that left the captain's mind perfectly at ease as to the faithful execution of any orders relating to knocking down a man ; whilst from the other “ Ai'll just do that, sir,” if not quite so energetic as the Milesian's assurance, was quiet and business-like, and no whit less satisfactory.

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the accents of a female voice in prayer, loud and audible over the whole quarter-deck ; and looking up in astonishment, she beheld a grave matron, with her daughter, a girl of fourteen or fifteen, clinging to her arm, standing by the steersman, and reading aloud the impressive prayer that the church has appointed to be the collect, in the service for the burial of the dead. Her aspect was collected, her voice faltered not ; the life she prayed for was the life beyond the grave. Hers was not the mere masculine brute hardiness that rushes savagely into danger, or stubbornly awaits destruction : hers was a courage of a higher, a purer order—uncomplainingly to endure, to accept with resignation, whatever the will of her Maker might appoint. Her faith was not in the fragile bark, that might disappear in another instant, like the foam from the crest of the wave, or in the deceitful calm, that might turn to a howling tempest before morn ; her hope and her trust was, that the Lord should do unto her not as she willed, but as HE willed ;

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working with a frantic energy to keep the flames in check ; and it is not wonderful, if they rested mostly upon the commanding figure of its leader. Waverton was before her, in that stirring character in which man excites most interest in the heart of woman—in imminent peril, and steeled against fear,—in the presence of death, and yet with his spirit rising to the danger. Where was his rival all this time ?

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raft, which was now ready ; the gig had been safely lowered, with two trustworthy boatkeepers, well-armed, to defend her against any rush that might be made at the moment of removing the crew and passengers from the ship. Occasionally a light puff of smoke from the main-cabin would indicate that the flames were spreading rapidly aft, when something seemed to occur to Lord Innismore.

" Doctor, where is Lord Cubtown ?" said he.

The doctor looked up in astonishment. The young nobleman had escaped his recollection as completely as he had everybody else's ; but certainly he was nowhere to be seen. " I'll go and look in the cabin, my lord," said he, " maybe his lordship's below." The doctor soon found the object of his search ; the clamour and confusion that seemed such as might awake the dead failed to arouse the drunken, and Lord Cubtown lay asleep in his berth, whence proceeded sounds similar to those that arise from a saw-pit, enjoying a profound unconsciousness of

beats Bannagher, and Bannagher banged Beelzebub, and Beelzebub licked the divil."

"Put in lots of cayenne, and moisten with port wine," muttered the drunken man.

"God help us!" said Higgins, "it's thinking of supper he is, grilled bones in a ship on fire;—it's a mighty bould stretch of imagination. My lord, my lord! will you get up?—or will you lie here and be roasted alive like an oyster on the hob?"

"And a devilish good thing, too," returned the dozer, more intelligibly this time; "see and get some bottled porter with them."

"Holy mother of Moses! what 'll I do at all, at all?" gasped the doctor, as a fresh puff of smoke, that half filled the cabin, announced that the fire was approaching it with fearful rapidity, when suddenly he resolved to try what might be effected by an appeal to the youth's tender feelings. "My lord, my Lord Cubtown," said he, "Miss Mary sends her compliments to you,

viour, and gazed upon the doctor in drunken bewilderment.

"The ship's on fire, my lord; I've been telling you so this half hour," said Higgins; and his lordship became instantly alive to the horrors of his situation, so much so indeed, that tumbling suddenly out of his berth, he made an unexpected bolt at the companion with nothing but his shirt on, and would have reached the deck and presented himself in that condition, had not the doctor, giving chase immediately, succeeded, like Paris, in subduing the modern Achilles by the heel, the only part he could reach; and bringing him back to the cabin, now rapidly filling with smoke, compelled him to put on some of his clothes.

Meantime the preparations on deck were nearly completed; the raft had been made as sea-worthy as was practicable; all hands were called to the work, and by their joint exertions, at the very moment the two ascended from the cabin, it was successfully launched. The splash

side, "I wish—I hope—I suppose that you will come in the same boat with us."

"I am afraid that will be impossible," answered he, "the weakest of the party must go in the boats, I shall take my chance on the raft."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed she, starting up, and looking into his face with an expression of horror, "you'll all be drowned on that wretched raft."

"It will be no great matter if we are, as far as I am concerned," muttered Waverton to himself, as he turned away to speak to the captain, but Mary heard it and trembled like an aspen leaf. That officer had been down to his cabin, and now returned on deck with a few cutlasses and pistols, which were distributed to the officers of the ship, and two or three of the passengers whose strength and courage seemed to fit them especially for the duty of preserving order, and the captain distinctly explained to all, that any one who attempted to quit the vessel

out of his turn, or to get into a boat for which he was not told off, should be cut down or shot without mercy.

Waverton's post with one of the mates, both well-armed, and assisted by two stout seamen unarmed, to help the ladies down the side, was on the starboard entrance port, on which side the boats were drawn up ; few but the women could be carried in them, for as they were intended to tow the raft, it was necessary that they should be strong-handed in rowers, whose exertions should not be hampered by a crowd on board. To larboard the raft was hauled up close alongside to receive its portion of the sufferers. The captain now went aft, and ordered to their respective sides of the deck those that were appointed to go in the boats and the raft, placing armed men between them to prevent any confusion that might arise from an attempt of the timid and mistrustful among those who were destined to go in the raft, to get into the boats. The cutter, pulling four oars,

and under the charge of the chief-mate, was filled with some women of a lower class, two or three men who had been badly hurt in the confusion, and being manned by picked seamen, pulled off with a hearty cheer, to attach itself to raft which was rapidly receiving its freight to larboard. The second boat, pulling six oars, of which the captain was to take charge, was now drawn up, and in it was proposed placing the remainder of the ladies, their maids; and in consideration of his rank and age, Lord Innismore, a distinction which that nobleman haughtily declined.

"I am neither a woman nor a coward," said he, "I shall go on the raft."

"Oh! for heaven's sake, uncle," cried Mary, who was standing by the side, ready to descend, "do come in the boat; do not leave me alone."

Just at this moment, Lord Cubtown, who had been standing, or rather swinging from side to side, under the watchful eye of the doctor, his hair dishevelled and wet with the ducking that had

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This time, however, the sailor made no attempt to save him from falling, put his hands in his pockets, and laughed heartily, as he rolled over on the deck ; and even the horrors of their position did not prevent a universal roar of laughter bursting from all that were yet on board at his efforts to get up, for the flames had spread so rapidly below, that though it was possible to stand upon the deck in shoes, the moment his undefended hand touched the planks, he jumped up with a hideous yell, howling that he was burnt. Higgins again took charge of him. Mary descended into the boat ; she looked at Waverton as she passed, and seemed as if she wished to say something, but her utterance was choaked, and he saw tears standing in her eyes. Lord Innismore, upon a second request from the captain to accompany her, acceded ungraciously. As he passed Waverton, he kept his eyes on the ground, and gave no token of recognition, or even attempt to bid him farewell. Was the proud Earl of Innismore ashamed of himself ?

The difficult and doubtful operation was nearly effected now ; Cubtown was handed down to the raft, accompanied by the doctor, who muttered to himself, by way of consolation, as he descended, " Well, they wouldn't have taken my carpet bag into the boat, any how ; so that's so much to the fore." A mate, Waverton, and the captain, were now all that remained on board. The flames appeared towering up to the mast-head forwards, and were acquiring fresh violence from a cause of the deepest import to those who were to brave the perils of the sea that night, the rising of the wind, which was beginning to blow fresh from the S.W.,—dense volumes of smoke were pouring up from the after companion ; hitherto, however, with the exception of the seamen who had gone overboard at first, no life had been lost, and the removal of every soul on board had been successfully effected.

" Thank God, we've got so far well," said the captain, touching his hat, as Waverton and the mate descended into the raft. He cast a melan-

choly glance upon his perishing ship ; " God's will be done !" said he, as he took his place in the sternsheets of the gig, and pulled directly round, to take the raft in tow. The tide was setting to the south-west, and assisted them to clear the vessel, which, presenting a large body above water, drifted rapidly to leeward, and was almost instantly afterwards in a blaze from stem to stern ; for the flames, having thoroughly ignited the coals, and ran with a fearful rapidity through the light bulk-heads and inflammable fittings of the after part of the vessel, had broken out of the ports and the stern windows, and established a thorough draught through the doomed ship, which was now one towering mass of flame.

It is to be observed that all this passed with the greatest rapidity. Midnight had struck but a few minutes before the fire was discovered, and before one o'clock every soul on board was in the boats or on the raft, gazing on the vessel that had so lately contained them,

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"Nothing, my lord," said the man in a whisper, "that concerns us, but I hope this weather will hold. I wish I had regular seamen on board, or that we had two or three stout passengers armed. If it comes on to blow, there may be some difficulty in preventing these fellows abandoning the raft."

Mary shuddered, as she heard the whispered conversation that was passing behind her ; the fate of the raft had suddenly become an object of the deepest interest to her, yet not for the sake of the noble Viscount it supported ; and as she looked forward at the anxious, but somewhat dogged faces of the rowers, she fancied she saw mutiny already appearing in their countenances.

Meantime, the breeze continued to freshen—the white crests of the rising waves appeared in greater numbers, and greater activity every moment—the boat rose and fell with an increasing motion, and every now and then would come a tug at the tow-rope, that it seemed to

tremble under—the burning ship, though drifting fast to leeward, yet illumined the scene with the broad flickering sheet of flame that ascended from it, sometimes shooting up in a steady pyramid of fire, and again swaying fitfully backwards and forwards as it felt the influence of the rising gale—the ruddy glare that it cast upon the dark faces of the boat's-crew, was fast becoming the only light that that night afforded; for thick, black piles of cloud were rapidly overspreading the heavens—star after star vanished, as the dark masses rolled heavily over the troubled sea—drifting showers swept over the waste of waters, adding gloom to the situation of those that were afloat that dreary night; once or twice Mary could plainly see that ominous whispers passed from one to the other of the crew, and at last, a sudden check from the tow-rope causing the boat to ship a sea astern, they broke out into open murmurs.

At this moment, a shout of horror from the raft attracted the notice of all; there was evi-

dently some violent commotion on board that frail structure; the people were standing up, waving their handkerchiefs, and uttering loud cries. A glance at the cutter, which was shooting rapidly a-head, at once disclosed the cause of their anxiety, she had slipped her tow-rope. This was fatal; the bad example instantly spread to the gig, where discontent was already at work; the men at once shipped their oars, and declared one and all that they would not pull another stroke until the tow-rope was cast adrift.

"The raft must take her chance," said they, "she'll float well enough, and be picked up by some vessel or other, all that they have to do is, to hold on by her, and they will do very well; but if we are to keep lugging at that rope, we shall be swamped and go down in a lump, we shall have enough to do to save ourselves as it is."

It was in vain that the captain alternately threatened and promised, appealing by turns to their feelings as British sailors, whether they

would desert their comrades in so shameful, so cowardly a manner, and to their fears of the consequence from the laws of their country, of an act of mutiny on the seas ; they answered respectfully, but obstinately, that necessity has no law, men's lives were not to be uselessly sacrificed, and pointed to the water that had already made its way into the boat.

In vain the lady, whose prayer on board had produced so beneficial an effect upon all who heard it, exhorted them to persevere, and reasoned with them on the heinousness of leaving so many of their fellow-creatures, who had embarked quietly on the raft, trusting implicitly to their good faith, to struggle unaided with the winds and the waves that night of horror ; they only laughed at her, said they were "very pretty words for fine weather on shore, but would not do at all at sea when it came on to blow ; that this world was quite good enough for them ; they might go farther and fare worse ; they had had one chance for their lives already by

fire, that was enough and to spare for one night—they had no fancy to be drowned. Lord Innismore offered twenty pounds a man if they would only stay by the raft, without even attempting to tow her, which the captain assured him might be done with perfect safety, unless it came on to blow very hard, in which case it was not clear that the raft would not be the better dependance of the two. To this they seemed inclined to pay more attention, that was something tangible; and, in fact, it was on the point of being accepted, when one of the more timid called out to the others to remark how fast the cutter was getting a-head. This decided them finally; two of them came aft, and cast the tow-rope adrift, leaving the unfortunate raft at the mercy of the elements. Resistance was useless; the captain, though boiling with rage, prudently forbore using his arms; he had a pistol certainly, and a cutlass, and might have shot a man, but the crew were unanimous; himself and Lord Innismore, opposed to six stout seamen, were not

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but when, about an hour afterwards, a misty sort of light, that made surrounding objects indistinctly visible, enabled them to make out the cutter, about a quarter of a mile off—they looked into one another's faces, and shook their heads; no man dared speak, yet all felt that something horrible had happened—the raft had disappeared!

CHAPTER XIII.

DEEP awe prevailed on board the guilty boat when this discovery was made; the crew kept their eyes on their oars, and would not raise them—doggedly and gloomily they pulled on in sullen silence. Lord Innismore merely observed, “It will be our turn next, and we have deserved it,” and did not utter another word for hours. Mary hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly; the events of that night had caused so complete a revulsion of her feelings with respect to Waverton, that she felt that his loss removed the one slender chance of

happiness for her, the hope of which she had began to entertain from the impression that she might possibly regain the place in his affections she had so unwisely thrown away. The weather continued stormy; and it was not far from mid-day when they reached the harbour of Margate, whence a small steamer, that happened to be in the port, was instantly despatched in search of the raft. It may well be supposed with what an agony of uncertainty Mary awaited the return of this vessel, and how eagerly her eye was bent to the eastward to catch the first glimpse of the black cloud of smoke that was to announce its return. The sun went down, and yet there was no tidings; and night was far advanced when the captain of the burnt vessel requested an interview with Lord Innismore. His communication was of the most melancholy nature. The steamer had returned, having met at the place where it was directed to search for the raft, a quantity of wreck floating loose about, spars, tables, two or three hats, and some empty

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one vast wilderness—it mattered little to her where she was. She found it however necessary to arouse herself to give directions about replacing the clothes she had lost on board the steamer, and had just completed this task, when Lady Loosely arrived, having heard some alarming rumours of the loss of a steamer with all on board, with the particulars of which, however, she was not acquainted. Lord Innismore had ordered dinner as usual, and was at that moment eating it as usual. Mary had declined joining him, and briefly narrated to Lady Loosely her dangers and escape. The melancholy pleasure with which she dwelt upon Waverton's calmness and intrepidity, and the disgust with which she described Cubtown's drunken selfishness, did not escape the notice of her acute auditor; and when she got to the terrible moment of the disappearance of the raft, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears. Once more the suspicions she had before entertained, respecting Mary's attachment to Wa-

verton, returned to Lady Loosely's mind, she felt that that passionate burst of tears could not be for Lord Cubtown.

"My poor girl," said she, "I am afraid—" she stopped, for Mary seemed about to speak.

"Oh Lady Loosely," said she, "if you knew what I suffered at that moment, how insufferable life seemed to me then, and does now, you would pity me."

"I do pity you, indeed, my love," returned she, "pity you with all my heart; but it does not appear, from what you have told me, that those on the raft must necessarily have perished. You lost sight of them in the darkness, but they may have been picked up, nevertheless, by some vessel."

"Oh no! we sent a steamer to look for them, and they found the raft all broken and scattered about, and not a living soul on it."

"Lord Cubtown was on it, you said, did you not?" asked Lady Loosely.

"He was," was the answer, with a slight gesture of disgust.

"But Mr. Waverton was in the boat?"

Mary could give no answer to this; she sobbed violently, and her companion, after a searching glance, impressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"My poor dear girl," said she, satisfied at last of the real state of the case, "I am afraid we have all been acting very wrongly. I wish to heaven you had married Mr. Waverton at once."

Mary looked up with more firmness than she had hitherto exhibited.

"Lady Loosely," said she, in a solemn tone, "as I hope for mercy hereafter, nothing would have induced me to listen for a moment to that brutal Lord Cubtown, but the hopes of being able, if I married him, to help Henry out of his difficulties. I would have sold myself to slavery for that object, so completely did it exclude every other from my mind, and I was going to sell myself to worse than slavery; but after that dreadful night that was quite out of the question. I could never have spoken to

Lord Cubtown again with even common civility, his conduct was so disgusting, and foolishly wicked. Heartlessly as I have acted towards him, still if Mr. Waverton had survived—Oh my God! my God! I wish I were in my grave”

A few days more found Lord Innismore once again settled at Ganton; his constitution visibly impaired, alike, by the injudicious use of the mineral waters, and by the anxiety and exposure, on the night of the burning of the vessel. His temper seemed to grow more savage as his strength and health declined; and he shut himself up more rigidly than ever, excluding everybody, except Mr. Howard, from the hall. With a generosity, probably, more the offspring of pride than of good-feeling, he had settled an annuity of five hundred a-year, upon the poor doctor's widow; and Mr. Howard, charitably willing to attribute this act to the best motives, judged, that notwithstanding the seclusion from the world in which the Earl chose to pass his

time, his character might have been softened by the trials and perils he had undergone, by having, in fact, looked death in the face, and that therefore the time was favourable to an attempt to mollify him towards Henry. He had several times, in his interviews with the unbending nobleman, endeavoured to lead the conversation towards his nephew's prospects, of whose approaching departure from England he was aware; but the Earl always avoided the subject, and changed the conversation whenever it approached it; and, at last, Mr. Howard found that it would be necessary to address himself directly to the matter. "My lord," said he, "I trust that I shall not be considered presumptuous in speaking of a matter that more immediately concerns your own particular family; but I should consider myself unworthy of the office I fill in this parish, did I not call your lordship's attention to the sinfulness of the animosity that you nourish against your nephew. Think for a moment, my lord, what would your own feelings have been

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Lord Innismore listened with very great patience and politeness to the worthy pastor's address, and when it was concluded, waited a few moments, as if to give him time to add anything he might think necessary to it. He then very calmly and deliberately answered, "Mr. Howard," said he, "I have listened with great patience to all that you have said, because it is the last time I ever intend to allow the subject to be mentioned before me; I have the highest respect for your office, and not less for your person, otherwise I should never have tolerated, even for a moment, your interference in a matter that is for me to consider, and for me alone; and I must now beg, once for all, that you will never again consider yourself authorized to dictate to me in matters that concern my family; and, above all things, that you will never utter the name of that young reprobate in my presence. You have said what you have got to say, you have performed your duty, supposing you had any duty to

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to his humble home, to thank heaven that he enjoyed the blessings of an attached wife and affectionate children, unfailing sources of happiness, and to pity the unyielding spirit that was the cause of so much misery to the haughty nobleman. Lord Innismore, irritated and fretful, disposed of his dinner without appetite, swallowed some wine without enjoyment; and upon joining Mary in the drawing-room, proceeded in his own peculiar way to restore her good spirits, by lecturing her angrily upon looking so miserable. The poor girl, whose heart was breaking, could only answer, "indeed, uncle, I cannot help it," when a letter was put into the Earl's hand, which having been originally directed to London, had now followed him, found him at Ganton. Something peculiar about the post-mark struck him, and he held it up to the lamp to examine it.

"Oughterard, I wonder where Oughterard is?" said he, as he opened the letter. Mary observed his countenance change, as he read

it; it assumed an expression of horror, he sat down again, stared at her wildly for a moment, and then rushed out of the room. Mary felt little hesitation about reading the letter which the Earl had dropped, and a scream burst from her lips as she finished it. The hand of heaven had indeed fallen heavily upon the proud Earl of Innismore, that fatal letter coming in the very midst of his pride, and his self-confidence, announced that he was—CHILDLESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE left Lord Dunlara and his brother proceeding to indulge themselves in the luxury of bathing in Lough Corrib, on the morning of their intended departure from Oughterard. It was a fine clear September morning, and they walked cheerily along the little stream which led to the lake—a prattling rivulet which passing through the village, on its approach to the spreading sheet of water, dives under a limestone rock, and forms a curious sort of natural bridge, of which there are many in that country ; it then, in its passage through a tract of low flat

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with unhesitating gallantry plunged in instantly, to save his brother. He soon reached him, and seizing him with one hand, supported him to the bank. But here he found it impossible to land, for they had drifted some way from the place, where a sort of approach to the brook, made to enable cattle to get down to drink, made it easy to get out. The cramp still kept hold of its victim; he was utterly powerless; and Willy, in attempting to make good his hold upon the top of the bank, brought down a mass of loose earth, which striking him on the head, sent them both together to the bottom, whence they rose no more. The peasant, who had warned them of its depth, saw the catastrophe, and hastily ran to their assistance, but they had already disappeared; and though, with the help of some rude punts that were on the spot, the bodies were recovered in twenty minutes, life was extinct in both.

When this information reached the bereaved father, he shut himself in his room, refused to

suffer any one to enter, and for two days, nobody in the house saw his face. The third morning, however, to Mary's great surprise, he entered the breakfast-room at the usual hour, as calm as if nothing had happened, made no allusion to the catastrophe, and soon afterwards ordered the carriage. Mary enquired whether he wanted her to drive with him, and encountered a sharp "No," in answer. She could not, however, resist enquiring after he had departed where he was gone to, and was informed that it was to Woodlands. Woodlands was a park about ten miles distant, the seat of a widow, then about five-and-thirty years of age, to whose hand Lord Innismore had been said to have aspired, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, some years ago. Mrs. Hobart had, however, preferred a young fox-hunter to an old peer, and married to please herself. Mr. Hobart, nevertheless, lived to please himself, and left her pleasures as well as her interests to the charge of Providence, which turned the latter over to the Jews ; for her lord, having got through as

much of her fortune as the settlements admitted of, expended the whole of his own upon horses and hounds, and ultimately expended himself upon a stiff timber fence, which he would take on a blown horse, in spite of the oracular warning of the huntsman, who observed, as he put his horse's head at it, "You'll try that once too often, sir." He did try it once too often; the tired animal *could* not rise at the rail, and the top bar *would* not go down before the horse. Over they went, rolling together, man and horse; and what had been Mr. Hobart that morning, was conveyed home on a hurdle. He was killed on the spot.

The widow was left in very embarrassed circumstances, with a family whom she found it difficult to support; the object of Lord Innismore's visit to this lady, Mary could not conjecture; and if ever a glimpse of the true cause of it flashed across her mind, it was dismissed in a moment, as too improbable to be entertained. Her curiosity on that subject,

however, was not destined to be long ungratified, for the Earl, upon his return, sent for her to his study, and then and there astonished her amazingly, by informing her that he had that morning sought the hand of the fair widow in marriage, and been accepted. He did not think it necessary to communicate to her at that moment what he afterwards avowed was his motive for this step, viz. that he took it solely with a view of having heirs who should prevent Henry from succeeding to the peerage, to which, as matters at present stood, he was next heir.

That gentlemen, in the mean time, unconscious alike of the position in which, for the moment he stood, or of the Earl's intention of displacing him from it by a fresh marriage, went on quietly with his preparations for emigration but as the time drew nigh, he felt more and more that it is a bitter lot that the exile has to endure. Cold, cheerless, gloomy, was the prospect before him, and the manifest horror with

which Arabella regarded the project, added to his distaste. Still she complained not; he fancied she would in time get reconciled to it, and find a home and its associations in the wild woods that they were about to enter; and friends and companions in the strange people that they were about to encounter in a distant land. He looked forward, too, to a visit to England, after five or six years; and resolved that in adhering to his plan with unflinching resolution, he would at all events show that he was not the mere giddy butterfly he was well aware his friends and relations considered him, but a man capable of forming and executing a design for improving his position in the world, however little agreeable it might be to his inclinations.

Arabella's melancholy increased as the hour of separation from her parents drew nigh, but still she felt that it would be useless offering any opposition to her husband's plans, and worse than useless worrying him with vain complaints and repinings, she sorrowed in silence,

and early in October Henry proceeded to Liverpool to make the final arrangements, and secure berths for their passage. Upon his return from that sea-port, he found awaiting him, a letter from Mary, written by Lord Innismore's direction, desiring his and Arabella's presence at Ganton, upon business of importance, as soon as possible. Mary, however, who wrote in wretched low spirits, added, that she did not imagine that this summons arose from the Earl's heart being softened towards his nephew, for as far as she could judge, he was as much enraged with him as ever. She informed Henry of the projected marriage, and finally begged that his visit might be made as soon as possible.

Henry was exceedingly puzzled with this sudden fancy of his uncle, and half-inclined, considering that little good was likely to come of it, seeing that his uncle in all probability only proposed to himself the indulgence of some violent outbreak of temper, to decline the interview altogether. Upon consideration, however,

not without some faint hope that the sight of Arabella might have some effect in mollifying his uncle, he wrote to Mary that he would present himself and his wife at Ganton on the following Wednesday.

Wednesday came, a dull, drizzly October morning, the sky was completely overcast, and the grey clouds permitted no gleam of sunshine to fall on the gloomy, cheerless towers of Ganton. Soon after breakfast, Mary received a summons to attend her uncle in his study, and with a heavy heart she descended to obey it. These summonses, now unhappily frequent, filled her with dismay, for they were usually merely for the purpose of abusing Henry, with respect to whom her uncle had become malevolent, almost to a diabolical extent; his temper too had grown so harsh as to make it really a matter of uneasiness being in his presence at all, so little did he attempt to control it, and she entered his study with a melancholy

foreboding of some fresh annoyance to be endured. A large screen, extending half across the room to keep off the draught of the door, formed part of the furniture of Lord Innismore's library ; and as Mary closed the door behind her, this screen concealing the person of the speaker from her view, she heard these words :—

“ It's a great place for lobsters, my lord.”

Mary started, the blood rushed to her cheeks with the rapidity of lightning, and forsook them as rapidly, and she staggered up against the wall, and leant for a moment against it for support. What was there in those words to produce such an effect ? “ It's a great place for lobsters, my lord.” Very common, ordinary words, they are ; a turbot might take a kindly interest in his fellow-sufferers, or a friendly interest in his pot-companions, and therefore a turbot might be moved by them ; but what can it signify to a human being whether an anonymous locality is a great place for lobsters or not ?

"IT'S A GREAT PLACE FOR LOBSTERS, MY LORD."

Even capitals will not make that sentence important.

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on rocks."

"It's a great place for lobsters, my lord."

No, not even the antique black letter can confer dignity, interest, or authority on those plain homely words. Present them to the eye as you will, they are common-place, uninteresting syllables still; but, nevertheless, they rung in Mary's ears with an irresistible spell, as she leant against the wall, unable for the moment to move, and trembled violently. They conjured up a shadowy crowd of recollections, fears, sorrows, doubts, and something more; the sad past, the gloomy present, were dark and cheerless, but the future came to her mind, and light seemed breaking on it; hope strug-

gled with grief—and prevailed ; for a long and intimate acquaintance with the tones in which these words were uttered, left no doubt upon her mind, that if the words themselves were words of little import, the voice was the voice of Higgins.

CHAPTER XV.

It was even so. The party on the deserted raft, picked up in the morning by a Norwegian vessel, had been carried to Christiansand, where the enormous traffic in lobsters had made a deep impression upon the worthy doctor, who, upon Mary's appearance, proceeded to give an account of his adventures. "Your lordship heard the screech we gave when the boats deserted us, I'll be bound;" said he, "faith, it might have been heard at London Bridge for that matter; and a terrible sight it was on the raft when the people found that they were left by themselves on the east

sea, with nothing but a few bits of sticks and barrels to keep them from drowning, and the wind rising every minute. Well, my lord, after the boats left us you'll recollect it came on to blow like mad, and I thought we'd have been drowned sure enough; and so did my Lord Cubtown, who was saying his catechism all the time, at least as much as he could remember of it; and those two Frenchmen, lord how they did keep chattering and jabbering like a couple of great baboons. Every time the raft rose to a wave, they'd shout out, 'Sacre nom de Dieu,' 'mille tonneres,' 'ah, ah diable!' and the like, and then when it went down again into the hollow of the sea, they'd take to damning and swearing in French, till one could almost laugh at them they were so frightened; indeed, and that sailor, with the big black whiskers, that wanted to be blown up by the engine, did laugh ready to split his sides at them, and called them *parlevous* and *croppies*, (probably the worthy doctor in adopting a word more familiar to Irish

ears, meant crapaud,) and Mr. Waverton was sitting by my side all the time, and never opened his mouth, but every now and then he'd look as black as thunder at my Lord Cubtown. Well, we all clung together the best way we could, and a terrible cold time we had of it; but towards day break, we found that the rising and falling of the waves had loosened the fastenings of the raft so much that we expected every moment she'd go to pieces; this was a bad business, and I thought the day'd never break; but sure enough when it did the man with the whiskers gave a screech and a hollo that frightened us all, we thought he was gone mad, and he was a mighty strong built boy, an ugly customer, I'll go bail if he got any way mischievously inclined, and up he jumped, and we all expecting he'd be at some devilment or other, and he shouted, 'A sail! a sail! a sail! to windward.' Nobody else could see it but him, and at first we thought he only fancied it, but he stuck to what he said; and after a time Mr.

Waverton, who had been looking in that direction, said, as cool as a cucumber, just as if it did not matter a rap, 'I think I can make out her top-gallant masts;' and sure enough I did then myself see something like switches sticking up in the sea. 'She'll raise her taupsles in a minute,' said the whiskerman; and by the same token, we did see the sails of a ship directly, and by God's blessing she bore down right upon us. Faith and it was time, we were perishing with the cold and the wet, and the raft was breaking up; two or three of the barrels had broken loose and we sunk deeper in the water after they were gone; there wasn't a dry stitch on any one of us, and two or three of the men had dropped off they were so exhausted, they'd have been drowned if it wasn't for the whiskerman, who seemed to be a sort of sea devil, he was laughing and joking all the time, but mighty handy at tying up the ropes when they came loose—splicing them when they were worn through—picking up the men that went overboard—keeping the Frenchmen quiet and the

like. Well, down came the ship, driving through the water at the rate of a fox-hunt, I thought they'd have run bang over us, but they handled her elegantly, the raft was lashed alongside and we all got on board safe and sound. It was high time, for the raft was going to pieces, and the ship's crew were going to breakfast, so it was a mighty good exchange. She turned out to be a Norwegian vessel from Bordeaux, with wine and spirits, and they gave us the best of treatment, only the captain said it was as much as his life was worth to alter his course, so he would not put in anywhere, but carried us straight, a terrible way off to the northward, to a queer place, with houses built of wood, and streets paved with sand, where they build a power of ships, called Christiansand, I suppose by reason of that same pavement; a great place for lobsters, I never saw such a number of them, I gave you my honour, my lord, the swarms of them that I saw in one day there, if you boiled the biggest whale that ever swam they'd have

been enough to make sauce for it. Well, there we staid, and a pleasant time enough we had of it, till a ship that was going to England was ready to sail, and here we are, after all our misfortunes, safe and sound, with the blessing of God at our own homes."

The emotions excited in Mary's mind by the doctor's narrative were not unmixed; with the reflection, that Waverton lived yet, came the question, Did he live for her?—Who was to answer it? Doubt muttered No, hope whispered Yes. Time would shew. The party was now augmented by Mr. Howard, who, hearing of the doctor's having risen from the sea, had followed him from his own home to the Hall, to congratulate him upon his unexpected restoration to his wife and family. Between three and four o'clock Mary's anxiety became almost unbearable; for in addition to the causes which might be expected to agitate her own mind, Henry's arrival might now be looked for every moment; and though she did not exactly know

the nature of the communication her uncle had to make to Henry, she yet knew that it was not likely to be anything pleasant. At last the sounds of wheels and the bustle in the hall announced that they were come, and Henry de Burgh once more stood in the hall of his ancestors, to take one last look at its lofty towers, and then bid it adieu for ever. Mary hastened to meet them ; and certainly when she saw the fair creature for whose sake Henry had defied his imperious uncle, she could not wonder at his having done so ; and her heart already warmed towards her, she led her into the drawing-room, where for a few minutes they enjoyed a hurried conversation. Henry was, however, almost immediately summoned to the presence of his uncle ; and as yet ignorant of the diabolical purpose for which the savage old man had sent for him, proceeded to the library, leaving Mary and Arabella alone ; and the latter, to whom Ganton was new, proceeded to the window to gaze upon the stately prospect that the park afforded.

It was gloomy certainly, the leaves were falling, vegetation was slumbering, grey clouds obscured the sun, the old oaks complained with a mournful sound as their lighter branches swayed hither and thither to the wintry blasts that howled through them, bearing a drift of irregular rain that pattered at intervals against the windows ; yet could Arabella have seen the Earl at that moment, she would have said that nature's gloom was cheerfulness compared to that which reigned in the soul, and was depicted in the features of the haughty lord of that ancient mansion.

Nevertheless, in spite of the weather, the scene was not without its charms ; the scenery of the park was very noble in its features, a fair lake was spread before her eyes, on whose surface idly floated several swans, whilst a variety of smaller waterfowl fluttered about ; the ground possessed much natural beauty, and was laid out with great skill ; on one side it was undulating, here laden with ancient woods, and

there opening in glades, where troops of deer found pasture ; on the other it spread out in an extensive plain, scattered through which a few ancestral oaks of mighty dimensions, with large trunk-like branches, would break the monotony of the turf ; one vista disclosed the graceful pinnacles and delicate tracery of a Gothic church ; through another might be seen the lofty summits of distant mountains. All was stately, all was lordly ; the character of the Hall accorded well with the scenery that surrounded it ; and it was not without some secret feeling of regret on quitting for ever such scenes as these, that Arabella detailed to Mary their plans for settling themselves on the other side of the broad Atlantic.

Suddenly a bustle was heard in the passage, footsteps passed backwards and forwards in hurry and confusion, stifled exclamations reached their ears, and Henry entered the room. Arabella was talking so intently upon the subject of their proposed emigration to Mary when

he entered, that she was hardly conscious of his entrance ; but casting a hurried glimpse upon his face as he came up to her, she was struck with the wildness of expression that she saw there.

“ Good Heaven’s ! ” said she, “ what’s the matter with you ? ” and she rose and went to meet him.

His cheek was flushed, his eye glittered, his frame trembled ; he appeared to labour under some unaccountable agitation.

“ What did my uncle want with you, Henry ? ” asked Mary, dreading that some very violent scene might have passed in the library. Henry answered not, but taking Arabella by the arm, led her to the window.

“ Arabella,” he said, “ look at those woods, those fields, that lake.”

“ I see them,” answered his terrified wife, looking with increased apprehension at the wild expression of his countenance.

“ All that you see,” said Henry, in a low

voice, quivering and tremulous with agitation,
“all that you see—is yours!”

Arabella trembled at these words; a terrible thought took possession of her mind. That wildness of manner, that unsteadiness of eye, those apparently senseless words, confirmed the fearful impression.

“Merciful powers!” shrieked she, catching hold of Mary, who had approached in uncontrollable anxiety, “his uncle has driven him mad—he’s out of his senses!”

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Bordeaux to Christiansand, and carried into the latter place, whence the greater part of them have arrived safe in England. Amongst the list of those who have already landed in this country, we observe the Viscount Cubtown, with two remarkably fine bears, which his lordship purchased during his stay in Norway, Walter Waverton, Esq., M.P., Dr. Higgins, M.D." &c. &c.

Thus with no little astonishment read Lady Loosely in the morning paper, the very day of the worthy Higgins's réappearance at Ganton. Her ladyship observed that she was delighted to hear it, without stopping to enquire who it was that felt the most heartfelt pleasure, the proprietors of the paper, the editor who superintended it, the compositor who set the type, the printer who worked the press, or the newsman who supplied her with the Morning Post; all and several of whom probably felt exactly the same amount of pleasure, viz. nothing. Lady Loosely, however, really did feel great pleasure in it. Waverton's resuscitation forthwith

suggested a project to her active mind, which she proceeded at once to execute. A note, requesting him to call in the course of the evening to give an account of his adventures, brought that gentleman to her house the same afternoon; and after listening patiently to a narrative of his misfortunes, and a description of the inconveniences of a raft in a gale of wind, she cautiously approached the subject which was the real cause of her wishing to see him.

"You have no idea," said she, "how poor Mary was affected by the idea that the raft had been lost; I never saw anybody so much distressed as she was."

"Very likely," returned Waverton, "girls never can reconcile themselves to violent deaths; they always seem horrible to them. Besides, you know," added he, with a bitter smile, "she had her own reasons, excellent reasons, too, for being sorry for the loss of the raft."

"If you mean Lord Cubtown," said Lady Loosely, abruptly, "I do not believe she cares a pin about him."

"She may have good reasons for being sorry for his loss, nevertheless," answered Waverton, contemptuously.

"There were others on the raft, besides Lord Cubtown," pursued the lady.

"Yes, there was Dr. Higgins," returned the gentleman, with a laugh.

"*'Faint heart never won fair lady,'* Mr. Waverton." Waverton made no answer to this, but looked enquiringly in the lady's face. "After the scene that took place on board the ship," continued she, "it is not difficult to conjecture that all ideas of a match between Mary and Lord Cubtown will be given up. Indeed, Lord Innismore, when I saw him in town, said that he regretted having endeavoured to force him on poor Mary, and that he should never interfere with her in that respect again." The lady paused, the gentleman was still silent.

"Well, Mr. Waverton, have you nothing to say to that?"

"It does not concern me," was the answer.

"You are very provoking; I have no patience with you." Resolved to make a bold effort, Lady Loosely went at once to the point. "One would suppose, to see you sitting there and talking so coolly, that you had never been attached to Miss de Burgh yourself."

"I gave the most unquestionable proof of the attachment I *did* feel for Miss de Burgh," answered Waverton, in a voice slightly tremulous; for, notwithstanding his assumed coolness, his brain was absolutely reeling at the intelligence. His passion for Mary had returned in full force, from the moment that he had seen her trembling at the terrible sight that the deck of the burning vessel presented; and pride alone enabled him to maintain a tolerable composure of demeanour. "You know, Lady Loosely, how it was received."

"I know that we all acted very foolishly, not to say wickedly, upon that occasion; but some of us may have learned wisdom since. I at least, have for one."

"What happened to me," said Waverton,

may happen to any man once; it is his own fault if he exposes himself to it a second time."

"Instances *have* been known of ladies changing their minds, Mr. Waverton."

"You need not tell me that, Lady Loosely; nobody can speak to that fact more positively than I can."

"Now, Mr. Waverton, you affect to laugh, and not to care for anything or anybody; I verily believe that you would give your eyes for that little word, 'yes,' from Mary."

"I really do not see the object of this conversation, Lady Loosely," said Waverton, a little discomposed by the home thrust, but at the same time beginning to suspect that the lady had not introduced so delicate a subject in so unusual a manner, without some ulterior object; "the transactions of which we are speaking, can hardly be very interesting to you, or otherwise than painful to me,—they are past and gone; let us not recal recollections that are very—" he rose from his seat at this moment, more

from fidgettiness than with any intention of departing ; but Lady Loosely, who imagined he was about to terminate the interview, felt the opportunity slipping away, and brought the question to issue at once.

" Now, sit down Mr. Waverton, and listen to me. You know that it was in obedience to her uncle's orders that Mary did, I must tell you very reluctantly, and after a long resistance, consent to give up all thoughts of you ; now do not interrupt me, you shall have your turn ; you know, too, that she nevertheless positively refused to accept Lord Cubtown at the time ; his addresses were sanctioned, as it were, on trial ; but you do not know the motive under which she acted. Now, I know what you are going to say about young Earls ; pray be quiet ; I say you know all this, but you do not know that she only tolerated Lord Cubtown from an idea that, by sacrificing herself, she might acquire the means of restoring Henry to his place in society, (Waverton's lips quivered).

Henry has, as you are aware, decided upon leaving England; and Mary has declared, that nothing will ever induce her to listen to Lord Cubtown again; her motive in suffering his addresses, if not strictly defensible, was at least mixed, there was much good in it. Well, you were ready enough to interrupt me a minute ago; have you nothing to say now?"

"No."

"Must I go on, then?—now, Mr. Waverton, I do not believe that you feel the indifference you affect towards Mary; but mind, as for her, I have no authority to say anything upon the subject, I have only my own opinion, my own observation to depend upon; but I may say this much, that as far as my means of judging go, the impression upon my mind is, that if you renew your proposal, it will be accepted.

Waverton sprang hastily to his feet, and walked up and down the room twice; a crowd of conflicting emotions struggled in his breast; the word "accepted" sounded very musical in

his ears, but then arose the thoughts of a second failure,

“Supposing,” said he, irresolutely, “that such a thing were possible, Lord Innismore’s objection to me remains in full force.”

“Lord Innismore’s preference of a richer man is not to be taken as an objection to you. Lord Cubtown’s pretensions may be considered as disposed of, and with them, the immediate cause of Lord Innismore’s rejection of you. Lord Innismore, when the matter is pressed, can be reminded that his authority expires in any case in two years; besides which, I tell you I have learned wisdom since June—Lord Innismore, may have learned wisdom, too.”

“I doubt it,” said Waverton, thoughtfully; “Lord Innismore seems a sort of person little likely to get rid of a preconceived idea,—I am afraid—”

“Faint heart, as I just told you, never yet won a fair lady,” interrupted Lady Loosely, with a smile of triumph; she already felt the

pride of her coming victory; for it will be remembered that, although she did not choose to communicate the extent of her knowledge to Waverton, she was well aware of the delight with which the recovery of her lost admirer would be hailed by Mary, and she trusted ultimately to removing Lord Innismore's objections.

"Now, Mr. Waverton, I feel that I was partly instrumental in your first mishap; I feel that I owe you reparation for it; and what I wish you to do is this: only allow me to sound Lord Innismore on the subject—allow me to find out as I can, without bringing you forward, what Mary would do in case this affair came on again, and trust to me to ascertain these points, so as to leave you in no danger of a second disappointment, in case you deem it expedient to try your fortune again."

"You would not have opened the subject," said Waverton, standing before the speaker, and



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Lord Innismore, setting forth the fact that Waverton's attachment for Mary was unimpaired—that, moreover, she believed the young lady to reciprocate it—that the marriage between Lord Cubtown, and Mary was quite out of the question—and finally, earnestly pressed the Earl to relent, not to allow a mere vanity about rank to interfere with his niece's happiness, and to sanction the renewal of Waverton's addresses, matters which occupied nearly half a page, the remainder being taken up with an account of her youngest girl's teething; of Lady Fanny Fitzfarthingless's marriage with the son of a Manchester cotton-lord, a Mr. Jorrocks; of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria having gone to Ramsgate; a complaint of the high price of china, and an enquiry whether Alderman Copeland's being elected Lord Mayor of London was likely to affect it; and whether he had read the last new novel of the intensely interesting school, in which the heroine's tears were re-



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CHAPTER XVII.

WE must now return to the scenes that were passing at Ganton Park. Immediately before Henry's arrival, its owner, Mr. Howard, and Dr. Higgins, had assembled in the library—a melancholy party in a gloomy hall. The recent loss of Lord Innismore's sons, instead of subduing, had aggravated the natural sternness of his temperament—the certainty, that in the present state of things, should he die, the hated Henry would succeed, at all events, to the titles; and, unless he made some immediate conveyance of them elsewhere, to the estates, as heir-at-law,

The fatal deed lay upon the table, waiting but his signature, and that of the attesting witnesses; and it was for the ferocious pleasure of formally completing it, in his presence, that he had sent for his unfortunate nephew, whom he now momentarily expected. Mr. Howard stood by his side, grave, earnest, manifestly disapproving of the whole proceeding, and Dr. Higgins fidgetty, and ill at ease, as men of small calibre are, when a crisis is at hand, not knowing exactly what to do with himself, was exceedingly busy mending all the pens he could lay his hands upon.

The Earl, himself, was uneasy and gloomy, evidently dissatisfied with himself, with his own conduct, with all the world, yet too proud to admit that he was wrong in nourishing a vindictive hatred against his nephew, for an act of which he had no just cause to complain. He had impatiently checked the remonstrances that Mr. Howard had still considered it his duty to make; but now, with that vague craving for self-

justification, that commonly accompanies the commission of an act of injustice, he returned to the subject.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Howard," asked he, with something of a sneer, "that you, a clergyman of the Church of England, consider the appropriation of my fortune to charitable purposes in connection with that establishment, an improper one, that you disapprove of what I am about to do? It seems to me, that you are somewhat inconsistent in this matter."

"The disposal of your lordship's fortune," returned Mr. Howard, gravely, "is in your lordship's hands,—I have nothing to say on that subject,—but I warn you against imagining that it is an act of charity you are about to perform. It is, on the contrary, an excess of uncharitableness, that I have never seen exceeded. The nature of the action is to be judged by the motive that prompts it. Do not delude yourself with the fond belief that it is for the assistance of the poor or needy that you will away those lands

from him who is to succeed you in the course of nature; it is to take them away from the heir of your race—hate in the garb of charity. No such action can the followers of the apostles, can the disciples of Him, who taught us to love our neighbour as ourselves, recognize as good. What says the word? ‘If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and thou rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be RECONCILED TO THY BROTHER, and then come and offer thy gift.’”

“Sure his lordship has a right to do what he likes with his own,” interrupted Higgins, upon whom the compressed lips and gathering frown on the stern old man’s brow were not lost, “that’s the law and the prophets, all the world over.” Unheeding both, the minister of the word proceeded.

“Even now, in the eleventh hour, Lord Innismore, let me implore of you to pause—to reflect—to relent. Remember that sooner

or later that dread hour must come ; that hour of trembling, in which time mingles with eternity, and the terrors of death fall upon the miserable sinner. Recollect that a few years must, a few hours may, bring that awful minute, unavoidable, irrevocable, that sets the seal upon the record of our life, and closes the book for ever ; the fearful minute that parts the living from the dead. Look forward, my lord, to the moment that you shall lie upon the bed whence you shall rise no more, awaiting, with a sinking heart and a quelled spirit, the summons to the judgment-seat. When you find your breath failing, your eye darkened, the coldness of the grave creeping along your clammy limbs ; helpless, hopeless, unable to move, unable to speak ; then, my lord, the STILL SMALL VOICE, of higher mission than the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire, will utter its awful warnings, in accents of terrible distinctness. Then you will feel, as the passions, the hopes, the pride, the hatred of this world disappear in the shadowy wilds of futurity, you will feel that you would give worlds to

revoke this act of vengeance—when you have no longer the power—and yet, the very next moment, with this deadly sin upon your soul, you may be alone—with God.”

The Earl was manifestly affected by this address. He played uneasily with a ruler he had in his hand; he turned somewhat paler; but his brow was still knit, his lips were set firm, his heart was hardened.

“I admire your eloquence, Mr. Howard,” said he, “but this is hardly an occasion for preaching. You may, and I daresay will, make my disposal of my own property the text of your next sermon; but my library is not the parish church. I have no doubt but that something will happen to me some day or other. I do not suppose that I am immortal, more than my neighbours, though I am not aware of any symptoms to induce me to suppose that I am likely to die immediately; but I suppose that when it does come, it will be much like other cases of the sort: nobody expects them to be particularly agreeable.”

me," answered Henry, distantly ; "I am as yet in ignorance of what your pleasure may be."

"Where is your wife, I beg her pardon, your lady?"

"I left her in the drawing-room."

"Ah! yes, the drawing-room. It is a very pretty drawing-room; I hope she admires it. She flatters herself it will be hers some day or other, I daresay. I suppose it is the first drawing-room she ever was in in a gentleman's house?"

"My lord," answered Henry, sternly, "if Arabella's birth is not as noble as that of your house, she is not the less my wife; and I must beg that she may be respected as such. I came to your house, and brought her with me, at your express desire; and not, as far as I can judge, for any very agreeable object. I am ready now to hear whatever you have to say to me, but she is not to be insulted."

"A pretty match you have made, certainly," continued the peer; "but, however, I suppose

it is no use now attempting to put you out of conceit with your bargain. You might have paid me the compliment of consulting me about it, too."

"Your lordship had so completely thrown me off," returned Henry, "before I married, that I saw no necessity for troubling you on the subject. You had refused me assistance; you had forbidden me your house; you had, in point of fact, cut me off from all intercourse with my own sister." He got angry and excited, as he proceeded. "I was alone in the world; what was I to do? Thank God! I did what was exactly right. I tell you, Lord Innismore, that I can guess what that deed that lies on the table means. I can guess that it is an instrument intended to ensure my never succeeding to the estates. I defy it. I tell you, that your utmost malice cannot deprive me of the conviction, that my future happiness has been secured by my marriage."

The Earl's brow grew darker; and Mr. How-

ard shuddered at the hideous malignity of his frown. Present passion heightened his hatred against Henry; for the blow that he had so carefully prepared, that he had hoped would be so crushing, seemed likely to fall unfelt—it was literally defied. He drew an arm-chair deliberately forward, till it placed him in the middle of his three auditors, and with his brow flushed, his lips working convulsively, and every appearance of suppressed passion, sat down.

“Now, Mr. Henry de Burgh,” said he, “be pleased to listen to the last words you will probably ever hear from my lips, for from this day forth you shall never see my face again. In three weeks time, I shall be married to Mrs. Hobart, whom I have selected, not for her personal appearance, or for any of those attractions that move hot-blooded young gentlemen like you, but because during the five years her husband lived after their marriage, she bore him four children, and, therefore, arguing from analogy, I presume that there will be a rea-

sonable prospect of her presenting me with heirs that will relieve you from the encumbrance of the barren title to which you would succeed in the event of my death without issue. I say barren, because, in no case whatever shall you inherit one single acre of ground, or one single shilling of money. However, inasmuch as human life is uncertain, as my worthy friend the rector, who disapproves of bequests for charitable purposes, says ; by-the-bye, Mr. Howard, I have to thank your politeness for letting me off some part of that last text of yours, for if my memory serves me rightly, I think it begins with an address by no means flattering in the original ; as I say life is uncertain, and it is consequently just possible that I may not survive the next three weeks, I have had this document drawn up which effectually secures the property from ever falling into your hands ; and in order that you may entertain no delusive expectations on the subject, I have sent for you that, when you have heard it read, I may sign,

seal, and deliver it in your presence." The speaker paused, and gazed with an air of malignant triumph upon his victim, who quailed not before his glance. "There was nothing else to be expected, let him do his worst," thought the young husband as he haughtily drew himself up to his full height.

"Be so good as to read that deed, doctor," said the Earl.

"It is unnecessary, my lord," said Henry, about to take his leave, "I have no curiosity on the subject."

"For heaven's sake, my lord, beware," once more interposed Mr. Howard, "you do not know what you are doing." The voice of mercy, of entreaty, fell upon deaf ears; the Earl rose from his seat, he glared round, more like a baited wild beast than a human creature; his hand shook violently as he dipped the pen in the ink.

"Thank you for your advice, Mr. Howard," said he, with a sneer, it is, I have no doubt, ex-

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mechanically proceeded to ring the bell for a witness to his own disinheritance. The Earl's voice grew thicker ; it was almost inarticulate with rage, as he went on. " My butler, by God ! sir, to show you how little I care for your attestation, the lowest scullion in my kitchen shall witness it, aye, and with her mark, too, if she cannot write. You think you are to teach me how to dispose of my own property ; now if ever I suffer any weak or foolish pity to induce me to give the slightest assistance to that young fool, or his famishing brood, may I be eternally—"

The Earl stopped short, put his hand hastily to his heart, and then sat down, his eyes rolled wildly about, and immediately afterwards all expression disappeared from them, his jaw dropped, his head fell upon his shoulder.

" Strip off his coat, for the love of heaven !" exclaimed the doctor, hastily running to a drawer where he knew there were lancets ;

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the unconscious face of the speaker, who even then was not thoroughly aware what that deadly token portended. "Fit! the Lord deliver us from such fits as these! no man requires a second fit like this, the Lord be merciful to us!"

"Let us pray," said Mr. Howard solemnly, as he knelt down by the side of the chair.

"Why, what in the name of God is the matter with him?" asked Henry hastily, a glimpse of the terrible truth forcing itself upon his mind.

"The matter!" returned the doctor, looking once more into the young man's face, with an expression of countenance in which horror and servility were strangely blended; "the matter—his lordship's gone, he's dead!—he's dead, my lord!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUCH was the scene that passed during the few minutes of Henry's absence; and it was not very much to be wondered at that the shock his nerves received from it, gave his manner an appearance of agitation and wildness that occasioned Arabella's momentary doubt of his sanity. It was a strange change. But a short quarter of an hour ago, Henry de Burgh, rejected by the head of his family, with no prospect before him but banishment, self-inflicted it is true, but not the less banishment for life to a distant land, had stood in the presence of his enraged uncle,

waiting to see the signature affixed to the deed that was to disinherit him for ever. The fatal parchment lay upon the table—the pen that was to sign it was absolutely wet with the ink into which it had been dipped for that purpose ; but the hand that should have guided it had been arrested, in its course of evil, by the grasp of death. The instrument, that in another minute would have sent him forth an exile and an out-cast, lay by his hand, harmless, and for evermore incapable of harming;—all had passed away in confusion and horror, like a hideous dream; and when the shock that the sudden and abrupt termination, without warning or preparation, of human life in our immediate presence naturally causes, had in some degree passed, what a change was there. Doubt, anxiety, poverty, obscurity, were rolled away like the clouds of night;—the past was half forgotten—the future bright with hope—the wife of his bosom was to share the high rank—the unbounded wealth of which he had just been

placed in possession by the evil passions that their late owner had suffered to domineer over his mind till they acquired power over his corporeal frame, that stretched it an instant a lifeless corpse upon the earth. That he should be shocked and startled by the ghastly scene that passed before his eyes was but natural; but it was not in human nature that his feelings should be those of very deep regret. His own ruin was impending, was imminent; another second would have completed it, when the hand of Providence interfered at the very moment of fate; the destroyer fulfilled his ghastly mission, a mission horrible, but timely, and he escaped; and it must be admitted it was with mixed thoughts passing in his mind, that with Arabella by his side, he gazed upon the stately park that spread its lordly expanse before him, and reflected that it was his own.

The body of the late Earl having been hastily removed to a bed-room, where the usual preparations for his interment were to be made,

Mr. Howard and Dr. Higgins once more met in the library. Their minds, as well may be supposed, were full of the terrible catastrophe they had just witnessed. The good clergyman was deeply affected ; he was horror-struck at the suddenness of the summons, the unprepared, unrepentant, unrelenting state of mind in which the deceased sinner was hurried into eternity at the very moment, too, that he was meditating an act that could not be considered as other than the cruel indulgence of a savage and unnatural vengeance. The doctor, however, found other considerations mingle in his mind, with the horror that the sudden appearance of the king of terrors had excited. He was not insensible that that event brought on a crisis in his own affairs ; and, to say truth, the prospect was gloomy enough. The idea of Henry's succeeding to the estates had never once occurred to his mind until the moment that the pulseless vein announced in deadly silence that the Earl was gone, and his next heir ruled in his stead. He had in conse-

quince never made the slightest attempt to conciliate him, unless indeed the promptitude with which he rendered homage to the new lord, by saluting him by his title before its late bearer's body was cold, may be considered an effort, somewhat tardy it is true, at reparation of his sins of omission, (repentance of them as far as that went he felt poignantly,) and now his place, his salary, his consequence, seemed on the point of vanishing. He looked in perplexity at Mr. Howard's face, the latter's eyes were fixed upon the unsigned deed.

"Sure it's invalid—it isn't signed," said the doctor, "it's so much waste paper; they may give it to the tailor to make measures of. Mr. Henry's my lord now; the heir-at-law takes all. All, every hsporth," continued he, jumping from his seat, and walking up and down the room in a paroxysm of nervous agitation; "houses, lands, titles, the very pen my lord was going to sign the deed with is Mr. Henry's property now, as much as his own pocket-hand-

kerchief ; and I said," here he gnashed his teeth with sheer vexation, " I said, ' with the greatest pleasure, my lord.' Bud luck to my tongue that spoke those words. Why the devil couldn't I have said, ' Yes, my lord,' or ' very well, my lord?' ' With the greatest pleasure, my lord,' och murder. Mr. Howard, dear it'll be the ruin me. What'll I do at all, at all?"

Even the awful scene he had just witnessed, did not prevent Mr. Howard's smiling at the worthy doctor's perplexity.

" We must not despair," said he, " whatever the new lord's faults may be, vindictiveness never was one of them. I do not doubt, doctor, that it may be satisfactorily proved to him, that your services are likely to be as valuable to him as they were, as I can testify, to his predecessor. Allow me to represent the case to him."

" Oh ! blessings attend you, Mr. Howard, honey do, and the Lord be with you. A friend in need is a friend indeed ; it isn't for myself, but the children."

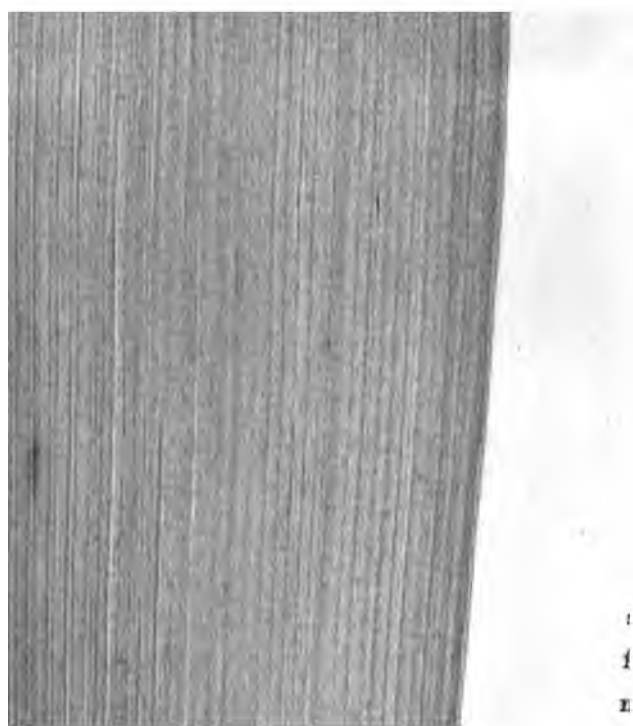
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at the moment to his uncle than the doctor ; and that evening, Mr. Howard had the pleasure of communicating to the delighted Higgins, that the present Earl, highly approving of the devotion he had exhibited to the house of Innismore, as represented by the last possessor of that title, had no thoughts of displacing or dismissing so faithful and useful an adherent, and was graciously to confirm and continue him in all his places and appointments whatsoever ; and furthermore, in token of his complete confidence and friendship, he requested the pleasure of his company to dinner that day ; an invitation which the worthy doctor had the good feeling to decline, on the grounds, that as he had only that morning reappeared as from the dead, his wife must be considered as having some claim to his company to dinner. History records no farther of Dr. Higgins, save that his nautical adventure acquired for him the nickname of "the commodore," by which he is to this day known in the neighbourhood of Ganton, where he still fills his

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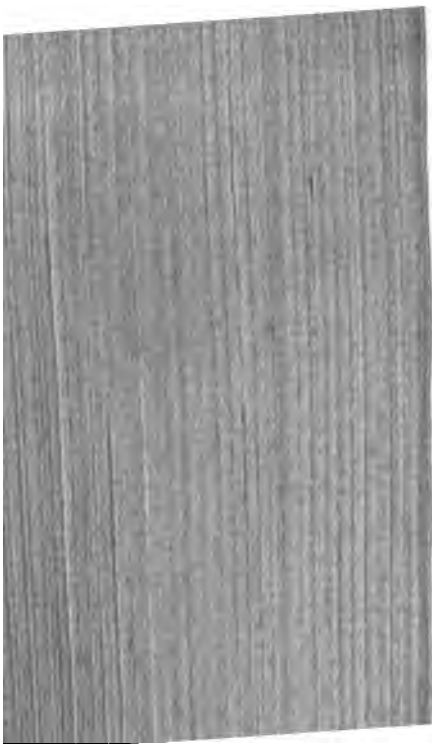
The old butler alone, who had spent his life in the service of the family, which he had entered before Henry was born, faltered when he opened the door, to announce in his usual formula, "Dinner is on the table, my Lord," and the new Earl rose from his seat. The grey-haired servant shuddered to think, that he to whom day after day, for many years he had addressed those words, lay cold and stiff; clay was once more clay; the spirit—where?—the old man turned away his head, and wiped an unbidden tear from his eye. Henry's composure had returned. The sight of death had unnerved him at the moment, his youthful affection for his uncle came back in full force when he saw the fearful spectacle of the violent man, victim of his own violence, smitten by the pitiless arm of the destroyer in the very midst of his unforgiving savageness. When he saw the man to whom he had always been accustomed to look up to as the head of his house; his father's brother, suddenly deprived of his existence, and



nevertheless, as may be guessed, found in the events of that day, food for reflections of her own in the resuscitation of Waverton upon the very day that her uncle ceased to control her lot, that made her emotions very mixed. It was a cheerless and gloomy repast ; all rejoiced when it was ended, and they were seated round the fire in the drawing-room. As the evening advanced, it brought the regular hour of post, and the letters addressed to the deceased Earl came in to be opened by his successor. At one of these, in a delicate lady's hand, with S. L. at the corner, he could not help a smile, for he thought of the last letter he had received from the writer, "This is the first of a new series," muttered he, "I see it contains something that relates to Cubtown too, as well as the last I was honoured with by her ladyship ;" his smile continued as he perused the letter, and when he had completed it even to the

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE readers who have accompanied these personages thus far on their pilgrimages, will remember (that is, if they have not skipped the first volume) that in the thirteenth chapter of that volume, a promise was given, that love scenes should be inflicted with the utmost leniency that the circumstances of the case admitted of; a promise that has been fulfilled with a scrupulous and self-denying fidelity, self-denying to an unheard-of extent, for what author, desirous of interesting the public in his works, ever before, thus heroically ac-



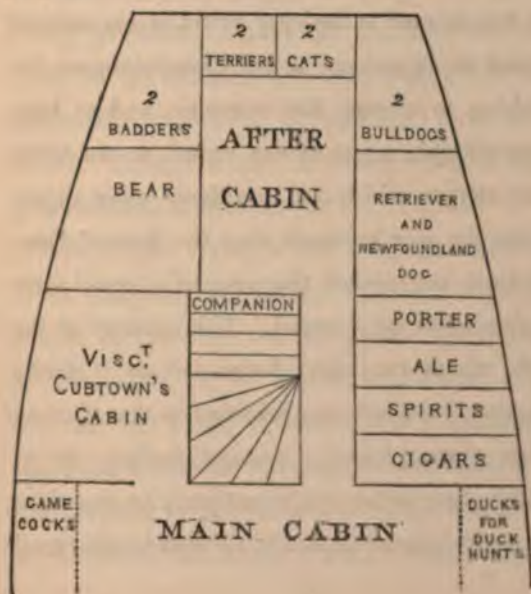
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directly to the minds of the novel-reading public. Are not love-scenes swallowed in fearful quantities?—a digestion, resembling that of the ostrich, has hitherto enabled the patient to survive, to live to swallow, but not without nervous disorders and irritations, no, it cannot last for ever. Think what fatal consequences would ensue, were the overgorging of the mind of the country with love scenes, to produce its natural consequence, a nausea for love in any shape. Merciful heavens! what would the bachelors do, who are all notoriously dying to get wives?—what would the young ladies do, who are all notoriously—hem—charitable, compassionate creatures?—what would the rector of St. George's do?—what would the blacksmith at Gretna do? It would be a national calamity, no good patriot would contribute to it, and mercifully considerate, the author abstains from narrating even what passed upon his arrival at Ganton, between Walter Waverton, and Mary de Burgh. Suffice it to say, that six weeks had not elapsed before the bells of Gan-

ton church rang out a merry peal for their marriage, the happiness of which has since been unclouded. Waverton's parliamentary reputation continues to increase yearly; and if he was not included in the recently-formed administration, it arises less from any want of influence or talent on his part, than from the embarrassing position of the premier, who has thirty or forty places to give away, and at least one hundred and fifty claimants to satisfy, each of whom considers himself exceedingly ill used, if he gets nothing. In such circumstances, the least importunate are commonly the most neglected, and one of those was Waverton.

His rival sought consolation at Melton, where having acquired a habit of narrating at great length, and latterly with considerable additions and amendments, his adventures on the night the steamer was burned, he talked himself into a belief that he was a nautical character of no slight note; and actually in the course of the succeeding summer, with a view of maintaining that character properly, purchased a yacht,

whose original owner, being of a romantic turn of mind, and much versed in the traditionary lore of Germany, had christened her the GENOVEVA. The accompanying plan of the cabin, as altered according to Lord Cubtown's directions, will exhibit more clearly, probably, than any description could, the nature of the pursuits and amusements with which his lordship proposed dispelling the tedium of the sea.



The idea, slightly modified, carries one back to the patriarchal times, and the modern Noah did not plant a vineyard himself, only because he agreed with Lord Byron, that

“The very best of vineyards is the cellar.”

By the time his fittings were completed, and his friends in the after-cabin embarked, he became philosophical about Mary de Burgh ; but he was doomed at the very outset of his nautical career to experience a sad disappointment for wishing to change the romantic, and to him, unintelligible name of the vessel, to the OUT-AND-OUTER, which he considered more appropriate, he was informed that the laws of England did not permit the name of a vessel once registered to be changed. This severity of the law, which he justly designated as “bloody tyranny,” was however modified, as that of many other severe laws, by popular feeling ; for at Cowes, and in the neighbourhood, he found on his arrival, that “GENOVEVA,” was by universal

consent corrupted, or as he thought, improved into "GIN FEVER;" which, as the owner observed, was a jolly name enough after all, and had some meaning in it, meaning which he and his companions, human, not feral, do their best to illustrate.

Mrs. Campbell has entered upon a more reputable course of life; her abilities eminently suited her for the stage, and she is considered a very promising actress, for anything that we know, to the contrary, she may marry her impersonation of heroism, an unfledged M.P. next month. Strange things have happened, do happen, and will happen, to the end of time.

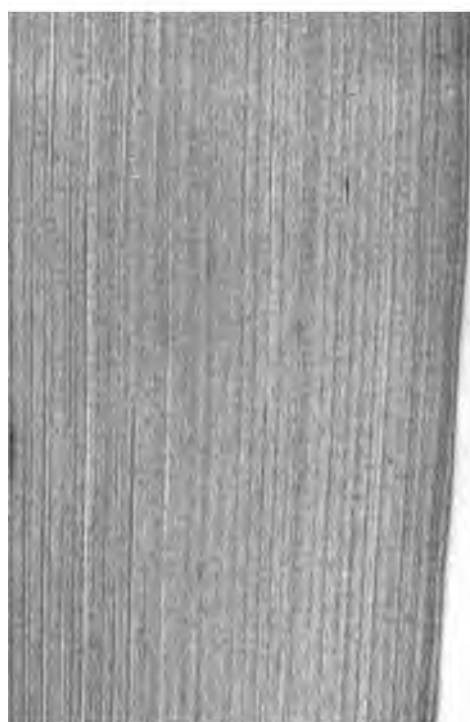
Miss Amelia Irving is now a dignified matron—the happy mother of two children, in consequence of the death of the practising surgeon of Kensworth. It is not to be inferred from this that the worthy Galen actually did much execution among his patients, or was materially instrumental in checking or keeping down the population of the village; but his timely depar-

ture left a vacancy, which was filled by a bachelor, a gentleman, whose early youth had been spent in Guernsey. French was, consequently, familiar to him; and with it, together with the Latin phrases, wherein the physician addressed his mystic commands to the inferior luminary of medicine—the apothecary, he was much accustomed to variegate his discourse.

Miss Irving and he met, saw and conquered, mutually. The gentleman investigated the lady's soul, as set forth in her discourse, until he saw his own mirrored in it, and Narcissus-like, became enamoured of the image of himself. The lady at last found a mind that could understand hers, and respond to it in suitable accents; skilful treatment, alternately soothing and irritating, soon produced the desired effect, and when a proper degree of warmth was produced, the assistance of the church was called in to affix a ligature, to which a tourniquet is, at least in tenacity and durability, a joke—they became man and wife; and there is great danger of a

tribe arising in Kensworth, who, like the gipsies, will have a language unintelligible to their neighbours.

Lady Loosely's two eldest daughters are come out; they are extremely civil and well-bred; they express their gratitude for anything or nothing, by "Thank you very much;" they decline a quadrille by, "I'm *so* sorry I'm engaged;" they have fine figures, and ride in the park; pet and praise their friends' horses, and do not boast of their own; remember everybody's name, and use it every second sentence; dine out a great deal, and are excellent listeners; so their acute lady-mother entertains no doubt about their speedy settlement in life, though they do not scruple to laugh in her face when she, as she occasionally does, expatiates upon the manly character of such sports as baiting bears, drawing badgers, swimming a cat in a bowl, or turning a duck into the water for the amusement of a Newfoundland dog, and the other wild sports of the Genoveva.



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pagne, sherry, curacoa, bottled porter, Roman punch, and a glass of cold without by way of a stirrup-cup, to say nothing of a curious mixture of grilled bones, and lobster salad, his lordship sought his couch at 3 A.M., exulting in his independence, his single blessedness. The following extract from his journal will give a better idea of the proceedings of the following day, than the most elaborate description could.

" 11 A.M. Infernal headache, blazing thirst, very sickish, 1 bottle of soda-water.

" 12. Ditto., do., do., do.

" 1 P.M. Ditto, do., do., do.

" 1.30. Headache abating, thirst got under, still seedy.

2. Rather better; began to suspect that I made a d—d fool of myself last night.

" 2.15. Quite certain of it.

" 2.30. Got up; could not touch a morsel, wondered if Innismore or Waverton have ever headaches.

" 2.45. Do not think they have *this sort* of headache.

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to be content. Juliana has been three years married. From the time she first began to interest herself about her poorer fellow-creatures, she became quite a different being, she seemed, upon undertaking to supply her sister's place, to have inherited her good qualities, and makes an excellent wife, and mother. Our friend Wellington, complains bitterly of the slowness of promotion in the 100th; but the army-list does not announce that it is slower than its neighbours. However, if he lives to be sixty or sixty-five, he will probably command the regiment. Mrs. Johnson's felicity is complete, she is the mother of the Countess of Innismore; to say more, would be to "gild refined gold, or paint the lily;" and she has the additional satisfaction of constantly witnessing the unmixed happiness in which Henry and Arabella pass their cheerful existence; for Mr. Johnson has abandoned Daffodil Lodge, to become the tenant of a small estate of Henry's, three miles from Ganton, at a rent whose lowness

leaves no doubt that the object of the Earl in granting the lease was, that his beloved wife should still enjoy the society of her father and her mother; and there are few happier family groups in the kingdom than that which assembles every Christmas under the old roof of Ganton.

